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Melbourne Cup

Dainty fingers the race-book turning,
Eyes that search for a clue in vain,
Round her the fever of Cup-time burning,
The day of all days is here again!

Goddess of Chance whose shrine is tended
By men who live in your smile or frown,
Be with this maid till her quest is ended,
Send her your gracious favors down.

—A.J.B.

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LADY CAN'T SAY *What She Thinks* of ITALIANS!

Ethiopian Husband Casts Doubt on the Use of Gas

Our Woman War Correspondent Explores "No (White) Man's Land"

By cable from Harar from FAY GILLIS WELLS, Special War Correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly in Abyssinia. World Copyright.

The road from Harar to Jijiga is barred to correspondents on the grounds that it is dangerous for unescorted foreigners to travel amidst harassed natives.

However, I obtained a special permit, and, supplied with a letter from the ever-helpful British Consul at Harar, and accompanied by a house-boy, two guards armed with pistols and rifles, and five nondescript natives, I set out on a two-ton truck to discover the secrets of this famous road, which is the main artery between Addis Ababa and the southern front.

A PALE yellow sun mounted the tops of the mist-covered valleys as we entered "No (white) man's land." Everything was peaceful until 20 kilometres from Jijiga, where we encountered Ethiopian troops.

They had khaki kits and were armed with rifles, while occasional pairs were carrying boxes of cartridges slung on poles between them. Many women, some armed with rifles, marched in the ranks.

After parleys the officers allowed us to pass, while scowling troops made way amid mutterings which sent shivers down my spine.

At Fiamblor Graz, Match Bhagan, chief of the road police, joined our lorry, followed by a lorry full of his soldiers. It is well he did so, for, at Jijiga Pass, we encountered masses of native troops guarding the pass, and only after demur would they allow us through, even though we were accompanied by Bhagan.

Perfect Target

Through the pass we coasted down to Jijiga, which is expected to be the Verdun of this front. It nestles alongside hot hills looking out over an unobstructed plain, which makes a natural landing-field for aeroplanes. Jijiga is a perfect target from the air, which probably accounts for the comparative absence of troops, which are said to be somewhere in the hills above.

Jijiga teems with rumors of Italian bombings of villages, but either the Italians are poor marksmen or the bombs do not explode, for the villages I saw are less damaged than if they had been hand-grenaded.

Nothing I saw on this trip explains why Ethiopians ban war correspondents from this road, unless it leads to a secret massing of troops in the hills. From Jijiga I crossed into British Somaliland, where in Hargeisa I talked with the pretty sixteen-year-old bride, Faduma Hassan, who arrived with her husband after a thirteen days' trek from Gorahi, where they were bombed by the Italians.

"We were having our first meal at Gorahi after travelling all night," she said, "when the Italians surprised us. I have never seen an aeroplane before. They roared overhead. Then there were terrific explosions and huts disappeared before our eyes. We ran out on to the plain and there the Ethiopian soldiers tried to shoot the machines, but after dropping more bombs they disappeared."

Asked what she thought of Italians, Faduma replied, "I am a lady and cannot tell you."

Her husband, Hasan Abdi, said, "I am fighting with Habash — Somali slang word for Abyssinians. Six Italian aeroplanes bombed Dobhair, wrecking it. Then they flew in single file to Gorahi. The Abyssinians opened fire with anti-aircraft guns and rifles, but did not affect the aeroplanes, which dropped bombs, blowing up many huts and killing twenty Somalis, including my brother, and killing and wounding many Abyssinians. My brother was not killed outright, so I gave his rifle to another soldier and with his wife I ran to my brother and attended him until he died. Then we both ran away."

Asked about gas bombing, Abdi replied: "I do not know what gas is, but nobody got sick or died through breathing air while we were there."

MISS ANNE HAWKINS (on the left), daughter of Commander Geoffrey and Lady Margaret Brooke Hawkins, and a niece of Lady Alice Scott, who will be a bridesmaid at the Royal wedding this month, discussing the wedding with some of her school friends after leaving her school.

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE (right), the 11-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and a grand-niece of the Queen, who will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Lady Alice Scott and the Duke of Gloucester, leaving school with a little companion.

ABYSSINIANS *Wonder at* SIGHTS OF *Civilisation*

De Bono's Proclamation To Native Population

From Asmara by cable from FLOYD GIBBONS, Special War Correspondent in Abyssinia, to The Australian Women's Weekly. Copyright.

Italian air reconnaissance reveals masses of Ethiopian troops moving to the northern front. Planes are continually bombing these armies, but results are unknown.

After the official surrender of the clergy and chieftains at Adowa and Aksum, the Italians are planning to consolidate their position and create a forward base in the neighborhood of Aksum, where the flat lands make suitable landing fields.

TWO Hundred Coptic Churches and fifteen Masques were represented by the clergy swearing allegiance to Mussolini. The Italians are spreading intense propaganda among the natives concerning the value of Italian civilisation. The cinema at Adowa is opened daily, and crowded with half-savage Ethiopians exclaiming with wonder at the sight of schools, public buildings, railways, and street scenes of Italian cities.

De Bono publicly proclaimed Ras Gugsa, who deserted from Abyssinia, chief of the Tigre Province at a colorful ceremony in the presence of four thousand natives. Gugsa was dressed in European khaki uniform with Sam Browne belt and shiny boots.

De Bono also issued the following proclamation: "People of Tigre, wherever the Italian flag waves there is liberty. Therefore, as this is our country, slavery will be firmly suppressed. All slaves are hereby freed. Whoever buys or sells slaves will be severely punished as a transgressor against Italy."

This town is a mile and a half above sea level. The air is so rare I wear three sweaters. The climate is so dry that perspiration evaporates quickly. I feel cold after any exertion.

The Italian soldiers are farmers at heart. I see them stop and lift handfuls of soil to feel its fertility. They are thinking already of colonisation farms

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LET'S Talk About—

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL

MR. P. CRAMER, who recently arrived in Australia, is official representative for the Olympic Games which will be held in Berlin in August of next year. This is not, however, his first visit to our shores, as he came over here in 1932. For the last few months he has flown practically all over Australia and Tasmania.

Mr. Cramer has travelled extensively throughout the world, and has visited Abyssinia and had a private interview with the Emperor, Haile Sclassie. He is a linguist and, besides his native German, speaks, among other languages, English, French, and Dutch fluently.

"It is estimated that fifty nations will be represented," says Mr. Cramer. "The Olympic Stadium or German Arena is the centre point of the great Reich Sports Ground, 325 acres in area."

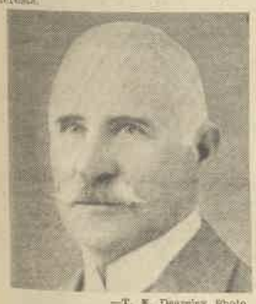
SPRINTER M.P.

LORD BURGHLEY, who is just thirty, is a very versatile person. He is a member of Parliament, Olympic hurdler, insurance manager, fisherman, huntsman, and a first-class shot.

He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and gave early promise of developing into a great athlete, showing a particular penchant for hurdling.

He retired from track-racing in 1932 and took up golfing. In 1929 he married Lady Montagu-Douglas-Scott, a sister of the Duke of Gloucester's fiancee. They have two children.

He is a keen observer of public affairs, and is a popular club man. Literature and art are also among his many interests.



—T. K. Deasey Photo.

VERSATILE GENIUS

PROFESSOR CUMBRAE STEWART'S name is one of the best-known in Brisbane.

During the Great War he was assistant censor and interpreter at Brisbane. Much of his time must be taken up in attending meetings, because he is chairman of the Queensland Place Names Committee, vice-president of the Brisbane Bibliographical Society, member of the Royal Society of Queensland, and of the Royal Geographical Society, and was former president of the Historical Society, and vice-president of the Authors and Artists' Association, and that's not all! He is Garrick Professor of Law, Doctor of Civil Law, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple, London, and King's Counsel in Queensland.

LET'S HAIL *the* "LAST" MAN!

VENETIAN MODEL, 17th century, 11 cm. high. English lady's shoe, buckskin, with rich colored embroidery, about 17th century. Lady's shoe from the Engadine (Switzerland), green velvet with silver embroidery.

LADY'S elastic boots, "Imperatrice." Bally model, 1888. Lady's one-bar shoe. Turn execution. Bally model, 1900. Lady's bar shoe with brass nail garniture. Turn execution. Bally model, 1895-1900.

AMERICAN pre-war footwear—boots, 1915; shoes, 1908-9.

Bally's Switzerland, 1883. Bally's Switzerland, 1888-1890.

Future Armies . . . May Go Barefooted

BOOTMAKERS have always been an honest, stubborn lot, and their craft is an old and honored one. An ancient trade lineage, however, has not dimmed their eyes to current events, and they have announced their opposition to war—to the last man.

Any nation taking up arms in the future as an aggressor might find it a bootless task, for the British National Union of Boot Operatives has declared that it will not support any nation going to war for the sake of conquest. This resolution, just reaffirmed, has actually been on record since 1926, so that after all the "last" man may have the last say in the conservation of world peace. At least he has set a very fine example.

IT is interesting to study these men who have thrown out such a challenge to the warlike. There is an old saying about the cobbler sticking to his last, but should he desert it in the interest of world peace, it will be another incident in history in which the bootmaker has behaved with courage and distinction.

When were the first shoes made? And why must the foot be covered? Questions asked down the ages . . . and, although we have no definite information as to when the first shoes were actually made, we find them frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. In the second Book of Moses we read: ". . . your loins girded, your shoes on your feet," and it is reputed that this was written in the year B.C. 1491. And again in the Book of Ruth: ". . . a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor," for it seems it was an old Biblical custom to take off one's shoe to strike a bargain.

It is an admitted fact that it is not necessary to have the feet covered . . . but imagine what it would be like in the middle of winter to gaily trip out and off to the office with nothing on your feet! Then think of the pleasure it would deprive the salesgirl of if we could not go into a shop and say ". . . I really take a three, but a four feels so good I always wear a five!"

Bootless Slaves

In Roman times it was not a question of size, for if you were a slave you could not wear any shoes at all; freedmen, or peasants, wore wooden sabots . . . and probably had only one pair in their lives, while the aristocrats wore sandals covered with gold and silver and precious stones, the women wearing shoes of either green or purple leather.

Northampton, a town in England, boasts that it has shod Royalty from the days of King John down to our own Princess Elizabeth; for it is on record that in 1213 "King John purchased a pair of single-soled riding boots at Northampton for 9d." . . . and again, later, that King Edward I. purchased a pair of winter shoes for 7/-, from the same town.

In the "Liber Customarum," written in Norman-French in 1350, we are told that the shoemakers of that time were well organised, for they and the tanners were able to prevent combines among butchers for keeping up the price of hides, and prevent middlemen from dealing in them . . . so even in those days they had labor troubles and unions!

MODERN footwear, and the sandals of antiquity brought up to date.

"When Knighthood was in flower" in the days of the Plantagenet kings we find "the shoes are very rounded and heavy fronted" . . . ugly, heavy, but quite utilitarian. They were not much better some hundred years later in the days of "Bluff King Hal" . . . remember his huge square-toed shoes in the "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Bad Boot Bill

IF you were a person of quality the cobbler came to your home and measured your feet, and made you a shoe to your very own size . . . very nice and exclusive, but not very profitable for the cobbler! It was not till 1642 that we read of the first wholesale order when "Thomas Pendleton, and six other master-makers, took a contract for 4000 pairs of shoes . . . for the army." Six years later the account was only partly paid, and there is no evidence to show that it has been paid.

It would be interesting to know who made those pretty shoes Sir Walter Raleigh saved from the mud for Good Queen Bess. And where "pretty, witty Nellie" Gwyn bought those shoes in which she danced her way into the heart of Charles Stuart? And what happened to the shoes owned by Queen Anne when she finally died? Who made all those army boots for her General Marlborough to march his men all over Europe? Can you imagine them . . . dozens of cobblers, their wives and daughters all sewing, and sewing and sewing to get the boots made for the campaigners and campaigns that never seemed to end?

AN ANCIENT SHOEMAKER following his calling in the Middle Ages. Contrast his "cubby house" with the palatial shoe stores in existence to-day. (Pictures supplied by Mr. G. H. Lane, of Farmer's, who obtained the originals in Switzerland while on a world tour.)

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RACING WIDOWS *are Just as Badly Off as* GOLF WIDOWS

Wives of Jockeys and Trainers Don't Celebrate Victories

Racing, like golf, creates hundreds of temporary widows. To the wives of trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers the racing carnival is as nerve-racking as election time to a politician's wife, or a record flight to an aviator's helpmate.

The racing carnival, which means new clothes, a round of festivities, and late nights to most women, means busy days at home, quiet evenings, early to bed, and early mornings to the racing "widows."

WIVES of owners, trainers, and jockeys travel about from State to State attending race meetings as regularly as most women go to their hairdresser.

The wives of some racing men spend race days at home. Others go to the races. The jockey's wife backs the horse her husband rides, and the bookmaker's wife, out of loyalty to the family exchequer, backs outsiders.

The attitude towards racing of most bookmakers' wives can be summed up in the philosophic views of a well-known bookmaker's wife.

"I have my birds and fowls, my flower-pots and flower-beds. And I have a gas stove where I spend most of a race day preparing a good dinner for my husband when he comes home hoarse and weary from the course.

"I am just as happy listening-in to the races and having a half-crown bet with my friends—always with an eye on the gas stove—as the many women who go to the races and spend several pounds on the day's outing."

Mrs. Fred McNally, wife of the president of Tattersall's Club in Melbourne, is probably more "widowed" than any other racing widow during the carnival. Her husband leaves home at 9 a.m. and, after his day's work and presidential duties at the club, she often does not see him again till late at night.

If she goes to the races the betting-ring is the one spot she does not visit. When her husband comes home at night, no matter what the storms of the day, he finds their five children peacefully asleep.

Their Biggest Thrills

DURING the height of the racing season Mrs. McNally can make no social engagements for herself and her husband, and all family and domestic problems must be settled without his assistance. Gas bills, home lessons, why the maid left, who broke whose toys, are problems unmentioned to the master of the house.

Mrs. M. F. Lyons, though interested in races, puts her consideration for her husband before everything else. A nice dinner is more important to her than a nice win at the races.

"We very seldom talk about racing at home because my husband talks quite enough about it at the races. If he has a good day we very rarely celebrate. It is a case of early to bed, as he must be up early the next day to do his settling."

"Being married to a jockey is like being married to a prizefighter," says Mrs. N. Percival.

"Our household is governed by the care of my husband's health. We have well-planned meals, early nights, and our main dissipation is quiet drives in the country.

"Unlike most jockeys' wives, my cooking problem is not to keep my husband's weight down, but to build it up. I always send him off to the races with a good lunch to fortify him, and there is a good dinner when he returns.

"We rarely talk racing at home. Even if I ask him for tips he does not always give them to me, and I frequently arrive at the races without knowing which horse he is riding.

"Like most jockeys he has a few superstitions. I am never allowed to wear green, and never allowed to clean his riding boots.

"The most nerve-racking part of our jobs as racing men's wives is to remain calm on the day of a big race. Often our husbands are nervous and in some unspoken way we have to give them confidence and sympathy. Somehow we learn to know the times they feel worried and the times we must remain silent or give them a few words of encouragement.

"Our biggest thrill is the moment we see our husband's horse first past the finishing post. Many of us remain calm and undemonstrative in this big moment. It means so much more to us than to the excitable women in the stands who cheer so easily.

"It is a proud moment when we go down to the saddling paddock to congratulate our husbands.

"While other people finish the day with celebrations we usually go home to a quiet family dinner. Occasionally we celebrate the following day, when our husbands have had a good rest. The day after the Caulfield Cup, which my husband won on Palfresco, we celebrated with a bottle of champagne."

MRS. N. PERCIVAL, wife of the jockey who rode the winner of the Caulfield Cup, Palfresco. Percival will be riding in the Melbourne Cup.

Our Monoplane Offer

WITH the arrival of the s.s. Canadian Conqueror, we will have sufficient balsa to make all the monoplanes already on order by our readers. There will, of course, still be some delay, as the making of the propellers is a very difficult task, and the output of them is limited to 1000 a day.

As the kits are assembled and delivered by the designer and manufacturer, Mr. Norman Lyons, they are being distributed on a fifty-fifty basis to our city and country readers, and those who have made a reservation will have their orders fulfilled as soon as possible.

Over 5000 planes have already been sent to country readers, and a similar number has been distributed in the city.

Fragrance of Morning

YOUNG bud-leaves for your morning tea! Fragrant and rich in flavor, they make you feel as fresh as the dawn.

Everybody loves the flavor of bud-leaves. They make such a wonderful cup of tea. Bushells select them for you while they are still tender with rich sap.

A packet of Bushells Blue Label Tea in the house is an aid to cheerfulness throughout the day.

Has Finer Flavor

OUR NEW SERIAL *"Men and Angel"* is Crisp and Clever

Will Commence in Next Issue!

Our new serial, "Men and Angel," by Fanny Heaslip Lea, will commence in our next issue. This is considered to be the best story yet written by this popular author, and we are confident that our readers will revel in its crisp, clever dialogue and diverting and attractive plot.

ANGELA — "Angel" to her friends—is a typical, high-spirited modern girl.

"May her life be one sweet symphony," said her grandfather in proposing Angela's 21st birthday toast. Grandfather Todd had mapped out her life ever so carefully. But Angela had no intention of living out youth's enchanted hour in the seclusion of her grandfather's country estate, though her fiance, Horace, owned the adjoining property.

Her determination to make her own decisions and adjust her own attitude to life sent all the well-laid plans made for her astray, precipitating this charming young lady right into the heart of gay, irresponsible Paris.

Swiftly things begin to happen in her life. It is all breathlessly interesting, and Angela's adventures make the most fascinating reading imaginable.

Every character in the story comes alive under the clever pen of their creator. There are Horace, Angela's handsome fiance, who, in spite of his good looks, has certain drawbacks; Neville, Horace's brother, daring, different, and difficult, but dangerously attractive; and Talmadge, the aviator, blunt, sensitive, and brusque, but eminently lovable. These are the men whose fates become entangled with that of Angel in the delightful and provocative story played out against the fascinating background of beautiful Paris.

Subsidiary characters, too, are well drawn. You will love the artist couple, Jim and Betty Wheeler. Indeed, there is not a dull line in the whole story.

Order next week's copy of your paper early.

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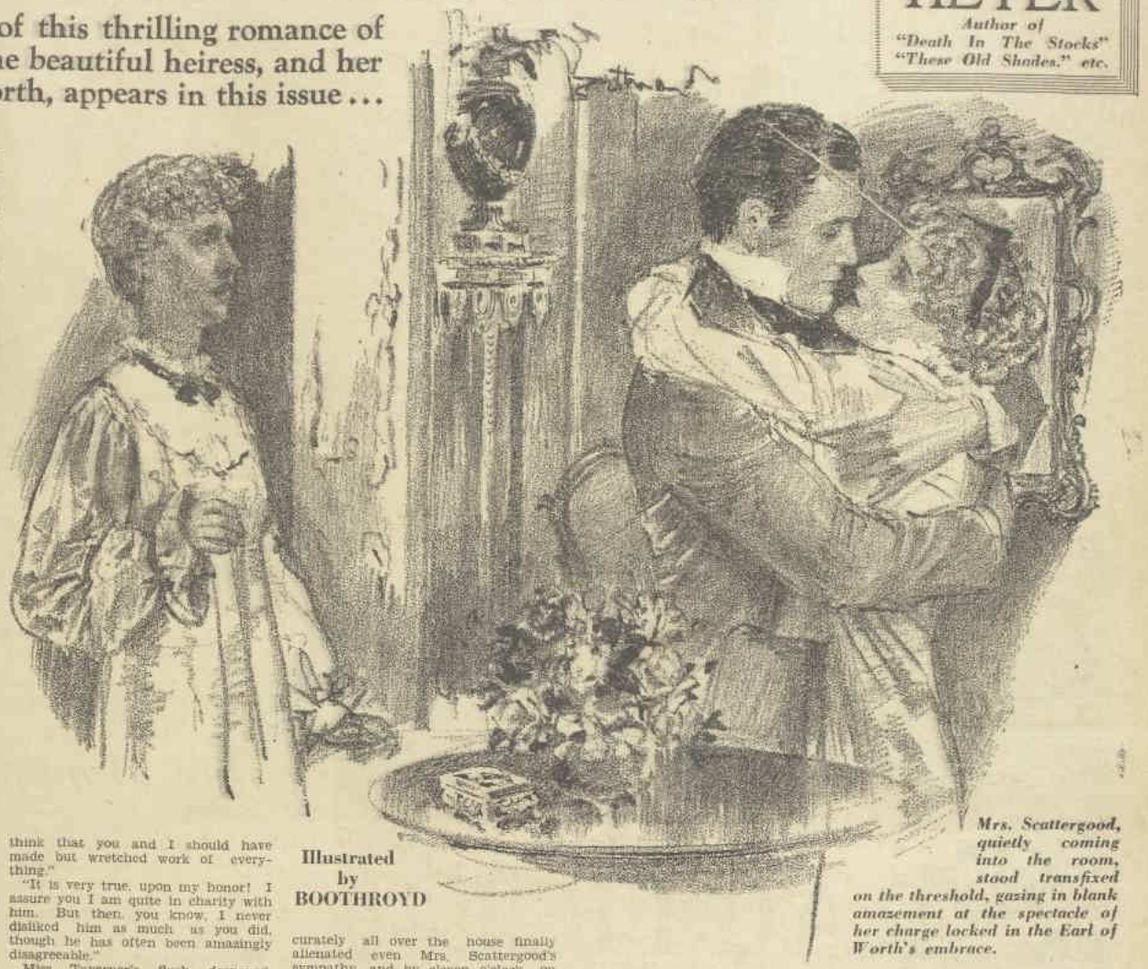
GAY ADVENTURE

By... Georgette HEYER
Author of "Death In The Stocks" "These Old Shades," etc.

The final chapter of this thrilling romance of Judith Taverner, the beautiful heiress, and her guardian, Lord Worth, appears in this issue...



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Mrs. Scattergood, quietly coming into the room, stood transfixed on the threshold, gazing in blank amazement at the spectacle of her charge locked in the Earl of Worth's embrace.

CHAPTER 23

IF Miss Taverner expected to find her brother indignant at the treatment he had undergone she was soon informed of her mistake. He had had a capital time.

"Nothing could be like it!" he told her over and over again. "I must have a yacht of my own. If Worth won't consent to it it will be the greatest shame imaginable! I am persuaded Harriet would like it above all things. I wish Worth had come here to-night. I cannot conceive why he should not. Evans—he is Worth's captain, you know: a first-rate fellow!—Evans says I have a great aptitude. Never in the least sick—and we ran into a pretty ground swell on Tuesday, I can tell you! But it made no odds to me, never felt better in my life!"

"But Perry, when you awoke from that drug, were you not sadly alarmed?"

"No, why should I be? I had a devilish headache, but that soon went off, and then Evans gave me Worth's letter."

"What must your feelings have been when you read it! He told you the whole?"

"Oh yes. I was excessively shocked! But ever since he had the impudence to interfere over that duel I have not at all liked my cousin, you know."

"But Perry, he did not interfere! It was he who—"

"Ay, so it was; I was forgetting. But it's all one: I have been thinking him a shabby fellow these several months."

"We have not valued Lord Worth's protection as we should," said Judith, coloring faintly. "If we had trusted him more, been upon kinder terms, perhaps he need not have put you away, or—"

"Lord, there's nothing in that!" Peregrine declared. "I am precious glad he did, because I had never been to sea before in my life. I would not have missed it for the world! To own the truth, I did not above half like coming ashore again, except, of course, for seeing you and Harriet. However, I am quite determined to set up a yacht of my own, only it will cost a good deal, I daresay, and ten to one Worth won't hear of it."

"I wish," said Miss Taverner with some asperity, "that you would give your thoughts a more proper direction! Towards Lord Worth we must be all obligation. Without his protection I am very much disposed to think that you and I should have made but wretched work of everything."

"It is very true, upon my honor! I assure you I am quite in charity with him. But then, you know, I never disliked him as much as you did, though he has often been amazingly disagreeable."

Miss Taverner's flush deepened. "Yes, at first I did dislike him. The circumstances of our—"

"Lord, I shall never forget the day we called in Cavendish Square, and found that it was he who was our guardian! You were as mad as fire!"

"It is a recollection that should be forgotten," replied Miss Taverner. "Lord Worth's manners are—are not always conciliating, but of the propriety of his motives we can never stand in doubt. We owe him a debt of gratitude, Perry."

"I am very sensible of it. To be sure, we were completely taken in by my cousin. And to drug me, and put me aboard his yacht—lord, I thought he was going to murder me when he forced that stuff down my throat!—was the neatest piece of work! I had no notion I should like being upon the sea so much! Evans was in a great pucker lest I should be angry at it, but 'Lord,' I said, 'you need not think I shall try to swim to shore! This is beyond anything great!'"

MISS TAVERNER sighed, and gave up the struggle. Peregrine continued to talk of his experiences at sea until it was time to go to bed. Miss Taverner could only be glad that since he had formed the intention of driving to Worthing upon the following day any further descriptions of ground swells, squalls, wearing, luffing, squaring the yards, or reefing the sails must fall to Miss Fairford's lot instead of hers. It was a melancholy reflection that although she would have been ready to swear a day before that she could not have borne to have let him out of her sight again, if he should be restored to her, three hours of his company were enough to make her look forward with complaisance to his leaving her directly after breakfast next morning. Even when he was not recounting his adventures his conversation had a nautical flavor. He talked of crowding all sail to Worthing, of bringing to, and hauling his wind, and of making out a friend at cable's length. An empty wine bottle became a marine officer, landsmen on board a ship were live lumber, and a passer-by in the street was described as being as round as a nine-pounder. A number of sea-chanties being sung loudly and inaccurately all over the house finally alienated even Mrs. Scattergood's sympathy, and by eleven o'clock on Thursday morning nothing could have exceeded both ladies' anxious solicitude to get him on his way to Worthing.

Miss Taverner then sat down to await her guardian. He did not come. Only Captain Audley called in Marine Parade that morning, and when Miss Taverner asked, as carelessly as she could, whether his lordship was in Brighton, the captain merely said: "Julian? Oh yes, he is here, but I fancy you won't see him to-day. York arrived in Brighton yesterday, you know."

Miss Taverner, who was inclined to rate her claims quite as high as the Duke of York's, said, "Indeed!" in a cold voice, and turned the subject.

There was no appearance of Worth at the ball that night, but upon Miss Taverner's return to Marine Parade she found a note from him lying on the table in the hall. She broke the seal at once, and eagerly spread open the single sheet.

Old Steyne, June 25th, 1812.

"Dear Miss Taverner,—I shall do myself the honor of waiting on you to-morrow morning at noon, if this should be convenient to you, for the purpose of resigning into your charge the documents relating to your affairs with which I have been entrusted during the period of my guardianship. Yours, etc.,

Worth."

Miss Taverner read this missive with a sinking heart, and slowly folded it up again. Mrs. Scattergood, observing her downcast look, hoped that she had not had bad news. "Oh, dear me, no," said Miss Taverner.

BREAKFAST, upon the following morning, was enlivened by the appearance of Peregrine, who had driven back from Worthing so early on purpose to wish his sister many happy returns of her birthday. He thought himself a very good brother to have remembered the event, and would have brought her a present if Harriet had put him in mind of the date sooner. However, they would go out together after breakfast, and she should choose her own present, which would be a much better thing, after all. He admired the quilted parasol of shaded silk which Mrs. Scattergood had given Judith, and said there was no need to inquire who had sent her the huge bouquet of red roses which graced the table. "They come from Audley, I'll be bound."

"Yes," agreed Miss Taverner with a marked lack of enthusiasm. "I have had a letter from my uncle also. You may read it, if you choose. It is painful. One cannot but pity him. He seems to have known only part of what my cousin intended."

"Oh well, don't let us be thinking of him now!" said Peregrine. "We are very well rid of the pair of them. Only fancy, though, Worth told Sir Geoffrey the whole when he saw him in town this week. Sir Geoffrey thinks Worth a very tolerable sort of a fellow." He poured himself out a cup of coffee. "Now, what would you like to do to-day? You have only to give it a name. I am quite at your disposal. Shall we drive over to Lewes? I believe there is a castle, or some such thing, to be seen there."

"Thank you, Perry," she said, touched by this handsome offer. "But Lord Worth is coming to see me this morning. I was thinking that you should stay at home with me. You will want to thank him for all that he has done."

"Oh, certainly!" said Peregrine. "I shall be very glad to meet him, to be sure. I want to talk to him about my yacht, you know."

Shortly before noon Peregrine, who was seated in the window of the drawing-room, quizzing the passers-by, announced that Worth was approaching. "My dear Jul!" he said in tones of awe, "only look at the coat he is wearing. I wonder whether Weston made it? Do but look at the set of it across the shoulders!"

Miss Taverner declined leaning out of the window to stare at his lordship, and begged her brother to draw in his head. Instead of doing anything of the kind Peregrine waved to attract Worth's attention, and, upon the Earl looking up, was instantly struck by the exquisite arrangement of his cravat. He turned, and said impressively: "I do not care if he does give me one of his set-downs. I must know how he ties his cravats!"

THE Earl had knocked on the door by this time, and in a few moments his step was heard on the stairs. Peregrine went out to meet him. "Come up, sir! We are both here!" he said. "How do you do? You are the most complete hand indeed, you know. My head, when I awoke. My mouth, too! There was never anything like it!"

"Was it very bad?" inquired the Earl, leisurely mounting the last three stairs.

"Oh, beyond anything. But I don't mean to complain. I have had a famous time of it. But come into the drawing-room. My sister is there, and I have something very particular to say to you. Ju, here is Lord Worth."

Miss Taverner, who, for reasons best known to herself, had suddenly become absorbed in her embroidery, laid aside the frame and got up. She shook hands with the Earl, but before she could speak Peregrine was off again.

"I wish you would tell me, sir, what you call that way of tying your cravat. It is devilish natty!"

"I don't call it anything," replied Worth. "It is a fashion of my own. You are none the worse for your adventure, Miss Taverner?"

"Oh, a fashion of your own. That means, I daresay, that it will be all the crack in a week. Is it very difficult to do?"

"Yes, very," said the Earl. "Is that the particular thing you wanted to say to me? I am highly flattered."

"Oh, no, that was not it! You must know that I took a great fancy for the sea—never was upon a yacht before in my life, and had no notion what it could be like. Such a degree of comfort in so small a space. And then, sailing the vessel, you know. Evans thinks I have a natural aptitude for it. It was a pity I had to come ashore so soon, for there is a great deal about a ship I have not learned yet."

Please turn to Page 16

.: Love Conquers All :.

A Woman's "If"

IF we can sit among a crowd of gossips
And not repeat the scandal that we've heard;
If we can know aught of another's business
And not betray it by a single word;
If we can smile and still, inside, feel kindly
When other women hint our hats are frights;
If we can sit upon a church committee
And not involve ourselves in any fights;
If we can go to a sale bargain-counter
And neither shove nor elbow our way in;
If we can keep our hearts from pride, or triumph,
Should any of our neighbors chance to sin;
If we can loyal be to one who's absent
At gath'rings where we hear folk run her down;
If we can keep our tempers at the moment
The clothes-line breaks, or kiddies act the clown;
If we can go through life with kindly tol'rance
And keep our faith in God until it ends;
Then when there comes to us the great transition,
We rank as WOMEN and not cats: my friends.

—G. May.

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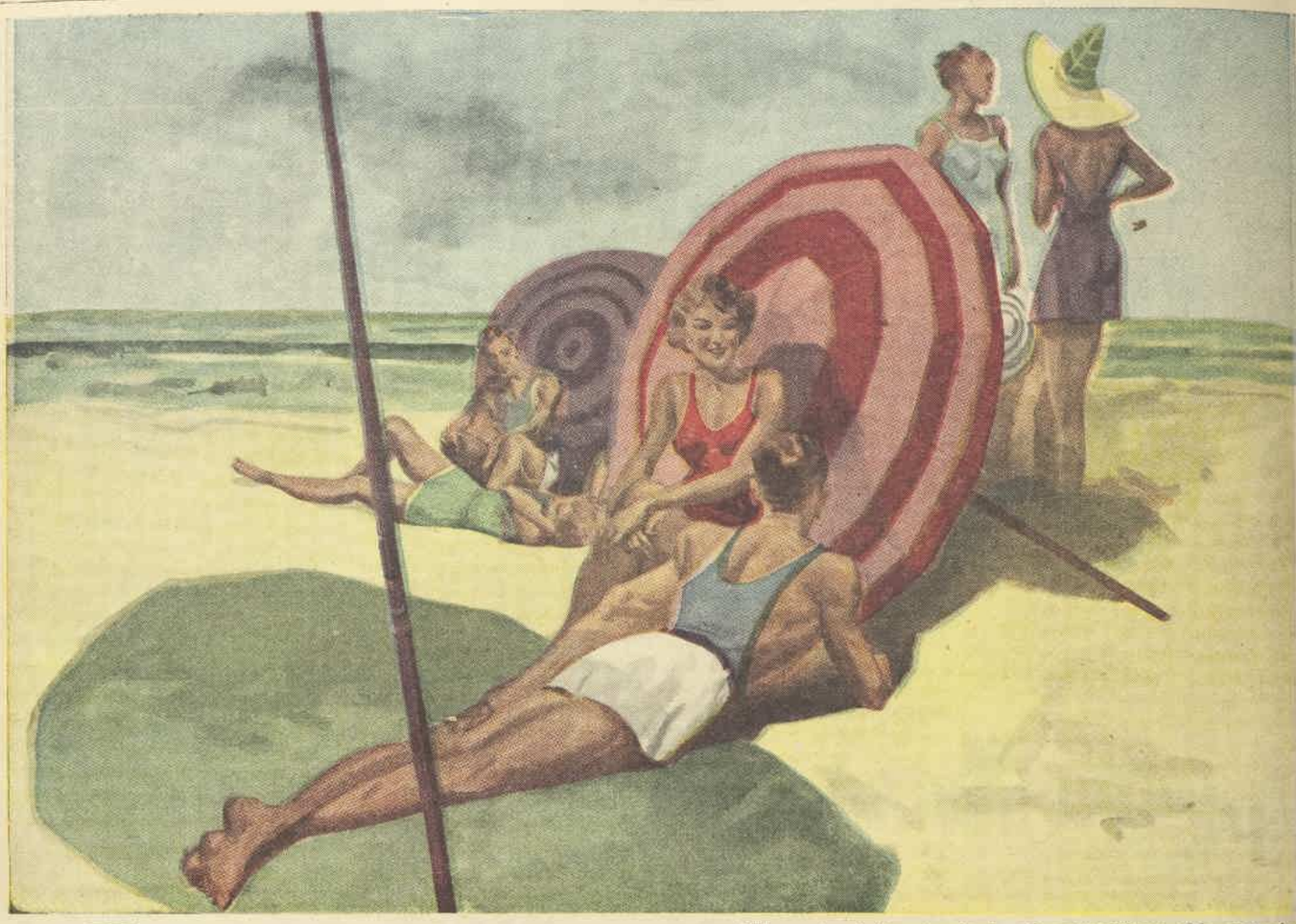

"How about the standards of comparison this morning?" Giles asked Sue Mary.

PRACTICE Makes PERFECT

A Complete Short Story of the Romance of an Old-Fashioned Girl

.·. By .·.
FAITH BALDWIN

SUE MARY was astonishingly small and astonishingly young. She was the daughter of two famous scholars who had started her intensive training at about eight months. Before she was three she could read and recite poetry.

In later years they scoffed at the idea that they had raised a prodigy. They disliked the word. It sounded more like "monster" to them. They had, they announced from lecture platforms and through the medium of the newspapers, merely applied modern educational methods to their normally intelligent child.

Sue Mary astounded all who beheld her or who listened to her. They really didn't look at her very much. She had been a thin, pig-tailed child, completely eclipsed by large spectacles. When, after viewing the infant wonder, the viewer would be asked: "What does she look like?" he or she would wave a distracted hand and mutter: "I haven't the least idea."

Naturally talented, preternaturally trained, Sue Mary had very little time for play, or for friends. Her health was scientifically guarded, and she was permitted recreation—in especially prescribed doses—the most satisfactory plays, the best of modern fiction and poetry, trips to the country and abroad, routine exercise and nice little jaunts through art galleries. One could not say that she had been in any way neglected.

No one was sorry for her. That is, with one exception. Sue Mary's mother had a frivolous and absurdly rich sister, Mrs. John Manners. Mrs. Manners, who was a widow and had a daughter, a little younger than Sue Mary, had, upon her rare excursions to her sister's, been overheard to murmur "Poor little devil!" while regarding the studious features of her small niece; and had been known, upon returning home, to gather into her maternal arms her puff-ball of a pink and white and entirely stupid infant, hugging her close and exclaiming fervidly: "Thank heaven I have no brains!"

Shortly after another degree in a branch of science had been conferred on Sue Mary, her parents wandered off to the Continent to study something or other.

Sue Mary was, for the summer, at the University. Her aunt, Mrs. Manners, who was staying in Bournemouth, tried to persuade her to come down and sit upon the sands, and expose her ponderous brains to the beneficent rays of ultra-violet. Sue Mary, mildly astonished, refused.

Not for long, however. An unusual heat-wave enveloped London. Sue Mary had something resembling a breakdown. And in July, therefore, she was reluctantly motored down to Bournemouth and the Manners' delightful house overlooking the bright blue water.

THREE weeks later she sat on her bed clad in a boy's dilapidated bathrobe, and argued with her cousin Dolly.

Dolly was very blonde. Dolly was tall and slim. Dolly had rouge on naturally bright lips and pearls in small ears. Dolly was something very diaphanous, in shades of palest green and rose. Dolly had a cigarette in a long jade holder, with which she gesticulated ardently.

"You may be," said Dolly, "the essence of all wisdom to your professors, but you're just stupid and dull to me."

"Stupid and dull?"

Sue Mary knit remarkably fine brows, having visions of long hours spent in study.

"Yes, stupid and dull," said Dolly. "Look here, Sue Mary, what do you really know?"

OBEDIENTLY, if a trifle bewildered, Sue Mary started to admit a long list of accomplishments. Dolly listened for one minute.

"That will do," interrupted Dolly. "You are making my head ache. Now tell me, Sue Mary, just what good all that learning will do you?"

Sue Mary removed her glasses. She had very large, very blue, and very near-sighted eyes. They had that amazingly confiding look which near-sighted eyes have, an intimate, appealing look, once the barriers of glass and tortoiseshell were missing. She swung her spectacles on a tapering finger, and then dropped them on the bed to run her hands through her short hair. It was pretty hair, bronze red, but it had been hacked off by a maliciously-minded barber, thought Dolly, as she gazed at her rather quizzically.

"I shall," said Mary, "teach for a time. I've a book in mind," she added absently.

"That's just it. That's all you have in mind!"

Dolly waved her cigarette. Ashes rained down. Dolly lifted her lovely eyes to an unseen heaven and prayed for patience. Dolly spoke in words fraught with wisdom.

"I know," she said, "that you are a female Solomon. I know also that you are a woman. But has it ever occurred to you that you are a woman?" she demanded. "Now tell me what good knowing all that ever did any woman? None," expounded Dolly firmly. "You don't know anything you should know. Women," said Dolly, "were put on earth for one purpose only, and that was to attract men. They don't," she pursued further, "attract them by degrees which, if placed end to end, would reach from Land's End to John o' Groats. As far as knowing anything about men is concerned, you are in the kindergarten. You couldn't get your man if your life depended on it. And let me tell you, your life does depend on it."

"THAT," said Sue Mary, unoffended, "is nonsense. My mother knows more than I do and she's married."

"It just happened that your mother met a man who knew as little about women as she did about men," replied Dolly briskly. "It won't ever happen again. So don't count on it. What I am trying to tell you is this. You are young and could be good-looking if you'd give yourself half a chance. Have you ever been in love, Sue Mary?"

"No," Sue Mary replied honestly.

"Has anyone ever loved you?"

"No," answered Sue Mary again, quite as honestly.

"You're hopeless!" sighed Dolly. "Look here. I'll make you a very sporting offer. You're always telling me to give up what you call my futile existence and do something worth while. Well, here's your chance. If, before the summer is over, you can prove to me that you can make a man fall in love with you—a real man, mind you, none of your professors—I'll go to—for charity work, or something next autumn. Is it a bet? We'll choose the man and I''ll help you plan the campaign by getting you a proper hair-cut and presenting you with some clothes. I don't believe you have the nerve," said Dolly sweetly. "And you certainly haven't the experience, and so——"

A Real Sporting Offer

SUE MARY'S remarkable eyes darkened. Her rather sallow little face was flushed. She sat something, and said it firmly.

"It's nonsense, of course. I'll take your bet!"

Dolly laughed and held out her hand, and after a moment Sue Mary shook it gravely.

"One more thing—no, Sue Mary, don't go to sleep yet!—we'll have to decide on the man."

"They all look alike to me," murmured Sue Mary. "Do go away, Dolly. I want to go to sleep."

She collapsed again.

Dolly shook her gently.

"They may look alike, but they're not except—basically," amended Dolly, and smiled. "I don't want to make it too easy for you. I won't have you picking out some visiting tutor or other whom you could talk into proposing."

"Proposing?" inquired Sue Mary, bolt upright.

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The QUEEN of the Cannibal ISLES

There's the Queen at the left—Queen Lulu, the parrot—who adds just one more hilarious note to this story in which golf...and love...are most merrily mingled.

A Long Complete Story—By MARGARET CRAVEN

Illustrated by FISCHER

PERMELIA POLK trudged up the fairway towards the spot where that odious little white ball waited on the sward, and tried to listen attentively while Hayes Tidmarsh enumerated again all the things that were wrong with her.

"Now take your hands," said Hayes solemnly. "I've told you, Permelia, that if your hands precede the club head, you've bound to slice."

Permelia flexed the fingers of her left hand cautiously.

"And your head." Hayes shook his own sadly. "It bobs up like a cork. I'm going to have to do something about your head."

Why not cut it off, thought Pam to herself? It couldn't ache any more, anyway.

"And lastly there are your feet," said Hayes. "You must remember to watch those feet."

Permelia didn't want to remember to watch those feet. All she asked was to forget them. They looked, she knew, like gunboats. Hayes had not trusted her to buy golf shoes without his aid. He had driven with her clear to Carmel, and given specific instructions to the clerk to make them large enough, please—that Miss Polk could wear an additional pair of socks over her lisle stockings.

They had reached the ball. Yesterday at approximately this same spot, it had given up the battle and sequestered itself in a hole.

"Here we are," announced Hayes cheerfully. "You have a good lie for a shot to the green."

He handed her the wood, and Pam took her stance.

"Ah-ah-ah-an, you're forgetting something."

If only Hayes would not make that ah-ah-ah-ah-ah sound.

"I'm going to hold your head," he said.

He stood in front of her and held her head. Thank heaven nobody was looking. Nobody could see Permelia Polk having her head held down, like a child who had had too much pink lemonade and was about to be sick.

For one wild moment she longed to bring the club head down on one of Hayes' expensive brogues, but she remembered sturdily that one must forbear one another in love—and especially in golf.

"All set?"

"Yes, dear."

Yes, Hayes, dear. No, Hayes, dear. When you do it, it looks so easy, Hayes, dear.

Pam looked at the ball more with her left eye than her right eye, as she had been told too many times to count. Somewhere over there just to the right of the hole was Dr. Buchan's charming Spanish-Californian house. He must be down for the week-end because she could smell the fragrance of burning eucalyptus.

If only she could slice the ball into his yard, maybe he would come out, and see her wilting on his doorstep. Maybe he would take pity, and say, "Why, Pam, I didn't recognise those feet. Sit down, child, sit down." She brought the club back slowly, straightening her right knee, and, turning beautifully from the hips, she smote the ball a vicious swat.

The ball rose. It sailed up and straight down the fairway for a hundred yards. Then, like a weary traveller heading home, it turned, hit a cypress, bounced into another cypress, and with the clatter of a woodpecker came to rest among the potted hyacinths in Dr. Buchan's patio.

"If you'd hit a little harder, it would have come back to you," said Hayes Tidmarsh with admirable control.

"Yes, Hayes, dear." Together they approached the house.

Lulu, the parrot, saw them coming, but Captain Desmond and Captain Desmond's man, Hennessey, did not.

Lulu, named for some dusky queen of a cannibal isle, was sitting on the lower branch of a pine tree. By turning her wise old head slightly to the right she could see Captain Jerry Desmond standing in the door opening upon the patio. He was young, long, and Lulu had always enjoyed looking at him, but to-day she was more interested in his actions.

Captain Desmond was supporting his shaky legs with a stout cane, and he was popping away with a twenty-two at three of Dr. Buchan's fattest books. The books were set back to back against a breadboard on a table at the end of the living-room. As yet Captain Desmond had removed no plaster from the wall.

This was strange enough, but there was more. Down on his hands and knees in the patio, digging dandelions with a clasp-knife, was Lulu's lord and master.

In the many years she had known Patrick Hennessey, Lulu had never seen anything like this. Once going up the Yangtze-kiang a sailor had spied a water buffalo on the river's edge, and he had grinned and said, "Doesn't that cow make you feel homesick, Hennessey?" To imply that a man of the sea is more at home in the barnyard is the deadliest insult, and Lulu, perched in the mast, had prepared herself for bloodshed. It was averted only by the quick intervention of Captain Desmond, then quartermaster. Yet here was her beloved Hennessey digging dandelions.

Furthermore the sun was hot. The dandelions were tough. Hennessey had removed his shirt.

At this point the golf ball hit the tree, and Lulu saw a brisk, impeccable young man, and a pretty but weary-looking girl walking toward her up the fairway.

About 100 feet away they realised evidently that the shots were coming from the house and not from the beach, as they had supposed, because they hesitated, and the girl said something, and the man shook his head in a positive manner. Then they came on, and at fifty feet they saw Lulu, and their hesitation turned to active surprise.

It gave Lulu a certain satisfaction to know that when they saw Hennessey—as yet hidden by some rose geraniums — their surprise would turn into downright shock. She waited on her bough in a pleasantly anticipatory frame of mind, and then the girl looked up, smiled, and said, "Hello, Polly."

Honestly! Lulu had expected more originality from one so pretty. She chose one of Hennessey's better replies. "Now for gosh-sake's," croaked Lulu, "don't ask me if I want a cracker."

The girl's surprise turned into delight. But not the man's! A most peculiar sound was issuing from the man.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah," he said. "Don't touch it, Permelia. You'll get parrot fever."

The girl laughed. "Nonsense," she said, "she's lovely. She's a lamb."

Hennessey was digging his nineteenth dandelion when he heard that. He stood up.

"Lady," said Hennessey, "that there parrot is no lamb. Lulu's a God-fearin', seafarin' bird, she is, and she ain't never seen a lamb."

The man and the girl jumped back. They jumped back at least a foot, and they stared in open-eyed wonder at Hennessey's upper and better half.

Extending down Hennessey's right arm was tattooed a list of the ships upon which he had served, thus—S.S. Minnie Hanks, Sarah T. Grady . . . Santa Paula, Santa Maria . . . President Jackson, President Taft. As Captain Desmond often said, Hennessey had begun on ladies, worked up to saints, and ended on Presidents.

Extending down Hennessey's left arm was a list of places important in his memory. Only Lulu knew that these were commemorated not for romantic reasons, but as a constant reminder to Hennessey that in each he had been in gaol.

"You're occupying Dr. Buchan's house?" Hayes asked coldly.

"Me and the skipper," replied Hennessey, waving his clasp-knife toward the house.

Lulu had forgotten Captain Desmond. He had put down his pistol, and was looking at the girl.

"We dropped a ball in your yard," explained Hayes Tidmarsh.

"Quite all right," said Captain Desmond. "I'm Jerry Desmond, pinch-hitting for Dr. Buchan for a few days."

Hayes had had no intention of introducing himself and Permelia, but now he had to.

"I'm Hayes Tidmarsh, and this is Miss Polk," he said with adequate politeness.

It annoyed him that Permelia smiled with such disarming friendliness. Permelia, he had noticed, could not graduate her beams. She turned them full force on just practically anybody.

"Army or navy?" he asked pleasantly enough.

"Neither," replied Captain Desmond. "Merchant marine."

"Oh, yes."

What Hayes meant was "Oh, no." It was an impeccable "Oh," but just a little flat. Permelia heard it, and didn't like it. Dear Hayes was meticulously polite, but he had a way of speaking to some people as if they weren't made out of quite the same cloth as he.

"I hope you won't mind if I play my ball off your lawn," she said to Captain Desmond.

"Just a minute," Hayes interrupted. "The rules say you can drop your ball one club's length from the edge of the patio wall."

He measured a club's length piously, and dropped the ball into some rather long grass.

"There. That will give you some good practice, Permelia."

Pam stepped up to the ball. She knew that Hayes expected her to give it a cool and collected little chip, whereupon the ball would leap electrically through the air and stop on the green.

She grew a little pink. The young man with the cane, the tattooed person, and Lulu, the parrot, were all watching her with great interest. She couldn't very well ask them to look the other way, could she? She looked at Hayes, and knew she could not. Taking a long breath she went after that ball like a small boy killing a garter snake.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah."

Oh, dear, there was Hayes again—like a mother hen clucking to a dumb chick!

"You've got the wrong club, Permelia. You'll never get out with that one."

Hayes had set the bag down some yards away, and he walked over now to get the right club.

Please turn to Page 42

"Day and Night"

To me the Day is very small
and white,
So sweetly innocent and undefiled,
Wide-eyed and wondering—
An eager child—

I like the Night—the Night is
calm and young,
Her eyes are dark blue pools of
dreamy bliss.
The Night is tall and warm
And good to kiss!

—Yvonne Webb.

Utter silence! Then . . . "Piffle! Piffle!" shrieked the parrot.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

SHEER COATS *for* EVENING!

Clinging and revealing, they follow the Silhouette Lines . . .

THERE is as much variety in evening coats and capes as there is in evening dresses. Every length is smart and all materials are used, from cotton pique to rich shot-taffeta.

Whichever silhouettes your evening dresses follow, you will find accompanying coats which have been designed for each style.

If you have a dress with a full skirt—of chiffon, taffeta or organdie—you will wear a waist-length or hip-length jacket or cape, a shoulder cape, a scarf.

If your dress follows the new draped line or is slim-fitting down to the knees, wear a long or three-quarter coat or cape, a long scarf.

Scarves are usually of chiffon or net, three yards long, and are worn draped around the shoulders. Deep colors over pale or printed frocks, for instance, purple net over a lime-green dress; midnight-blue chiffon over a red dress, emerald-green over a black and white print.

Little capes cover the shoulders, cross in front and tie around the waist; these can match the dress or contrast in color and fabric. Chiffon and taffeta capes with chiffon dresses, net capes with net and crepe dresses, organdie capes with organdie and taffeta frocks. There are little circular capes of chiffon and organdie completely covered with chiffon or organdie hand-made flowers, others are sewn all over with pieces of ostrich feather. If you have a printed crepe-de-chine dress make a net cape (in one of the colors of the print), cut out flowers from the print and applique them here and there on the cape.

Schiaparelli shows an ankle length cape in thick crinkled taffeta. This fastens high at the neck and flies out behind as you walk. There are long, slim capes of satin, crepe, chiffon, and taffeta that you pull tightly round you and hold together in front.

Three-quarter and full length transparent coats are the last word in style. Of chiffon or organdie they completely expose the dress beneath. They have very full sleeves shirred at armhole and wrist or cut in a full flare. If the coat is of chiffon and floor length, it can be tightly fitted, and then worn open, or tied at the waist with a full flowing skirt. When the coat is three-quarter length and of chiffon or organdie, it must hang in folds—like a swagger coat. These tie at the neck in a bow, have wide revers or shirred shoulder yokes or are just left plain and straight at the neck.

● *AT the right a pink organdie frock is posed over pink taffeta. The spots on the frock are of green taffeta appliqued on. The flowers are made of organdie. The three-quarter loose coat is of green taffeta matching the spots.*

● *THE long coat of this ensemble is of scarlet chiffon. The frock is of printed crepe-de-chine. Small pleated godets are let into the hem of the skirt.*

● *AT the extreme left is a summer evening frock of black glazed chintz patterned with pink roses. It is very full at the hem. The waist is sashed with a bow at the back. Bolero jacket with little puff-sleeves.*

● *DRESS of white crepe showing the new decolletage, very low, and filled in with flowers. The three-quarter swagger coat is of midnight-blue organdie to match the leaves of the flowers.*

● *A BLACK net picture-dress. The skirt is separate and can be worn with a different bodice. The short net jacket has a sari collar and hangs in a cowl at the back or covers the head.*

Pleasing Contrasts

TWO examples are sketched on this page, a blue organdie three-quarter coat over a white dress and a long red chiffon coat over a print dress. These sheer coats seldom match the dress; they can be in a deeper tone of the same shade or contrasting. If you have a print dress choose one of the bright colors in the print for the coat.

One model shows a printed crepe dress in pink, lime - green, turquoise and white; the accompanying coat is of chiffon, three - quarter length, full with a shirred yoke and scarf collar, in lime-green. A pale pink dress has a navy-blue organdie coat, a white dress a floral chiffon coat—white ground with black and red flowers, a black net dress has a red chiffon coat.

Three-quarter swagger coats of taffeta in dark colors are practical. These have wide sleeves, full back, and do up high at the throat in front and hang open. Full-length taffeta coats have fitted waistlines and full flared skirts.

Short waist-length jackets with puff sleeves are made of the same material as the dress. These are particularly appropriate in cotton. A black and white spotted pique holiday frock has a wide tailored velveteen belt and a tiny fitted jacket of the pique with short puff sleeves.

Schiaparelli's famous sari evening dress has been responsible for chiffon and net evening jackets with scarf collars that can be worn over the head to keep the hair tidy. These collars or scarves can be attached to any coat or jacket in chiffon, net or crepe.

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IN ROMANTIC MOOD . . .

Lelong Launches a New Line!

• *A DRAMATIC evening ensemble in sapphire-blue crepe, showing the present feeling for romantic draped lines. The cape, which is of the same material as the dress, is detachable. The unusual coiffure ornament is of rhinestones.*

• *THE separate long lace cape of the model in the centre accompanies an elegant black frock, permitting it to be either formal or informal.*

• *ERMINE used with restraint makes a rich trimming for this gown. Note the leather belt and the dainty little Taupi felt hat which is by Madame Suzy.*

Fashion photographs reproduced on this page were selected by Mary St. Claire from Lucien Lelong's latest showing and sent by air mail.

• *WHITE SLEEVES embroidered with tiny felt flowers add distinction to this charming afternoon dress. The snappy little hat accompanying it is by Madame Suzy.*

• *THIS evening gown of brown satin features fullness at the centre-front. The attractive tulle bonnet has long panels floating backwards.*

FOR COUGHS

FOR COLDS

It heals as it soothes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

is most comforting in allaying irritation and tickling in the Throat. Its expectorant action expels corruption and phlegm from the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics.

FOR CROUP

For the CHEST

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 2, 1935

OUR DEBT TO AVIATION

WHEN the full story of Australian aviation is written, admiration for the pioneers of ocean routes will be mixed with astonishment at the lack of support and encouragement from official quarters.

There has been no post-war achievement equal to that of the airman. He has dared greatly and performed nobly. He has bought his own machines, made his own preparations, planned his own routes.

When he succeeds, his country reaps the benefit. New and more rapid means of communication are opened up, business is expedited, outlying districts are brought into touch with the world.

In Australia these results have been achieved by individual effort, often at the cost of the lives of those who have shown the way.

Hence it will be a source of wonder to future readers of history why Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, hailed in every civilised country as the world's greatest airman, has been compelled to rely so much on his own resources. He has always found gallant men to fly with him; but to not one of his record-breaking efforts has the Government of the day lent real financial support. Nor has it given him any proper measure of reward afterwards.

Even his own countrymen, though they talk affectionately of "Smithy," are not, as a rule, properly appreciative of what he has done for aviation, more particularly in putting Australia on the air map. They are far from putting him on a pedestal similar to that raised for Lindbergh in America. Yet the records of the two men will not bear comparison.

The U.S.A. flier crossed the Atlantic eight years ago and has been the nation's idol ever since. Sir Charles Kingsford Smith has flown every ocean; he has twice flown the Pacific; in fact, has created ten records to the American's one.

With the great majority of Australians it is a case of distance lending enchantment. We find it easier to appreciate greatness, whether in aviation, art, or literature, when it manifests itself away from home.

Patriotism is never so much a virtue as when it takes the form of recognition and encouragement of those who, by some outstanding achievement, have rendered service to their country. In this class no name stands higher than that of Kingsford Smith.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY A. J. BUCHANAN.

When Zulu Won

FIFTY-FOUR years ago a horse called Zulu won the Melbourne Cup. He started at forlorn odds—50 to 1, or thereabouts. To the Flemington race crowd, in that year of grace 1881, Zulu was just an intruder. In the betting ring he got no sympathy for his name. It might be a different story if a horse called Ethiop were running in the Cup next week.

People who go to races only once or twice a year are influenced by names. A mother with a bright boy at school is very liable to try a tote ticket on Young Idea. A romantic lass with a flair for woodland scenery would be certain to back Peter Pan, even if he were the outsider of the field. And what bird-fancier would not lay out something on Buzzard King?

For the "regulars," of course, there is nothing in a name. A Maribou is as good for them as a Gay Lover. But racecourse regulars are no better off in the long run than those who follow where fancy leads.

Our Twelve Greatest

WHO are Australia's 12 greatest men? A contributor to The Australian Women's Weekly made a tentative suggestion the other day. In his list were the names of Don Bradman and the late Les Darcy, but there was no politician, with the solitary exception of Mr. W. M. Hughes. The only writers in the chosen 12 were two who have passed on—Henry Lawson and J. F. Archibald.

And in choosing Dame Melba and Nellie Stewart as Australia's greatest women, our selector left the gates of controversy wide open.

London newspapers are fond of these plebiscites, in which readers are asked to say whom they consider their country's or the world's greatest. The results are always interesting, and often surprising. It is a wonder that like appeals to the public are not made more often in Australia. One thing is certain—of any thousand readers of a newspaper, scarcely two would select the same twelve.

To Avoid Divorce

A BARRISTER, whose name is not revealed, has declared in favor of the "independent arbitrator" as a means of warding off divorce. Seeing that divorce is a profitable business for lawyers, the advocacy of this member of the profession is at least disinterested.

But can any third person, arbitrator, or referee, or whatever you like to call him, arrest the course of events when the matrimonial barque is heading for the rocks?

Representative women who have been asked their opinion express doubts. "At the stage when divorce is contemplated," says one, "the couples who could be reconciled are very few."

This may be true to an extent, but a lot would depend on the individual who took on the task of mediation.

Some of us remember the Stranger in Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back." With an arbitrator who faintly resembled him, divorce would slump heavily.

Lyric of Life

Wind of the Sea

From whatever compass point you blow,
And all your vagaries the seamen know;
Your muted breath is a cloistered sigh
Where the ships in their charted course sail by;
And over the deep your passions sweep
Where the currents quicken and tides ride high,
Flinging their spume to an angry sky.
Wind of the sea you are gallant and strong,
And sailors who hear your siren song
Have breathed your sweetness and praised your fleetness,
And now their hearts to the wind belong.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

How They Marched

HERE is evidence of woman's intelligent study of health questions. "The warmest applause," says a contemporary, "was given to a bevy of girls who marched up the street with the precision of a crack military corps." The girls came from an industrial suburb. They were an outstanding instance of the benefits of physical training, and, incidentally, an object lesson to the men.

Not content with marching up the street, these girls performed a series of modern and Grecian exercises, ending in a folk dance. Rhythm like that of an orchestra leader, grace of a ballet dancer marked every step!

The value of the demonstration lay in the fact that the girls were wage-earners in a city factory and were showing what could be done to perfect the human form divine, even when for most of the daylight hours it is cribbed and cabined behind factory walls.

It is this growing sense of the value of physical training for girls that is making the future of the race look brighter.

WHY NOT SUMMER CLOTHES for Australian policemen? Here is a constable, complete with summer helmet, coat, and gloves, on point duty at Brighton (England), controlling the traffic and at the same time listening to messages which he receives from headquarters by means of a pocket wireless set.

Dusky Stoics

AGAINST the sombre background of war in Africa, examples of native courage and native stoicism throw fitful gleams of light. "No sign of emotion," said a recent cable message, when a batch of dark-skinned warriors started out for the front.

Yet their destination was the plague-stricken district of Ogaden, from which few fighting men return!

We think of colored races as grown-up children, and are not surprised if they laugh, weep, howl, or give other signs of excitement in a crisis. We pride ourselves on our power of self-control. Yet in that respect these Africans have nothing to learn.

The stoicism is not all on one side. The men from Italy have their share of it, and by all accounts will need it before the struggle is over. It is not the rank and file, whether of white men or black, who have made this war—a fact worth remembering when the tragedy of it is deplored.

"Will Fight Side by Side with Men"

Warrior Instinct Born in Abyssinian Women

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

"For centuries the women of Abyssinia have fought side by side with their men."

So declared Dr. Marten, Emperor Haile Selassie's envoy at the London Legation of the Ethiopian Empire.

DR. MARTEN, copper-colored, genial, broad-shouldered and muscular, wore a navy-blue suit straight from Savile Row. With his monocle, small tooth-brush moustache and general air of "bien soignee" he looked the perfect diplomat.

"You must not view Abyssinia, either in a general or military sense, with European eyes," he continued. "Our armies are not organised in the same way as those of modern great powers. We have no commissariat department or medical corps as you understand those things. Our women are both. They are the cooks and caterers for a nation where every man is a soldier and the doctors and nurses for a country where, even in normal times, every man may be a casualty.

"It is as the commissariat and the medical corps that the women will serve at the front, but, if need be, they will bear arms and die beside their men. This is nothing new. They have done it throughout the ages, and the daughters of to-day are no different from their mothers and grandmothers. They are more efficient, that is all.

Hardy Fighters

"The Ethiopians, both men and women, are hardy and used to hard conditions. They recover quickly from wounds, and almost every Ethiopian woman is an expert in the rough measures of first aid that generally prove very effective. The Abyssinian's weakness is in his stomach, and gastritis is the most serious disease in my country. This will be no worse in war than it is in peace.

"I will not say that the women of Abyssinia enjoy fighting. They do not, but neither do they fear it, and, to a woman almost, they will march with their men.

"This applies from the highest to the most humble in the land. The ladies of the Court will go with their husbands and brothers just as well as will the wives and sisters of the farmers and laborers.

"Both the Empress and her daughter live very simple lives. They devote much of their time to native crafts, grass work, beadwork, and so on. They live the normal lives of Abyssinian women, and it is only on occasions of State that they take on the formality of the Court."

This informality seems to be a characteristic of the Abyssinian, for, although the Imperial Legation is in a fine house in Kensington, and is beautifully furnished in European style, I was admitted by one of Dr. Marten's little daughters, aged about eight. She was dressed in a grey jersey and skirt—a sweet little girl with flashing brown eyes, a mop of curly black hair, and the friendliest of smiles.

She immediately ran and fetched her elder brother, a slim, handsome youth of twenty-one, a dark-colored copy of almost any English varsity undergraduate. He acts as his father's secretary, and is a student of modern political economy.

"A Risk Not Wrong"

MOST of us will agree with that high-placed Churchman who said the other day that it was not wrong to take a risk. The remark was directed at critics of the kind of risk that is much in evidence just now, and is closely associated with a forthcoming event in Melbourne.

There is no man or woman who does not take risks of one sort or another. There is a risk in flying and a risk in driving a motor car. Insurance companies get rich by taking risks.

On this question of risk it is well to get down to bedrock. If a man took one lottery ticket in a year or made one small-sized bet on the Melbourne Cup, the strictest moralist would pass him as blameless. If there is moral danger, it is in the repetition, not in the thing itself.

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PUT YOUR *Shirt* and *Singlet* on THIS CERT

Lower Discloses Mystery of His Mystery Horse!

Uraliar a "Moral" if He Can Possibly Stand Up

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Everybody's troubles are all over. All you have to do is get all the furniture and linen and crockery and singlets and things all into one heap. Then you send for a dealer and say, "How much for the lot?"

Whatever you get you put on my horse for the Cup.

Uraliar! Don't forget the name, URALIAR. It's by You're Another out of Sosyeroldman. You won't find it in the acceptances because I mean to spring it as a surprise on the starter at the last minute.

Lower develops his own brand of horse-sense.

THE trouble I've had training that horse! It's a toss up which of us is the more exhausted, me or the horse. I have not had a great deal of experience as a horse-breaker. They usually break me. But I've got this one so that he sits up and begs.

Uraliar always reminds me of a giraffe, in fact, he looks like one between the ears and the other end of the neck; but that is all to the good because if there's any neck and neck stuff my horse is a moral. The trouble is that he finds it hard to keep up with his front feet. I'm sure he could go a lot faster if his back feet didn't muck about so much.

I gave him an oat yesterday. He munched away at it and the armed guard said that he had never seen a horse look so pleased. He's a very good-tempered horse. He's got to be because if he lifts one leg off the ground to kick with he falls over.

His track work is marvellous. I sent him over six furlongs last week, and we timed him with a sun dial. We had a caterpillar tractor to make the pace, and I tell you that horse simply flew!

He started at half-past five in the afternoon and finished the distance well before it got dark.

Of course, there was the usual number of touts and spies there, and the next morning Peter Pan's price blew out to 5 to 1.

Then there was a rumor that I had lost the key to his fetlocks. He did get slightly sick at one stage. I'd been trying to get him used to carrying the lead bags, as I knew he would have to carry a terrific weight even if I raced him without a jockey. And I always think it's best to have a jockey. It looks better.

Well, anyhow, I used to take him out with the lead bags on, and he got lead poisoning. It took me weeks to get him back to his old form, and night after night I slept next to him in the horse-trough listening to him moaning and tossing about.

My grandfather suggested syrup of squills, but it's so hard to get a squill these days. Practically extinct, I believe. And to think that only a few years ago they were shooting them in hundreds out West. I cured him with A.P.C. powders.

Off to Melbourne

HOWEVER, he is in great nick now, and to-morrow I commence the long journey to Melbourne. I forgot to mention that I trained him in Sydney because the grass is longer. I intend to ride him to Melbourne with my wife and grandfather. He is a fairly long horse, and there may be room for a limited number of passengers.

I will be very glad to get away, too. The armed guard reported that there was a man lurking about the stable with a bag of opium in his hand. He was masquerading as a health inspector and inspectorating all over the place.

One of the guards shot him, and it turned out that he was a real health inspector. But all the restaurants and fish and chip shops took the hat around and we buried him in style and had enough left over for a celebration afterwards.

It's very worrying to have a champion on your hands while a lot of friends are snooping about waiting to get at him. I have to taste every bit of chaff he eats, and, believe me, it's monotonous.

I am sorry to say that he is no good over the hurdles. Under them, yes. Through 'em, he's a marvel.

I entered him in a hurdle race last September, and when he trotted into the weighing enclosure after the race he was covered all over with hurdles. The secretary of the club said, "I've hurdle lot about your horse, but if you make things so steeple have to warn you off the course."

Uraliar is not the only horse I've got in training, but he certainly is the most outstanding. He's always out standing somewhere. I had a pretty good mare and she caught a colt. (Listen! Haven't I told you about that before!)—she caught a cold in the back legs after a race. I put a pair of my trousers on her and gave her hot rum and lemons, but she slowly faded away and died in my arms.

Jockey's Orders

YOU can become very attached to a horse. That is, until it starts to buck, then you can become very detached.

I have already given my grandfather his instructions how to ride Uraliar in the Cup. "Get him away from the start," I said, "and take him to the front."

"Abyssinian or Italian?" asked my grandfather.

"Nurse him coming round the turn . . ."

"He ain't that sick, is he?" exclaimed the old man.

"Shut up and listen to your instructions!" I said sternly. "Keep in behind the others until you come to the straight."

"That'll be easy."

"And then push him along to the post."

"A fine goat I'll look, pushing a horse along the track in front of everybody!" grumbled the old man. "Can't I stay on and ride him like the other jockeys?"

You can see what I've got to put up with. But never mind. He's a good horse, and he's only got to stand up to win. That's the trouble, getting him to stand up.

Still, don't come snivelling to me after the race and say I didn't tell you. I've drummed you the oil.

LEARN PIANO JAZZ!

For Profit: Increase your income. A good Syncopated Pianist can ALWAYS get engagements to play at dances, parties, socials, etc. My Wonderful Personal Postal Course will teach YOU how to become a professional dance pianist! The work is easy and pleasant, and well paid. You can earn sufficient during Xmas Season alone to more than repay you the full cost of the Course!

For Pleasure: Increase your popularity! Here is a fascinating and interesting hobby; be the envy of your friends and be popular wherever you go! Entertain and make others happy! Become a modern, syncopated Pianist! Play the latest tunes in up-to-date syncopation, and assure yourself of a genuine welcome anywhere, any time!

Absolute Beginners, Medium Players, or Advanced Classical Pianists, **no matter where you live**, if you have a piano at your disposal and can spare 30 minutes per day to practise, I can teach you REAL JAZZ by means of my Special Postal Course which has taught thousands in other parts of the world.

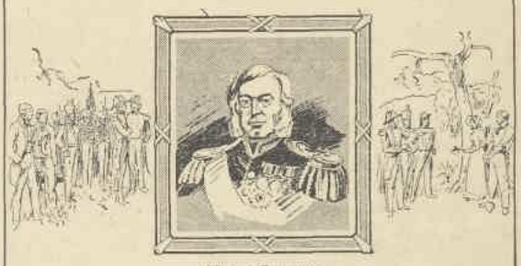
YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for special gramophone record and my handsome, new, illustrated, 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation." This places you under no obligation. Don't delay! Send to-day!!

TEDDIE GARRATT

STUDIO W., BOX 3848T, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Tune-in to my broadcasts from 2UE every Sunday, 5.30 p.m., Tuesday, 2.45 and 8.20 p.m., and Wednesday, 8.20 p.m., also from 2SM every Monday, 9.30 p.m.



Admiral Fremantle

The Settlement on the Swan River

On 2nd May, 1829, Captain Fremantle (later Admiral Fremantle) of H.M.S. "Challenger" landed at the mouth of the Swan River and, in the name of His Brittanic Majesty, took formal possession of the west coast of New Holland.

Captain Stirling, the first Governor of Western Australia, arrived on 18th June, 1829, and decided to establish two towns — Fremantle at the mouth of the Swan to serve as a seaport, and Perth a few miles up the river as the seat of government.

The sketch above is an impression of the ceremony of naming the new capital, the site being marked by Mrs. Dance, wife of Captain Dance.

The Western Australian Bank was established twelve years later at Perth and, in 1927, this Bank, the largest in Western Australia, was amalgamated with the Bank of New South Wales, the oldest and largest bank in Australasia.

The Bank of New South Wales now has over 730 branches throughout Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank in Australasia

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 14. 16aC. 1935

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4608625

MANY a puzzled fellow never realises that he misses being popular by the *stain* of his teeth.

It never occurs to him that his teeth may be dull—even after brushing.

But others notice—think he's careless about his appearance — and sometimes pass him up. It's really hard to "take to" a person whose teeth don't look quite clean.

7 stains discolour teeth Colgate's removes all seven

The things you eat and drink leave seven kinds of stains on teeth. For truly clean, sparkling teeth—*all* stains must be removed *daily!*

Most toothpastes have only *one* way of cleaning teeth. But it takes *two* ways to remove *all* stains. A *scrubbing* action to rub off some; an *emulsive* action to banish others.

Colgate's has *both!* Colgate's takes *off* every bit of stain—even between teeth, and in tiny crevices the usual toothpaste can't even reach.

For Colgate's brushes into a creamy foam! The *emulsive* action of the foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, and washes them away. The *polishing* ingredient in Colgate's — a safe powder such as dentists recommend —removes the stains that are left—leaving your teeth completely clean—gleaming!

Refreshes your mouth, too!

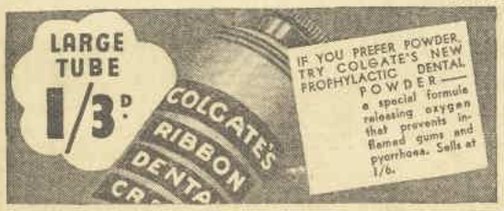
Colgate's tastes fine, too—leaves your whole mouth feeling invigorated, tingling with the freshness of its peppermint flavour.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven

DC 35/12



NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

"Borzoi"—An Autobiography You Should Not Miss

Occasionally an autobiography comes to light which can be recommended wholeheartedly to all readers—even to those who, in the main, stick to novels for their entertainment.

"Borzoi," Igor Schwezoff's story of his life, falls into this category. Not only is it good autobiography, unself-conscious, honest, and interesting, but the background of M. Schwezoff's boyhood and early manhood was such as to invest his narrative with an atmosphere of excitement, a wealth of incident, that many novels lack.

IGOR SCHWEZOFF, author of "Borzoi," reviewed on this page.

IGOR SCHWEZOFF was born the son of parents who, under the old regime in Russia, enjoyed all the advantages that an alliance between aristocracy and wealth could bring.

The early part of his book deals with a childhood spent in these circumstances —a childhood interesting enough in itself but more interesting still when compared with the years which were to follow the war, the collapse of the Tsarist regime, and the ruin of those families which, like Schwezoff's, had never known what poverty, let alone hunger, could be like.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the autobiography is the author's attitude towards this complete reversal of conditions. There is no bemoaning of lost comforts, no weak dwelling on what might have been; there is even an almost complete lack of bitterness towards the new party in Russia which swept away all the privileges of the old ruling class.

Impressive Age

SCHWEZOFF explains this, to a degree, by pointing out that at the time of the revolution he was young and consequently more adaptable than adult members of his class, who were more aware of what they were losing. That, no doubt, is part of the explanation, but no less important is the fact that he was, and is, an artist and, as such, more impervious to creature considerations than his less fortunate friends.

This is not to suggest that an artist is necessarily a high-souled being utterly unconcerned with material luxuries. But in Schwezoff's case he became interested in the dance shortly after the Communists seized power, and his immediate absorption in his art gave him something concrete to cling to in a world which offered nothing to his family and his friends but a miserable existence eked out by hopes that the old times might be restored.

The book gives a very graphic picture of the Russia of those early and, naturally, disorganised days of the revolution. Food and clothing were the preoccupations of nearly everybody, particularly of the members of the old bourgeoisie, who, to say the least, were not looked upon with a loving eye by the authorities responsible for the distribution of rations.

Heroic Gesture!

SCHWEZOFF tells, with a good deal of quiet humor, of friendships made for the sake of a few meals, of marriages contracted because one of the parties held a job which made possible a supply of food or small luxuries. He, himself, endured for some time the attentions of an elderly and unattractive lady who, nevertheless, managed to keep, for those times, a good table. But, alas, the affair seemed like progressing beyond a platonic basis, and young Igor was forced to say that he must go, never to return. At this—

"She began to weep and implore me to take back my cruel words. I only edged nearer the door. Seeing that I was inflexible, she offered me her late father's old coat, and when I still proved unmelting, his boots—which she said were still in good repair. I was strongly tempted by this, but, summoning up all my strength of will, I turned and manfully left the room."

A heroic gesture to make in the depths of a Russian winter!

THE later section of the autobiography, dealing with the author's adventures as a dancer and choreographer, is no less amusing and interesting. In various theatres he came into contact with most of the dancers of classic ballet, and has something to say about them all—famous or obscure.

This part of the story is a record of warm friendships, strong enmities, enthusiastic work, despair, hardship, and mad merrymaking. Most of Schwezoff's work in Russia was in the Ukraine, and here, in Harkov, Kiev, and Odessa, he gained experience and a reputation which took him from the position of obscure newcomer to the ballet to the eminence of first dancer and choreographer.

The escape from Russia when, finally, he realised that there was no future there for him, would make a book on its own. With two other dancers—husband and wife—he set off from Vladivostock to reach Harbin. Followed a month of hardship, anxiety, disappointment, and, finally, arrival in this city of refugees.

"Borzoi" is so rich in material that one regrets being unable to spread oneself more fully on it. One of the most remarkable things about it, however, has not been touched on. It is this: that a Russian should win the £1000 offered by the publishers for the best autobiography written in English!

(Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"DIAN OF THE LOST LAND." Edison Marshall. A highly imaginative story concerning the adventures of a famous anthropologist and an equally famous doctor in the Antarctic, and among an unknown race of people. An interesting yarn, with scientific aspects that are stimulating. (Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers, 7/6.)

FOR THE CHILDREN, Christmas gift books for children are beginning to pour in, and three of our best-known author-artist women are among the first in the field. Ida Rentoul Outhwaite, Pixie O'Harris, and Dorothy Wall have all produced delightful and artistic books, and all three are published by Angus and Robertson.

* * *

"MATRONS' Handbook of Lectures to Trainees." The object of this book, which is published by the N.S.W. Hospitals Commission, is to achieve unification in the instruction given to hospital trainees. In a foreword Mrs. Eleanor MacKinnon states that it is the outcome of a comment made by Miss Hall at a conference of hospital matrons held in Newcastle in 1933. She said that it was difficult to examine hospital trainees fairly because there was so much variation in the method of their instruction. This book should remove that handicap. It is compiled from the notes of lectures prepared by matrons in leading N.S.W. hospitals, and has been approved by the revisory sub-committee, which included sister-tutors of the Royal Prince Alfred and Royal Alexandra Hospitals.

* * *

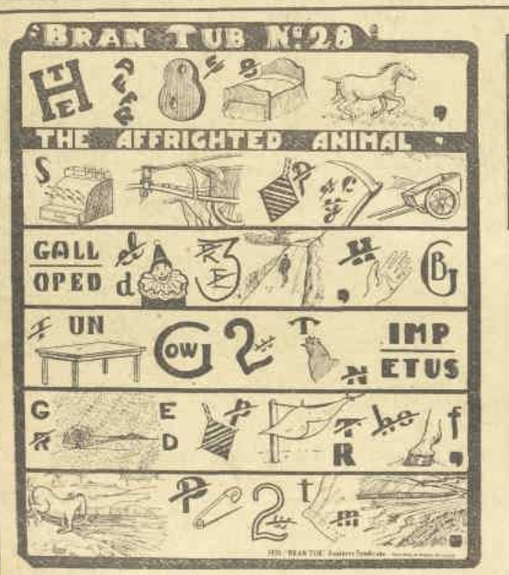
"CAMEOS OF CRIME." M. O'Sullivan. As one who for 40 years was a member of the Police and Detective Force of Queensland, and an ex-Deputy Commissioner, Mr. O'Sullivan has a wealth of reminiscences. His book, "Cameos of Crime," reads like a first-class thriller and, in addition, gives a lot of interesting local history. (Jackson and O'Sullivan.)

* * *

"CHASTE INTERLUDE." F. E. Baily. Very light, and with no plot worth mentioning. This author is advertised as "The man who understands women," but the definition, no doubt, was written by a man. "Chaste Interlude" is the story of two men in love with the same girl, and of the reactions of the rejected suitor. (Collins, 7/6.)

* * *

"THE THREE KOALA BEARS." One of the most familiar fairy tales, that of the three bears and little Goldilocks, in an Australian setting. Our beloved koalas take the place of the big bears in the original story, and they have never been depicted more attractively. The pictures (which are actual photographs taken by Cinesound Productions) tell the story and are a triumph of artistry.



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Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A RUNAWAY HORSE, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "The affrighted animal. . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—**"BRAN TUB" No. 28V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal note. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, November 25.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 25

The winning competitor in this competition was:—
Mr. John Brownlee,
Fernmount,
Bellinger River, N.S.W.

His entry was the only correct one received, and the prize of £50 is therefore awarded to him, and will be posted on Friday, 15th November.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 25

About midnight one of our party heard a peculiar noise exactly under where he was stationed. Soon after he saw what he describes as a sort of seal, about the size of a sheep dog, emerge from the water, and come up on the bank about three yards.

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'TOINETTE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By MABEL THOMPSON RAUCH

NEW ORLEANS, city of Bienville, the adventurer, Lafayette, the courtier, and Lafitte, the buccaneer. On a sunny day in June I sat dreaming in the old Place d'Armes. In spite of the modern name of Jackson Square, it is still an odd, prim, old-fashioned place, with its wrought iron fences, shining white shell walks, and lush semi-tropical verdure. I had dropped down to rest for awhile after wandering that morning through the streets of the quaint old Creole quarter.

A small elderly gentleman, foreign in appearance, and dapper with the elegance of a bygone day, occupied the other end of my bench. He replied to my friendly remarks with kind and courteous interest.

"Yes, madame, New Orleans is a fine city, a good city to live in, and the climate, ah, well, some of our northern friends hold it a little too warm, just sometimes, you know; but I—the weather is always just right for me. I'm very fond of sitting here in the sun. It makes one feel young again."

I wish I could give to you the faint accent of France which yet lingered on his tongue, but it would be impossible for me to reproduce anything so delicate. I can only tell you the story he told to me, long-forgotten, of another day.

"Do I live here? Yes, madame, very near, in that tall house down the Rue Royale. Of course, I've been away from New Orleans, but when I grew older I was never satisfied until I could come back. You see, I was born in the 'Vieux Carre,' madame, and no matter how far we wander, it always calls us home, when the age for death approaches near.

"A story? But let me think—perhaps I could tell you a story. I've known many to happen here in the Quartier . . . I will recount to you the story of a perfect love, and you being a woman, madame, may appreciate it.

"Madame Celeste inhabited the second story of the large old house that anyone may see, still standing on the corner of the Rue des Magnolias. It was a very good house in its way, with a gallery running around three sides, and madame felt blessed above her neighbors.

"On fine evenings (and nearly every evening is fine in New Orleans), the good woman loved to sit on the front gallery and peer at the passers-by over the low white railing. Then, too, she could greet her friends and exchange the gossip of the day with them as they sat on their own galleries.

"Her daughter, 'Toinette, always sat with Madame Celeste, one small hand supporting her beautiful head as she leaned on the baluster; her chin slightly raised, and a look of delight and expectation on her face. This was the pleasantest time of the day to her. She might be with her mother and listen to the chatter of the neighbors around her.

"Sometimes she grew so amused she almost fancied she could see them, for 'Toinette was blind. She was blind, but very beautiful. Madame, I who have seen her then, say it. Her face was the tint of old ivory, and her features so delicately and gently shaped as a fine cameo. Wavy black hair was twisted in a loose knot on her neck, and she usually wore a little fawn-colored shawl around her shoulders. She was gracefully formed, with dainty feet and her hands had the long yellowish fingers of the Creole. But the large black eyes were devoid of expression, and she rarely raised their long curtaining lashes.

"For madame, 'Toinette had been blind from birth.

"Her mother did fine lace-mending and needlework and many other small services for the rich people away 'up town.' She lived only for 'Toinette, and no work was too tedious to supply her child with more comforts, even luxuries. Madame Celeste had a tiny garden at the rear of the house, and with infinite patience raised sweet-smelling flowers for her daughter's enjoyment.

"'Toinette never lacked for anything. She had been well educated by the good Sisters of the Ursulines, in spite of her blindness. She had a tall harp, on which she played and sang little songs in a sweet, low voice. She was always happy, and the last year a greater happiness had come into her life.

"IT was Sunday evening, and at this hour she was always listening for a certain steady step in the street. At last she heard it coming. The mother had already descended to the street door to receive their visitor. Madame's step sounded on the stairs, followed by the heavier one.

"The girl did not give her hair and dress the little touches another woman would have done when she was expecting her true love. She only turned her face toward the door with such a look of great joy that a light seemed to shine from her countenance.

"The mother took her accustomed place in the front room behind the lace of the window curtain, with her prayer book and rosary, and Duvalle came out on the gallery. He laid a bouquet of fragrant roses in 'Toinette's hands and took the low chair at her side.

"His coming seemed to awaken the girl. They chatted in happy little whispers, while madame dozed, and once when they heard her beads fall to the floor he caressed her hand for a moment.

"Duvalle was 'Toinette's accepted suitor. He was the greengrocer on the next corner, and had quite a neat little property and a good business. He had watched 'Toinette growing up all these last years, as she came into the shop with madame, the mother, and his love had increased with the time. Always for the lovely blind young girl had been a lagniappe, that little gift the merchants used to make to each purchaser. Often the lagniappe for 'Toinette was worth far more than the pleayune of vegetables bought by the mother.

"Duvalle, nearing middle-age, and, as the people thought in the Quartier, with a shrug and casting-up of their eyes, 'That was not all, ah, Heavens, no! If 'Toinette loved him, ah, it were better she could not see!' There was an especial meaning to their manner of saying 'see.' But Duvalle had a heart overflowing with love for 'Toinette.

"Madame Celeste had at first doubted the wisdom of the intended marriage, but, on consulting good Father Sevlere, she was assured that it was Heaven's blessing sent down for her blind daughter, for who would wed her otherwise? And would Heaven spare her to care for her blind child for always?

"So 'Toinette adored her Emile, and he worshipped her. He felt that she was akin to the holy Madonna on the altar—that she was that far above the earthly, common things of everyday life. He surrounded her with all that love and care could devise for one so afflicted. To the maiden he was all that was beautiful and noble. To him she was as a pure angel come down from Heaven. Such love is rarely found, madame.

"ON this evening Emile had something other than his love to relate. He had a new customer from 'up town' whom he had discovered was a famous physician, and who was reputed to have cured many blind people. He was anxious that this man should use his skill upon his loved one's eyes.

"But 'Toinette laughed at his concern. 'Why trouble, my dear one—it may be hopeless. I am happy as I am. Why should I wish to see? Have I not everything in having you, my adored?' she said in her gentle way.

"But Emile was not to be denied. He consulted with Madame, the mother. She was fearful also, of the outcome. Of course, it would be wonderful, divine, to restore the sight of her blind daughter. Her heart leaped with joy at the thought, but she was a good woman, also, as well as a loving mother.

"'Have you realised, Emile, what this may mean to you?' she questioned him kindly.

"Even good Father Sevlere was doubtful of the wisdom of trying to make 'Toinette see.

"But Emile Duvalle was a man of great determination, as well as a man of great love. He would not be denied in his hope of bringing sight to the eyes of the girl he loved better than life itself.

"So at last all was made ready and the great surgeon came down into the Quartier to Madame's home and the operation was performed.

"Emile's many friends shrugged their shoulders behind his back and remarked, 'He should have been pleased with the way the good God had so kindly arranged things for him.'

Please turn to Page 46

JOAN BENNETT, Paramount player, chooses this white crepe two-piece sports frock for beach wear. An effective color scheme is achieved with the collar and Ascot tie, which consists of a blue ground sprinkled with tiny white stars.

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BETTY'S "RACEY" NARRATIVES

Housekeeping Money Now in Jeopardy at the Cup Meeting!

By BETTY GEE

Well, here we are in Melbourne for the Cup festivities, but we could have delayed our departure from Sydney with profit to ourselves, because I don't know a solitary person who went to Moonee Valley on Saturday and won on the day.

Mooney Valley is delightful with its gardens and tree-bowered enclosures, and do those Melbourne girls like it? It's the greatest women's course of all. Personally I think because there are so many quiet little nooks on the Continental plan where the girls can hide out for cocktails for a couple of races at a stretch.

ANYHOW they had something on me—and Dickie! If we had concentrated on cocktails we wouldn't have "done" the purse on almost every race.

You know, the only good judge I've struck down here is the "boots" at the hotel, who laid us on to Pooley Bridge for the Hurdle, and I took four half notes, and he won. But almost every other tip was askew—dreadfully askew.

First of all I was introduced to Mr. Jim Hackett, senior, and he had word from Sid Ferguson, who should and does know something about the game, that Sir Geraint was a certainty and so I sneaked a tote ticket on him. But who should I run into but Mr. H. A. Underwood, and he said the colt hadn't satisfied him. As to that, he didn't satisfy me.

A youth called Budger took him wide at the turn and while shaking hands with friends in the paddock, lo and behold, Voitre on Heroic Chief slipped through on the fence and the race was over with Sir Geraint second.

Heroic Chief belongs to the Hon. A. Crofts, a title bestowed, I believe, because every horse in his string has turned out a winner, though he has been racing only a year. He also has a big string of grocery shops in the city and suburbs, and is a member of the Upper House.

But that taught me a little common sense—that sneaking through of Voitre on the rails to win that race. Why not follow him? I suggested it to Dickie when I saw Voitre was on Garrio, and he laughed me to scorn.

"Why," said he, "didn't Young Idea beat Garrio in the Caulfield Guineas only a fortnight ago, and they have level weights here again! What's going to beat Young Idea?"

I didn't know, but I wasn't deterred. At least I put 10/- of my hat money on Garrio for a place on the tote, and up he hobbed a winner, and if it had been each way I would have got just on £8. Did I abuse Dickie?

Bobbie Walder, Mr. and Mrs. Mick Gearing, and Mrs. Edgar Forsyth (Brenda Wootton that was, you know) were all present, and the last word from them was Mainlaw for the Cup. But why can't we desert the Sydney horses sometimes and have a slap at something from some other home town? Art, all the way from West Australia, won just to flaunt our parochialism in our faces, and Mainlaw pulled up and Darby Munro hopped off him.

But whom do you think I was introduced to on the course? "Bullfighter" Forbes no less. Why they call him that I don't know. He's such a nice man, faultless in his clothes, and nothing like a toreador. Because he is a matador who frequently pricks the skins of the bookies maybe is the reason.

I believe he won a "packet" at Randwick last Saturday week and came over here to give it a fling at the Valley. He told me he had the money for Gay Brunette in the St. Albans race for fillies and advised me to get on, and I did, at 2 to 1. But when the old toreador had finished with them she was even money.

Led Astray

She won all right, and I hung round Mr. Forbes the rest of the day. He told me he and Bill Curtis, K.C., and a Mr. O'Donnell were going to the big Arts Ball in Sydney as the Three Little Pigs, and that was why he was hurrying home that night to Sydney. But he said he would be back here for the Cup meeting.

Anyhow I hung round him just a mile too long, because he told me he was putting a "packet" on King's Head for the last race, and advised me to bet early, and I did. But he ran like a duck who had taken off his web feet before the morning dip, and that left me in the soup altogether.

So back we went to the hotel, and there is one thing I like about Melbourne—if you want a cry about losing there are always plenty to wail with you, especially after Moonee Valley, because they swear before Allah it's a death-trap of a course for punters. No more for me.

Anyhow, the crying party we got into grew to a chain of cocktails, so that wasn't so bad, and then we all went on to Paul Bibcon's, and that wasn't so bad, either.

Take Your Pick!

If my head is better by next Saturday for the Derby, I'm going to put the housekeeping money on Palfresco, because Neville Percival told Mr. Forbes that it's what is known as a "racecourse certainty," though he's not riding it, but that gentlemanly horseman, Frank Dempsey.

The "boots" at our hotel, the only local man I've met who does know anything about racing, says I can get the rest out of Link Divine, in the Wakeful Stakes, and put the lot on Whittingham in the Cantala. He said, "And I know what I'm talking about, too, Missus."

But Mr. Forbes intimates that Fidelity might be a good proposition in the Maribyrnong Plate.

I met Enid Macsden, and she says she didn't want to run her horse, Hot Shot, for the Moonee Valley Cup, but to be sure to back him for the Hotham and then for the Cup, too. Dickie says that might be all right for the Hotham, but he has it from the chef at the Alexandria that Maralou's a moral, and the chef got it from Eric Connolly and Lou Robertson, and if they don't know, who should? because Lou Robertson is the trainer and Eric the punter, and, what more could anybody want to know about any horse in the world?

A RECENT BRIDE, Mrs. Franc Faulkiner, formerly Miss Leila Forsayth, who will wear some of her smartest trousseau frocks during the Melbourne Cup season.

MRS. SAM HORDERN (formerly Miss June Baillieu), is invariably present at the Melbourne Cup, and her smart frocking has made her an outstanding figure on the lawns at Flemington.

MISS JEAN BLACK motored to Melbourne for the Cup with Mrs. Francis Due, and intends staying until the parties end. —Women's Weekly photo

2GB

PRESENTS

For Your Entertainment

I

Edmund Breese in "Memories"

In this fine musical travelogue, Edmund Breese, long a favourite actor of the American stage, creates the part of the old world-wanderer, sitting by the fire, and relating tales of his travels to his little niece, Barbara. Music is interwoven with the drama, making an ideal entertainment. Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9.45 p.m.

II

George Edwards in "Anna Karenina"

In Moscow, Anna Karenina, the adored wife of a high government official who is too busy to express his adoration, meets the gallant Vronsky. He follows her back to the country and Anna finds herself torn between her love for her child, her husband and her lover. George Edwards will present a radio adaptation of Tolstoy's great romance on Sunday, November 3, at 8.45 p.m.

III

Russell and Morgan in "To-night's the Night"

Five minutes of music and nonsense, presented five nights a week by radio's favourite entertainers. It takes genius to fit an entertainment into five minutes, but Russell and Morgan know how to do it. This new session will be broadcast at the following times: Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 6.30 p.m., Wednesday at 6.45 p.m., and Thursday at 5.50 p.m.

THE NATION'S STATION

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Special Air Mail Pictures of Abyssinia!

ONE OF ABYSSINIA'S most important buildings — the Mausoleum of Menelik II at Addis Ababa.

AN interesting market scene in Jaren Djinna.

ABOVE: The Houses of Parliament in Addis Ababa.

A GROUP of Abyssinian natives and police.

AT LEFT: Degiazmatch Meteheeh, Governor of the Province of Gambata, south of Addis Ababa, with his askars and followers.

GROUPS of wealthy Abyssinians with their armed followers.

FAREWELL SCENES — gifts of flowers from their sweethearts for Italian soldiers sailing for the war front.

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"Your hair has improved wonderfully lately,"

"Whatever are you using on it,' all my friends are saying to me. It is that KOKO for the Hair I tell them."

You don't know how pretty your hair may be until you use KOKO. Hair that has become dull and lifeless through neglect takes on a bright gleaminess that is surprising, and pretty tints appear in brown and golden hair in a most delightful way. The first bottle proves it.

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GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 5

THE Earl's attention seemed to be fixed on Miss Taverner, but he turned his head at that, and said in some amusement: "Is there, indeed? Well, I am happy to know that you are not going to challenge me to a duel (as you once did) for putting you on board my yacht."

"Challenge you to a duel! Good God, no! Of course, I don't say that I should have gone aboard willingly if you had asked me to, because then I knew nothing of being at sea, but that is all changed now, and I am excessively grateful so you."

"Lord Worth," interposed Miss Taverner, "Perry and I feel we owe you an apology for not treating you with that degree of confidence, which——"

"No, I don't," objected Peregrine. "I never mistrusted him, Ju. It was you who did that. All I ever said of him was— But that don't signify."

"All you ever said of me was that I was the most unanimble person of your acquaintance," said the Earl. He flicked open his snuff-box and offered it to Peregrine.

Peregrine looked as though he could hardly believe his eyes, and blurted out: "You have never done that before sir!"

"I am in an unusually mellow mood to-day," explained the Earl.

PEREGRINE took a pinch, and his sister, seizing the opportunity for speech afforded by his being slightly overcome by the honor of being invited to help himself out of the Earl's box, said: "Lord Worth knows that it is many months since I was foolish enough to mistrust him."

"Lord Worth is much obliged to you, Miss Taverner," said the Earl.

She raised her eyes rather shyly to his, and saw that he was still looking amused. She said with an admonitory glance at Peregrine: "Had we been more in the habit of attending to you perhaps none of the measures you have had to take for Peregrine's safety would have been necessary. I think we do owe you an apology, and we are very grateful to you for your care, are we not, Perry?"

"Yes, of course," replied Peregrine, brushing some grains of snuff from his sleeve. "Extremely so, and I more than my sister, sir, because if you had not put me away as you did, I might never have taken it into my head to go for a cruise my whole life long. And that does not bear thinking of, for sailing a yacht, you know, has even curricle-racing beat to a standstill. I like it better, at all events."

"I hope you do it better," commented the Earl.

"Well, I believe I shall," said Peregrine eagerly. "And that is what I wanted to ask you. Nothing will ever satisfy me until I may have a yacht of my own! Pray do not say no! I daresay that is what you mean to do, but only consider. If it does mean that I must have a larger allowance you cannot object to that, surely. And Harriet would like it excessively. I told her how enchanted she would be, and she agreed to it at once. But you must give me an answer soon, if you please, because the case is that Evans knows of just such a vessel as would suit me—two-masted, fore-and-aft rigged. The neatest little craft imaginable, he says. She is lying in Southampton Water. I forget who owns her, but she is to be sold privately and Evans says I could not do better than to snap her up before it becomes generally known. And Evans has a cousin who would be the very man to put in command of her. He says——"

"Peregrine," interrupted the Earl, "do you know where to find Evans?"

"Why, he will be on board the Seamew, I suppose."

"No," said the Earl. "At the present moment he is somewhere in the town. Possibly at the Crown and Anchor, or, failing that, the Greyhound. I am sure you will be able to find him if you search Brighton carefully. And when you do find him, give him a message from me that I shall be obliged to him if he will kidnap you again, and take you for a long, long cruise."

"Oh!" said Peregrine, with a grin, "he would not have to kidnap me, I can tell you. But can I have a yacht?"

"You can have a dozen yachts," replied the Earl, "if only you will go away!"

"I was sure you would agree!" declared Peregrine radiantly. "I could not conceive of any reason why you should not. And do you think Evans' cousin——"

"Yes," said the Earl, "I am persuaded Evans' cousin will be the very man for you. You had better go and talk it over with Evans before he leaves Brighton."

PEREGRINE was a good deal struck by this suggestion. "Upon my word, that is a capital notion. I believe I will do it at once, if you don't mind my leaving you?"

"I can bear it," said the Earl. "Let me advise you not to lose any time in setting out."

"Well, I think I had best be off at once," said Peregrine. "And when I have talked it over with Evans I will come and tell you all about it."

"Thank you very much!" said the Earl gravely. "I shall be on the watch for you, I assure you."

Miss Taverner turned away to hide a smile, and, after a final promise to call at the Earl's house later in the day, Peregrine took himself off.

The Earl looked at Miss Taverner, his brows lifting a little. "I perceive that it is you and not Peregrine who must bear me a grudge for that kidnapping," he said. "Really, I had no idea it would produce such unnerving results. I am exceedingly sorry."

She laughed. "I think it is Harriet who is to be pitied."

"I must remember to make her my apologies. May I felicitate you, Miss Taverner, on having attained your majority?"

"THANK you," murmured Miss Taverner. "Perhaps it is I who should felicitate you on being rid of a charge which I believe has been very irksome."

"Yes," remarked the Earl thoughtfully, "I do not think you missed many opportunities to flout my authority."

She bit her lip. "If you had used more courtesy, more consideration, I should not have done so. You missed no opportunity to vex me!"

"But I should not have done so had not you made the temptation irresistible," he pointed out.

"I believe," said Miss Taverner coldly, "that you have some papers you wish to hand over to me."

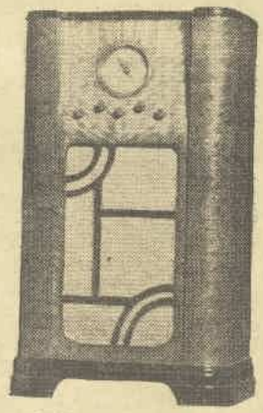
Please turn to Page 18

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"Well... what shall we have to-night?"

AIRZONE

WHEN we bought this dual wave Airzone we did so because of the novelty of getting overseas stations, and hearing programmes from distant lands, but little did we believe just how wonderful reception of these far distant overseas stations we would get. To tell you the truth, our Airzone brings in Paris, Moscow, Rome, London and a multitude of other overseas stations just as clear and as melodious as most good sets bring in local programmes. For the ordinary reception of local and inter-state programmes, this Airzone radio is also a delight . . . its tone superb, and its clarity and volume unexcelled — here, indeed, is DUAL WAVE RADIO AT ITS BEST.



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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by .... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Waiter, the bill, please!"
"What did you have, sir?"
"That's what we've been wondering. We ordered roast chicken."

"Was death instantaneous when the rock struck your husband?"
"Yes; he never swore another word."

CONDUCTOR: Three years old, my foot! Why he looks seven if he's a day!
PARENT: Can I help it if he worries?

CLAIRVOYANT: I can smell something burning.
WIDOW: Don't tell me you've got in touch with my husband already.

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DAD: Well, th' cow belongs to th' missus, an' I know she'll sob 'er heart out if I sells 'er.
Buyer: Righto, we'll call the deal off.
Dad: No, make it another quid an' we'll let 'er sob.

THE maiden aunt was striving to amuse her small and very bored nephew.
"Would you like me to tell you a fairy story, Tommy?" she asked.
"All right, go ahead," replied her nephew, indifferently. "Then I'll tell you one about Mae West."

SERIOUS - MINDED POLITICIAN: Utopia will never be achieved by a single party.
Gay Young Thing: Oh, no—there would have to be a party every night.

MISTRESS: Mary, when you wait at table to-night, please don't spill anything.
Maid: Don't worry, ma'am. I'll keep my mouth shut.

JUDGE: Do you wish to have a defending counsel?
Accused: No, sir; but I would be obliged if you could get me two reliable witnesses.

HE: It was a crooked race.
She: What do you mean?
He: Our horse was pulled!
She: Was it? I wish it had been pushed!

"NOW, children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the North Pole?"
"Polecats!" shouted Tommy.

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"I was practically a cripple for a year with corns and hard skin on the tread of my feet. Thanks to bathing and regular use of Zam-Buk I can now do a long walk comfortably." — Mr. R. W.

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1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & Stores

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Exciting new

Kava-Knit Jantzens!

THIS year Jantzens can be obtained in Kava-Knit fabrics, which come in two novelty-surfaced designs. These glorious materials, exclusively Jantzen, give you the same Jantzen knitted-in figure control as regular Jantzen fabric, moulding your body to graceful lines. There are several new colors, too, and new models to suit every type. Below are the charming Bra-Tie, Bra-Zip and the adjustable Formal. See these and the other new Jantzens at your favourite store—you'll love them!

Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

STOP PAIN SAFELY

Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. soothes tired nerves — assures restful slumber. Recommended by Medical Profession for safe relief from pain. Will not affect the heart — contains no opiates. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All chemists and stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 56-72 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

Her Naps... and His "Nips"!

(By Air Mail from our London Office)

MR. AND MRS. YOSAKU SUZUKI, of Yomotomachi (Japan), were not getting on well together. In fact, Mrs. Suzuki ran away. Mr. Suzuki followed.

In the police station they became reconciled, and signed and sealed a new contract for married happiness. Here it is (according to Reuter):—

"The husband shall not be absent from his office without sufficient excuse;

"His salary shall be handed over to his wife.

"In no circumstances must he drink more than three-fifths of a pint of liquor at any one time;

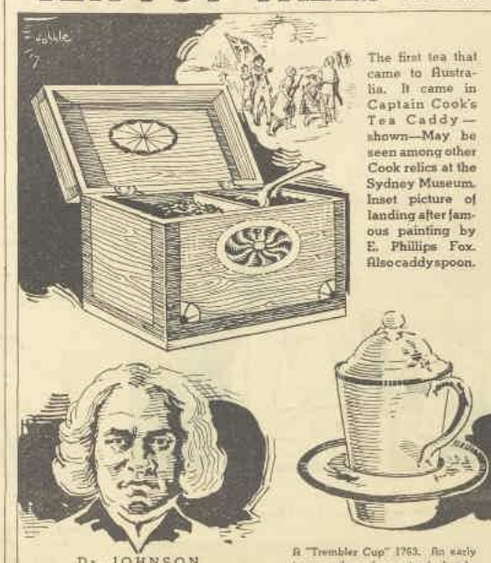
"Upon awakening, the wife must address her husband with the utmost politeness;

"She shall not take any 'nap' during the daytime unless ill."

Should Mrs. Suzuki run away again, it will cost her £29; it will cost Mr. Suzuki, if he runs away, £29 and a divorce.

TEA-POT TALES

By JOHN ROGERS



The first tea that came to Australia. It came in Captain Cook's Tea Caddy—shown—May be seen among other Cook relics at the Sydney Museum. Inset picture of landing after famous painting by E. Phillips Fox. Also caddy spoon.

DR. JOHNSON famous first lexicographer was an inveterate tea drinker, consuming 24 cups per day.

A "Trembler Cup" 1763. An early tea cup shape for unsteady hands. Cup fitted into well in saucer. Some types had two handles.

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 16

"I HAVE," he replied. "But on second thoughts I have decided—with your permission, of course—to send them instead to your lawyer."

"I am sure I do not know who is to look after my affairs for me," said Miss Taverner.

"That will be a task for your husband," he answered.

"I have not got a husband," said Miss Taverner, pettishly.

"Very true, but that can soon be remedied. Now that you are free from my shackles your suitors will flock to the house."

"You are extremely good, but I have no wish to marry any of them. I confess I did not like it at the time, but lately I have been glad that you refused your consent to them all. Which puts me in mind, Lord Worth, of what I wish to say to you." She drew a deep breath, and embarked on the speech she had prepared. "I have not always appeared to be sensible of the care you have bestowed on me, but I know now that it has been unceasing. I am deeply grateful for your kindness during the past——"

"My what?" demanded the Earl.

She said stiffly: "Your many kindnesses."

"But I thought I was the most odious, provoking, detestable creature alive?"

SHE regarded him with a smouldering eye. "Yes, you are!" she said. "Civility compelled me to try at least to thank you for the services you have rendered me, but if you will have none of it, I assure you I do not care! You put me in the horridest situation when you encouraged my cousin to make off with me; you had not the common courtesy to call to see how I did yesterday; you wrote me instead the most odious letter (and I daresay if he had not been away you would have told Mr. Blackader to do it to save you the trouble!); and now you come to visit me in one of your disagreeable moods, and try to make me lose my temper! Well, I shall not do it, but I shall take leave to tell you, my lord, that however glad you may be to be rid of your ward you cannot be as glad as I am to be rid of my guardian!"

His eyes were alight with laughter. "I am very sorry to have put you in a horrid situation," he said. "I did not come to see you yesterday because you were still my ward then; I had no idea of writing you an odious letter (and Mr. Blackader is not away); and I am not in one of my disagreeable moods. But I am very glad to be rid of my ward."

"I know that," said Miss Taverner, crossly.

"I imagine you might, but do you know why, Clorinda?"

"I wish you will not call me by that name!"

He took her hands in his. She made a half-hearted attempt to pull them away, and averted her face. "I shall call you just what I choose," said the Earl, smiling. "Are the recollections that name conjures up still so painful?"

"You used me abominably!" said Miss Taverner in a very small voice.

"It is very true," said the Earl. "I did use you abominably, and I have been waiting ever since to do it again. Now, Miss Taverner, you are not my ward, and I am going to do it again!"

Every feeling of propriety should have prompted Miss Taverner to resist. She did, indeed, blush really, but although her hands moved in the Earl's it was only to return the clasp of his fingers. For a moment he held her so, looking down into her face; then he let go her hands, and swept her into his arms.

Mrs. Scattergood, quietly coming into the room just then, stood transfixed on the threshold, gazing in blank amazement at the spectacle of her charge locked in the Earl of Worth's embrace. He was standing with his back to the door, and Mrs. Scattergood, recovering from her astonishment just in time, whisked herself out of the room again before her presence had even been suspected.

"Now do you know why I am glad to be rid of my ward?" demanded the Earl.

"Oh," said Miss Taverner foolishly, "I was afraid you meant me to marry your brother!"

"Did you indeed? And was all the determined flirting I have been watching between you merely to show me how willing you were to oblige me? Nonsensical child! I have been in love with you almost from the first moment of setting eyes on you."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" said Miss Taverner, shaken by remorse. "I disliked you amazingly for weeks!"

THE Earl kissed her again. "You are wholly adorable," he said.

"No, I am not," replied Miss Taverner, as soon as she was able. "I am as disagreeable as you are. You would like to beat me. You said you would once, and I believe you meant it!"

"If I only said it once I am astonished at my own forbearance. I have wanted to beat you at least a dozen times, and I came very near doing it once—at Cuckfield. But I still think you adorable. Give me your hand."

She held it out, and he slipped a ring on the third finger. "You see, I had got a birthday present for you, Clorinda."

Miss Taverner raised the hand shyly to touch the Earl's cheek. He caught it, and pressed it to his lips. She blushed, and said: "I thought—after Cuckfield—I had no power to attach you any more. You made me so unhappy! There was no continued observance, none of that distinguishing notice which had become, insensibly so necessary to my comfort!"

Please turn to Page 28

CRANKY CHILDREN

DRIVE PARENTS CRAZY FAIL AT SCHOOL & PLAY

ASTOUNDING BENEFIT TO CHILD

BALLADORAN, 5th October, 1935.

The Manager,
Douglas Drug Co., Sydney.
Dear Sir,

My little boy had gastric 'flu at the age of 2 years and it left his nerves in a shocking state. He was irritable, cranky and had sleepless nights, also no appetite. I was almost worried out of my mind, as I had tried several tonics and prescriptions recommended by our family doctor, which were of no avail.

This last winter he developed 'flu again and for three weeks he was just collapsed. I happened to glance at your advertisement in "The Sydney Morning Herald," which had a wonderful testimonial. I decided at once to give BIDOMAK a trial, and was delighted with the sudden change with just a few doses.

My little boy has had one bottle and a half of Bidomak and he looks the picture of health, and he is enjoying life. You can use this letter in any way you wish and I'm sure anyone seeking the help can not go wrong with Bidomak.

Many thanks and best wishes for the success Bidomak deserves.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. G. T. McCARTHY.
(Original letter in our files)

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

It will not only do you good, but it tastes so good that you'll like taking it. All chemists or stores sell it.

3/- FOR A BIG 13oz. BOTTLE

BIDOMAK

for NERVES, BRAIN and "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

DOUGLAS DRUG CO.
Sydney, Adelaide, Perth

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

BABIES are Australia's Best immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

Famous for over 60 years

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT

I OFTEN wonder, if, in these modern times, we are losing some of the beauty which our forbears found in sentiment. Is it that we have no time to be sentimental, or is it that "economy" has usurped our thoughts to such an extent that sentiment has no place there?

Just recently my jeweller urged me to scrap an old and cherished friend, my watch, and buy one of a new and modern type. When I told him that I attached a sentimental value to it and would not part with it even if I had to buy a new one, he only laughed, and said, "I'm afraid you are letting sentiment interfere with economy."

I wonder if the majority, like him, let economy outweigh sentiment, or are there still some left who cherish the memories attached to a locket or strand of hair, as did our grandmothers.

£1 for this letter to Nance Connelly, Athol, Westbrook, Qld.

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ATTENTION, PLEASE!

HOW I would love to do something in the cause of children sent shopping. Many times have I stood and watched grown-ups — both men and women—unhesitatingly take the turn of little mites, and many times have I earned black looks for putting the same heartless folk in their place.

To my mind it is awful that shop assistants are not trained to give the same attention to children as they do to adults. I know I am a crank about kiddies, but it really hurts me to see the poor little things waiting so patiently for a chance to get served.

Mrs. T. Fleming, 143 Gurwood St., Wagga, N.S.W.

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ARM-SWINGING WALKERS

SO many kind-looking and seemingly well-bred persons walk with arms swinging vigorously far beyond the width of their hips that one longs for our grandmothers' day, when lessons in deportment were so important. The more intense the longing, the more one has suffered from such swinging arms. I know, from painful personal experience, what a dangerous habit this is.

On one occasion I received such a mighty blow from such a swing that I nearly fainted. Another time the arm-swinger carried a well-loaded attache case, which caught my hand with a whack that almost crippled it. In each case, in the crowded city street, the offender passed buoyantly on, unconscious of having done anything unusual.

Miss M. Helm, 172 William St., Melbourne.

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MARITAL SQUABBLES

QUARRELS in the home circle generally begin over quite silly trifles, but we should beware of them. They are not nearly so unimportant as they may seem, for they take much of the sweetness out of life, and are apt to develop insidiously into continual nagging and friction.

Before we realise what is happening, the "little rift within the lute" grows wider and wider, until the music of love seems likely to be silenced altogether.

If a quarrel is really of such a nature that it cannot be glossed over, just look at the matter fairly and squarely from each other's point of view, and you are almost sure to be able to meet each other halfway, and so come to a happy understanding.

Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesby Rd., Camberwell E8, Vic.

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HORRIBLE EXPRESSIONS

HOW often we hear men refer to their wives as "the old woman," and women to their husbands as "the old man."

I wonder why these horrible expressions are used so much? Is it because these people have lost the love and respect they once had for each other, or because they wish to appear big in the eyes of their friends? Whatever the reason may be, I think the men and women who talk this way show very bad taste, and lower themselves in the estimation of friends and acquaintances.

Miss J. Davis, 144 King William Rd., Hyde Park, S.A.

People who Try to Reform Their Fellows

MISS BARTON'S letter (12/10/'35) voices an opinion with which I am quite in agreement.

It is apparently impossible for even perfect men and women to escape destructive criticism, and their enjoyments are a common ground for attack.

The "pests" Miss Barton mentioned belong to several varieties—the puritanical and the jealous being the most prevalent.

These interfering members of social life acting, in their opinion, for the welfare of the community, bring much unhappiness in their wake.

However, every experience teaches some valuable lesson. Perhaps, quite unwittingly, even these social "pests" may teach us something.

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 1 Berean Street, East Launceston, Tas.

Joy Destroyers

AUSTRALIA is cursed with the type of person referred to by Miss Barton (12/10/'35). They delight in curtailing the pleasures of others, harmless gatherings of young folk finding a zest in life.

In my own town a game of tennis on Sunday horrifies the population, while the mild pranks which our young people get up to are sufficient, in the eyes of our prim and proper cranks, to socially ostracise them.

One can only ignore them, but one cannot help wishing they would ignore us.

R. L. McAvaney, Spalding, S.A.

Instance of Pettiness

CONGRATULATIONS on your stand against these would-be reformers, Miss Barton. I am sure your letter voiced the sentiments of everyone who has been troubled by these pestilent people.

The general opinion of these "reformers" is that everyone but themselves will sink into the mire of sin unless they are instantly reclaimed, and, consequently, they take on themselves the burden of the salvation of others.

The instance quoted of the old lady receiving a letter of reproof is a sufficient indication of the pettiness and small-mindedness of these reformers, and shows that their advice is worthy only of contempt, and that they themselves, before attempting to improve others, should learn to distinguish between the bad and good in life.

Janet Somers, 10 Rae Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

MUSIC OR CONVERSATION?

WHY will some people persist in turning on the radio or having the gramophone going merrily when a roomful of people are trying to talk? There is nothing more exasperating, surely, yet so many will!

While you are vainly trying to follow the conversation someone will "chip in" to ask you "Don't you think this is a pretty song?" or some such question. How can one listen to music and conversation, too? Why not give each a turn instead of spoiling the pleasure of both?

G. Powell, Iveridge, Tas.

Accept These Grumblers

IT seems as if the desire to reform, of which Miss Barton complains under the heading of "Reformation Mania," is part of our very existence, just as much as breathing.

Hasn't Miss Barton got the complaint herself when she "grouses" at those with a gloomy outlook on life? It is best to take these pessimists as part of life. They are very trying at times, as also are super-optimists. Study them as a character. Pity them, or laugh at them in your own mind—not publicly—and carry on with your own life.

Whatever we do there will be a section who will disapprove, but what matter if your conscience tells you you are right? If I live to 104 I hope I'll be able to attend a dance. It will be a sign I'm not too much of a burden.

Mrs. R. Burgess, Box 243, P.O., Lismore, N.S.W.

Should Churches Cater More For Comfort?

MISS CONEY (12/10/'35) states that churches would be better attended if people's comfort were studied, and that if picture theatres and other places of amusement supplied the same type of seat as churches do now, they would have very poor attendances.

People who attend places for pleasure expect comfortable seats.

People who attend Church go there to worship and are satisfied with whatever seats are provided.

D. Freitas, Bangar St., Guildford, N.S.W.

OFFICE-WORKERS' "MONDAYITIS"

WHY should so many people suffer from "Mondayitis"? One would think that after a week-end rest people would be eager for work.

Of course it is office-workers who are the chief victims of this complaint.

Certainly housewives don't suffer from it, as Monday is their busiest morning of the week. It is difficult to know why so many people are bright and cheerful on Saturday morning, and are exactly the opposite on Monday morning.

Mrs. Daly, Devitt Place, Adelaide.

Not Amusement Place

MISS CONEY thinks that the churches would be better attended and the people would enjoy the sermon more, if seats were made more comfortable. Of course they would, and should the sermon be long or uninteresting they could show appreciation by all going to sleep, especially should Sunday be "the morning after the night before." A church is not a place of amusement, after all, but a place for prayer and mortification.

Mrs. J. Lowe, 12 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Seats Not Too Hard

NO, Miss Coney, I do not agree at all with your letter (12/10/'35). Most Church services only last one hour, and I, for one, do not find the seats too hard. And one does not go to Church for the sermon alone. Perhaps, if that were the case, the seats might be tiresome!

I consider that if people only go to Church for a comfortable place to rest, they are better away. One's Church life is not all comfort. The test is, whether we can survive its discomforts.

Also, most country theatres, etc., are fitted with wooden seats, but does that keep the audience away?

Miss L. Benyon, West St., Casino, N.S.W.

Don't Need Padding

I DON'T agree with Miss Coney re giving Church patrons more comfort in their seating (12/10/'35).

The poor preachers have a hard enough time now, trying to deliver a sermon that will keep people awake, so goodness knows what would happen if drowsiness is encouraged by giving more comfort.

However, if people haven't enough spiritual belief to take them to Church, then neither publicity stunts nor "comfort" should be resorted to in order to get them there, and it is a sure sign that the Church is failing in its mission.

As to comparing Church with picture theatres for comfort, well Church service only lasts a little over an hour, with breaks of standing and kneeling between, whereas a picture entertainment often exceeds three hours—too long, indeed, for one to sit on a plain wooden seat.

Miss Josephine Edwards, Macquarie Rd., Cardiff, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

Fussy Women Can Overdo Their Tidiness

HOW very true are Mrs. Dunn's ideas of the "too-house-proud" woman.

That type of woman never seems to have many visitors or friends for the simple reason that she is always too busy to make friends, and people do not like to visit her for fear they may scratch the floor.

The person who thinks of nothing else but scrubbing and polishing never finds much time for pleasure, and also forfeits many a friendship.

Mrs. Gurr, Millaa Millaa, via Cairns, Nth. Qld.

Leave the Work

I HAVE known women to worry themselves ill and nervy, Mrs. Dunn (12/10/'35), keeping their homes right up-to-the-minute. Some of these women have now learned that a week-end trip in the car, despite unmade beds and untidy house, is preferable, for it brings its feeling of fun and well-being—plus happy menfolk—and gets one out of the rut into which assiduous housework places one.

Mrs. Nelle Hall, 10 Highclere Avenue, Rockdale, N.S.W.

Not Her Fault

YOU speak about the nagging woman, Mrs. E. C. Dunn (12/10/'35). Did you stop to think that if there were not untidy or careless people there would be no nagging women? It is the first-mentioned people that cause her to nag.

During her scrubbing someone will want to walk over her floor, though at other times they will never be near the place. They will take her kettle of boiling water and leave the kettle empty on the stove. They will be too tired to wipe their muddy boots, which mark the carpet or polished floor. They will mark the table and the arms of chairs with their burning cigarettes, flick the ash on the felt tablecloth or over the food, even though there be an ash-tray. They leave their wet towel rolled up in a ball instead of hanging it to dry. They drink incessantly, leaving the cups in the sink instead of wiping them and returning them to the place where they found them.

They are too tired, or too lazy (gnashing of teeth, g-r-r-h!), to swill the bath, which only takes a couple of seconds, after they have used it, and so leave that dirty rim which hardens as the minutes go on. There are dozens of other instances that make the poor housewife a tired wreck.

G. Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

MEN PREFERRED

WHY do most waitresses and shop assistants prefer to serve men? Is it that they are much easier suited than women, or is it interest in the opposite sex? I myself would rather serve three men to one woman, and all the waitresses I have spoken to agree.

Firstly, I find men have their minds made up for just what they want, where women will fuss and consider for ten minutes. Secondly, men are more cheerful, and will always speak, or pass the time of d.y, while women just sit and mostly look the waitresses from cap to shoe. So all I say is more men customers, and happier waitresses.

Miss D. Lynch, "The Mary Elizabeth" Cafe, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

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LADY DOCTORS

SO much we hear in these modern days about lady doctors, and I am asking you which you prefer, the man doctor or the lady?

I have joined in several controversies, but there seems a very mixed feeling mostly in favor of the man doctor. Personally, I find the man more kindly and sympathetic.

Three lady doctors I interviewed at different periods actually made my feelings of unease so acute that I couldn't speak up. Yet nurses I found wonderfully sympathetic and kind.

What do you So They Say folk find in your experience? I'd be interested to know, for I really stand in awe of the lady doctor.

Mrs. G. Rushton, 17 Fifth Ave., Campsie, N.S.W.

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SHINELESS SHOES

WHILE on a recent train journey I was surprised to note the number of women and girls wearing dull shoes. Many of the wearers seemed most particular, frequently readjusting their make-up, hair, and hats—but how could they hope to look well-groomed with those tell-tale shoes!

H. M. Carmody, Thangool, R.M. Line, Qld.

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POLITE BRISBANE

I HAVE often wondered why people will rush into trams and trains before the alighting passengers have time to get out. Surely our trams and trains stop long enough for people to get out—and in—in a quiet, well-mannered way. I noticed on a recent visit to Brisbane people wishing to get in stand quietly on one side until all the alighting passengers were out.

Mrs. A. D. Jones, 134 Letitia St., Oatley, N.S.W.

●Of course I feel good!

Pets like Pulvex! It keeps them free from fleas and vermin. Pulvex kills fleas and lice and it's so repulsive to them that they do not seek to return. Pulvex your pets once a week and give them a comfortable pest-free summer. Pulvex is harmless even if swallowed, tasteless and odourless. Get a tin to-day!

PULVEX COSTS NO MORE—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Chemists and stores sell Pulvex for 1/3 a tin or double size, 2/-

Wholesale Distributors:

New South Wales:	Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Limited, Sydney
Queensland:	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd., Brisbane
Victoria:	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd., Melbourne
South Australia:	Elder, Smith & Co. Ltd., Adelaide
Western Australia:	Elder, Smith & Co. Ltd., Perth
Tasmania:	A. G. Webster & Sons Ltd., Hobart

PULVEX

KILLS FLEAS OFF···KEEPS THEM OFF

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4608633

The Powderfee fabric is cool and smooth—with a real reason for its coolness. It is knitted, so unlike many other beautiful fabrics it actually allows the air through minute spaces. Yet the knitting is so fine that you can scarcely see the stitches. A lock-knit in this material makes it absolutely proof against laddering, and, perhaps as important as anything else, it launders perfectly. Something about this new fabric lifts ordinary pastel shades into the realm of real living flower colours!

Summer—perhaps to balance a sheer simplicity of line—is bringing more and more lace into the garments we wear every day. Prestige have imported summery Alencons, flowered nets, and laces sheer as spider's web to add luxury to their underthings.

If you could see the colours in these photographs you would notice the delicate contrast of lace with fabric—oyster against ivory in the nicks, sunbrown on pollen gold in the nightgown, deep flesh against peach in the slip. The nightgown has Alencon applique, which, we suspect, does much to make the waist look slim—it is just one of many ideas you will find in Prestige sleeping garments. Nightgowns have yokes and bodices of lace, flares and shoulder-pieces, capes, flounces, and godets. A pyjama suit has a trail of applique across the tunic. Lace encircles the hemline of a princess slip, and accents the ivory coolness of a sleekie all-in-one.

The pyjamas have an air of trim tailoring that goes straight to our hearts—or wherever it is we keep our sense of the fitness of things. There is a striped military waistcoat, a smocked peasant tunic, a cowled and caught neckline; there are lounge suits and lingerie jackets, negligés and dressing-gowns.

Of course sizes are infinitely important if we are to get the full benefit from good tailoring. Prestige are designing their Summer underwear in *five* sizes — which include two new fittings—Medium Women's and Full Women's, on the left and right side of Women's respectively.

- On the Left: *Well-cut Prestige nicks with contrasting Alencon lace (their prices range from 4/11, 5/11 upwards). The "Invisible" brassiere may be made completely backless for evening.*
- Centre: *One of the luxurious nightgowns Prestige are making for Summertime. It is made in four sizes, at 30/-. Notice the new split skirt and panel back.*
- At Right: *A sheath-fitting Prestige slip with a top that is almost a brassiere.*

WHAT about Summer underwear?

Luxuries like good tailoring and real lace are becoming part of everyday underwear, and this Summer we may expect even the most inexpensive garments to give us a great deal more in the way of beauty and comfort and service!

First, we may expect really good tailoring — the sort of tailoring that can make outer clothes feel completely right! Everyone who has once tasted the luxury of well-cut underwear knows this feeling and its subtle influence — even on the way we walk and talk.

Look for a minute at these photographs. Every line and curve of the body must be moulded like this if we are to look our best in the thin frocks and clinging fabrics of Summertime. The nicks on the left are cut to fit like slim, tailored shorts — yet they're so light that you can scarcely feel them. Here they are worn with the "Invisible" Prestige brassiere that may be adjusted for perfect backlessness, but you might wear them with a brassière-topped vest or slip. Prestige are making the brassiere part in contrasting lace or net, and adding little buckles for exact shoulder-strap adjustment.

Like the Prestige brassieres, these added tops give the young and natural uplift that is so attractive. And the slips and vests are cut to fit like a sheath—here you see how the hem has been split so that sheath-fit will not affect freedom in walking. To return to the nicks—you will notice how snugly the waist clings to the body — an effect achieved by the new elastic finish, which holds them perfectly flat. This is a patented idea, and not the least inviting feature of it is the fact that it has been proved to actually outlast the garment itself—so there is no need when you wear these nicks to worry about rethreading at inconvenient moments.

A cool idea for Summer buying is the new "Sleekie" garment, which combines all the essentials in the minimum way. Prestige are making sleekies for daytime and evening at six prices, starting from 10/6. When you consider it, 10/6 would barely cover the essentials if you bought them all separately!

Very few of us can afford to live in really expensive underwear—and in this range there are nicks and vests from five or six shillings to add to our everyday wardrobe; there are sleeping garments and slips and sleekies for about half a guinea. On the luxury side are the pure silk milanese underthings—the garments you would wear on a special occasion, or give as a special gift — or perhaps store away in your holiday trousseau.

Talking of holidays—nothing could be smarter than the new "play suits" Prestige are introducing for sun and beach. There are well-cut shorts and slacks that gain an added chic from the suede-surfaced fabric; there are button-up skirts in bright sun shades, well-tailored shirts (one with fine tucks at the yoke) joined on to useful "under-shorts" by a light elastic. The shirts and shorts would be a particularly useful holiday investment, as they serve the double purpose of sun-suit and ideal tennis outfit.

FASHION GOES *Abyssinian*

Enter now the Abyssinian fashion era, for Dame Fashion is the greatest newshound of them all. Any country that gets itself into the cables to-day can rely on getting itself into the fashions to-morrow.

Any day now we can expect to see an Abyssinian touch on all the counters of our favorite stores. Look out for Queen of Sheba bangles, Abyssinian earrings, Selassie sandals, and Ethiopian gadgets galore.

ALREADY, indeed, the Ethiopian influence is being demonstrated. Fashion never was over-fussy regarding her historical accuracies. Maybe the Ethiopian cannot change his spots, but, while war clouds loom over his country, fabrics which left the loom as simply Oriental can easily effect an overnight change into "Abyssinian."

One leading store is displaying coverings for beds and cushions which are printed with pictures of pyramids woven in rich brown and beige tones. The attractive window-display also shows curtains and carpets to fit in with what is labelled "the Abyssinian atmosphere."

Another interesting feature of this display is the showing of tent-woven fabrics which are presented in a wide range suitable for furnishings and also for sports wear.

Bizarre masks and panels showing the Ethiopian influence in their coloring and design are now to be had by all those seeking something unusual for interior decorations.

Of course, this is only the beginning. By Christmas it should be possible to get Abyssinian completely. In Birmingham and Japan, factories will be working overtime to make "genuine" Abyssinian bangles, necklets, ornaments, and other treasure-trove for Christmas shops.

New That Was Old

THE newest thing in waste-paper baskets displayed in the modern room designed by Frederick Ward for the Victorian Arts and Crafts Exhibition held in Melbourne lately, is only new in the use to which it is put.

It was a bucket. Not the bucket known to-day, but the quaint wooden affair with handles that dates from the days when the bucket went down the well to reach the water supply.

DISILLUSIONED *Singers*

London Is Full of Them

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

Because the concert market is overstocked and because the films have dwarfed the operatic stage, London is full of vocalists looking for something to do.

THE music colleges are full and singers continue to pour into London to swell the ranks of men and women who find themselves without a means of living. On top of this the West End theatre choruses are full of academy-trained singers.

"It is not the fault of the music institutions," a famous singer stated.

"The academies have done, and are doing, marvellous musical work, but the whole trouble is that the concert market is overstocked.

"The wireless has played such havoc with the concert world that the singer's range has been greatly restricted.

"The result is that hundreds of singers are workless in London; and it is generally recognised that the past summer has been one of the worst for many years."

This position is reflected in the fact that one very well-known Welsh singer has been singing operatic selections outside a railway station.

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What Women Are Doing

Quick Progress

TO take up the game of golf in 1929, and in the next six years to win the West Australian women's championship three times, is the record of Mrs. C. J. Negus. She is now the lowest handicap player in the State, and is on the four mark.

She played first for the State against the British touring team, and was beaten by Miss Pam Barton 4 and 2. The foursomes championship was won by Mrs. Negus with Miss Royce, whom she beat in the final of the State event.

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Red Cross Worker From Coronado Visits Us

A TALL, stately, and very distinguished-looking visitor to Australia is Miss E. M. Weldon, the chairman of the Production Group of the Red Cross Society at Coronado, U.S.A.

Miss Weldon and her group of workers had a busy time last year making bandages by the score and doing other work for persons injured in the Long Beach earthquake. However, she says Red Cross work is the same all over the world, and as she is on holiday now, she does not intend to make any inquiries into the work being done in Australia.

America, she says, has had its own depression problem, and the Production Groups have been busy making up garments for the poor from materials supplied by the Washington Government. It has also made a great number of sheets for mothers.

Miss Weldon is near the conclusion of a trip round the world on the Ascanius, so will not have much time in any of the capitals.

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Her Record Skip Would Cover Ten Miles

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Sunderland girl, Gladys Smithson, has created an unofficial record by skipping 18,000 revolutions in just under two and a quarter hours. It is estimated that if she had moved forward a yard for each skip during the 18,000 revolutions, she would have covered more than 10 miles.

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Women's Committee of Philharmonic Gets Busy

THE Melbourne Philharmonic Society recently formed a women's committee to promote interest in the society and to obtain more subscribers.

Miss Lynette Eddy —Francis Young.

Already members have set to work with a will. Mrs. Herbert Brookes is patron of the committee, the president is Mrs. Bernard Heinze, and the hon. secretary, Miss Lynette Eddy.

Miss Eddy, who is a soprano in the society's choir, is a sister of Alan Eddy, the well-known baritone at present studying abroad.

She was born in Launceston, Tasmania, and has lived in both South Australia and Victoria.

During the day she interviews patients in a well-known doctor's consulting rooms. Her spare time is devoted to music and to exquisite needlework, and at present, too, the enormous amount of correspondence incurred by her secretaryship.

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Mrs. M. V. Couche Helping To Organise Junior Laborites

ONE of the only two women on the Executive of the Labor Party in South Australia, Mrs. M. V. Couche has been elected to the provisional committee for the Labor Party's new junior social and sports section. As such, she will probably be called upon to speak to a number of district branches to help with the organising of them, and she and the other members of the provisional committee will remain in office until the Younger Set and Sports Federation will be in a position to elect their own committee.

South Australia, Mrs. Couche says, is merely following an idea in use in the other States, and adds that its object is primarily to interest the younger members of the community in Labor doings through social and sporting channels—with a few educational activities, such as debates and lectures, thrown in.

Going Abroad Soon

UNLESS affairs in Europe become too grave, the Rev. Winifred Kiek plans to leave Adelaide early this month and go with her husband, Principal Kiek, to England and stay there for some months.

As president of the South Australian branch of the Women's Non-Party Association, which is affiliated with the British Commonwealth League, she hopes to get in touch with the English body, and also hopes to meet high officials of the National Council of Women.

Mrs. Kiek has been given an unofficial commission by the various women's organisations to which she belongs in Adelaide to see what progress women have made in the Mother Country.

Success in Widely Different Spheres

KATHLEEN McGARRY, pictured here, is a versatile young woman. She has graduated in Arts, and in Law, and achieved distinction in a widely different field at the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod, where she won first prize in the humorous character recital, and third place in the non-humorous character study.

Kathleen McGarry —Raymond Sawyer.

Miss McGarry has played several character parts with the Independent Theatre, one of her successes being Hecuba in "Trojan Women."

She is a daughter of Mrs. McGarry, Hunters Hill, and the late Mr. P. McGarry who, for many years, was M.L.A. for Murrumbidgee, and a member of the Public Works Committee and Border Railways.

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S.A. Jewish Women Plan Centenary Conference

YET another important conference to be held during South Australia's Centenary is being planned by the Council of Jewish Women in South Australia, and the committee has already helped the finances by arranging a luncheon and bridge afternoon which took place last Thursday. Mrs J. Garcia, who is honorary secretary of the council and who is actively connected with all philanthropic, educational, and social organisations of Jewish women in Adelaide, was in charge of the afternoon.

Recently the Council gave a party for the children of the community to celebrate the Sinchof Torah (or "Rejoicing of the Law") festival, which was arranged by Mrs. Nat Solomon (president), Mrs. F. Lawson (hon. treasurer), and Mrs. Garcia.

Travellers' Aid Society Reviews Its Nineteenth Year's Work

MISS NEST MALCOLM, secretary of the Travellers' Aid Society of Victoria, in reading her report of the nineteenth year's work, made the many people present at the annual meeting wonder how the society, with its staff of eight, managed to compass the work.

During the year, 5514 women, 2757 children, and 392 men and youths have been definitely helped, making a total of 8662; while 4398 people have been incidentally helped.

No fewer than 8058 trains and 397 boats have been met, and officers of the society have met 662 children travelling alone.

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Had Bust Sculptured In France

WHEN Madame M. Chippindall, of Sandgate, Queensland, went on a visit to her native France to stay with her brother, the latter's son, Francis Deltour, a 23-year-old art student, took the opportunity of sculpturing her, and Madame has brought the bust back to Australia with her. She packed it in hay, in a trunk, and hopes to have it bronzed on reaching her home—she intends to stay in Sydney for a few weeks first.

Madame Chippindall actually saw the winning entry for the Prix de Rome—a wonderful portrayal of the Crucifixion—in the clay before it was finished, and then had the honor of accompanying the judges round the Ecole des Beaux Arts while they were examining the entries. Her own nephew will be an entrant next year.

The accompanying picture of the bust of Madame Chippindall is from a snapshot she took herself in her brother's garden in France.

Founder of the Girls' Realm Guild

UNOBTRUSIVE and most practical work is being done by the Girls' Realm Guild of Service and Good Fellowship. The Guild was originated in Sydney in 1900 by Miss Grace E. Burrows, who has been the secretary ever since. Miss Burrows has taken the keenest interest in the organisation, and it is mainly owing to her indefatigable work that progress has been carried out through good times and lean.

Miss Grace Burrows. —Women's Weekly.

During the past thirty-five years the Guild has been instrumental in assisting many professional and business women to realise their ambitions by paying their fees and arranging for general training. Miss Burrows oversees all the training and makes sure that the girls are obtaining the full benefit from lessons.

Miss Burrows also finds time to be vice-president of the Big Sister Hostel, and a member of the Professional Women Workers' Association.

Apart from her philanthropic work Miss Burrows is one of the pioneers of the angora rabbit industry in conjunction with her sister, Miss Annie Burrows.

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Planning for Three Catholic Fixtures

ALTHOUGH she has been preparing for three big fixtures, in all of which she is to take a prominent part, Mrs. Michael Magar, president of the Catholic Women's League in South Australia, still has a great deal of zest for her work.

For the first fixture—the 21st birthday celebration of the C.W.L.—letters had to be written to all country branches inviting members to attend. This was arranged for October, 24, to take the form of a social evening complete with a three-tiered birthday cake.

The second fixture is the sixth interstate conference of Federated Catholic Women in Sydney early in November, when Mrs. Magar will not only speak, but will extend invitations to officials to attend the conference in Adelaide in 1936, during the Centenary.

The overseas visitors will probably include Mlle Christine de Hemptinne, the Belgian president of the Catholic junior section; Dr. Genevieve Rewcastle, president of the C.W.L. in England; and the president of the Scottish Union for Mothers, Mrs. Thornley. These, and any other officially-invited guests from overseas, will be accommodated and entertained by the League.

She Studied German Lieder Abroad

AFTER an absence of nearly two years gaining experience abroad, Miss Hilda Gill has arrived back in Adelaide, and resumed her teaching at the Elder Conservatorium. With German lieder as her chief study, Miss Gill arranged for lessons under Reinhold von Warlich, who was in London at the time. When he went to Salzburg, Miss Gill went too, and continued her lessons from the distinguished teacher, then on to Porto Fino and back to London.

Miss Gill managed to fit in a few short holidays from work, but dashed back to Saltzburg again early this year and visited Italy on her way to catch the boat back to Australia. In Florence she stayed with some friends in their lovely old castle which dates back to the fourteen hundreds, and which she says, was surrounded by a really beautiful atmosphere.

She spent a week in Perth before returning to Adelaide, and began work within a few days of arriving in the South Australian capital.

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World-famous Writer Of Best-sellers

TWENTY years ago Baroness Orczy was asked by a publishing house to supply a thrilling serial in rather a hurry. It is said that within 15 minutes of receiving the commission she had mapped out the story of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

Originally the setting was to be Russia, but for diplomatic reasons Baroness Orczy altered it to France at the time of the revolution. Since its first publication the story has been a best-seller in almost every country in the world.

Baroness Orczy is still writing. Her latest novel, "The Uncrowned King," was published within recent weeks.

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Thirteen Years Spent In Work for Children

THE new secretary of the Children's Cinema Council in Victoria, Mrs. L. Kloot, is no stranger to the Council. She was president for four years, and during that time was remarkable for her eloquence.

Mrs. L. Kloot —Broothorn.

Since she came to Australia sixteen years ago, Mrs. Kloot has spent thirteen years in work for children.

She began her activities with the Lilian Cannam Kindergarten, of which she is still hon. secretary, and she was president of the Victorian Federation of Mothers' Clubs for three years.

Other movements which still hold her interest are the National Safety Council and the Vocational Guidance Movement, so her days are far from idle.

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Hiking from Brisbane To Sydney

WHEN Mrs. Gross and Miss Badke return to Brisbane next April they will be able to talk about their trip to Sydney which they commenced recently.

Both these hikers live in Brisbane, and they have planned an extended holiday in Sydney. They do not intend walking back, unless, perchance, they find the journey there so very pleasant and exciting!

Mrs. Gross has previously walked from Brisbane to Toowoomba, but this will be Miss Badke's first effort. They are not out to break records on their 600-mile walk, but will try and average 15 miles each day.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP

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PICTURETTE PUZZLES

Racehorse Series

Result of Contest No. 1

£50 WON!

The Winning Competitor was:—
MISS MARIE FRERICH, 23 TUDOR STREET, SYDNEY

This was the only correct entry received, and the Prize of £50 will be posted NEXT WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th.

Contest No. 2 Results will be published in this paper on Nov. 9th, and Contest No. 3 Results will appear on Nov. 16th.

SOLUTION TO PICTURETTE PUZZLE CONTEST No. 1.

1 Stray Sunbeam	4 King's Head	7 Old Story	10 College Lass
2 Black Cat	5 After Six	8 Double Dutch	11 Grand Mogul
3 Salted Almonds	6 Gay Blonde	9 Windbird	12 Dark Son

Charming Cup Week Hostess

MRS. M. L. BAILLIEU, well-known Melbourne hostess, who will be entertaining a large number of Sydney friends during the Cup carnival.
—Broothorn.

By the

T.S.S. "Zealandia"

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December 18th, 24th, 31st and January 8th

Passengers may book at Office below for the De Luxe Sentinel-Cammell Steam Car Tour of practically the whole of Tasmania, arriving back in Sydney thirteen days later. Inclusive cost from £21/5/-.

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Daily Air Service Sydney to Hobart and Launceston.

Ask for details famous Colour Line Tours.

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NEW FASHIONS for *Men Will Be* BRIGHTER

Gay Colors for the Beach

Women are likely to cast covetous eyes on their husbands' wardrobes this summer. They will also have to keep a sharp eye on their own wardrobes, otherwise they may see their husbands promenading in their beach-wear.

Mr. F. W. Dennett, well-known Australian business man, who has just returned from abroad, saw bronzed Apollos in England and France wearing delightful shorts with matching beach-gowns of linen — many of them patterned with bright Dalmatian and coin spots similar to women's beach-wear. Men are also sporting plain linens in bright colors.

LINEN is also worn for long trousers and for shirts. Besides patterned linen shirts the well-dressed man appears in plain linen shirts with patterned linen ties. A navy linen shirt is set off with a navy linen tie embroidered with red spots, or a white linen tie embroidered with red catkins will be worn with a plain white linen shirt. Other ties are in bright "pyjama" stripes.

Another beach mode is the smart three-quarter coat of linen or sponge cloth worn over the bathing costume which is a mere pair of very short trunks.

Shorts are blue, brown, cream, or even spotted, and a well-known golf champion went so far as to introduce a black piping down the sides of his white shorts.

Gay Home Wear

Man's traditional shyness about wearing gay colors in public still persists, but he indulges his love for color in home and sports wear. His dressing gowns have never been more gay or more various. There are window-pane check woollens, and a very dashing one is of white towelling with wide lapels and cuffs of navy-blue. There is a touch of the naughty 'nineties about a red brocade one with ballet girls in very sparse ballet skirts and very little else, embroidered in the brocade.

On the other hand, man is permitting himself a lot more comfort in his dress. Mr. Dennett saw even Indian army officers, who are usually die-hards for formality, wearing soft shirts with pleated fronts and soft collars with dinner jackets.

The greatest revolution in men's wear is the vogue for navy-blue and a brighter-than-navy-blue for sports wear. Mercers are welcoming the new fashion hilariously after countless years of greys, fawns and browns in sports clothes.

Navy sleeveless pullovers are worn with grey or navy slacks.

Collars show a tendency towards comfort—cut lower in front with a wider opening between the points. Lapels on all coats are much wider, some of them almost touching the sleeve seam.

A return to plus fours for golf is predicted for next season, but they will be shorter than formerly.

Girls — keep romance all bright and shining!

Romance is often wrecked by ignorance of those simple duties that go to the making of happy homes.
Girls who wish to keep romance all bright and shining during wedded life should know how to prepare dainty, appetising, wholesome foods.
Aunt Mary's Baking Powder is a wonderful help to thousands of cooks and housewives. It ensures the utmost in baking satisfaction and makes scones, cakes, pies, puddings, pastries, etc., light, digestible and palatable.
The supreme quality of this pure cream of tartar baking powder ensures delicious foods that please all who partake. Prove its excellence to-day by trying out this recipe.

Do you possess a copy of Aunt Mary's Cookery Book? If not, write for your copy to-day, enclosing 1/- plus 2d. for postage, to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

DELICIOUS CHEESE CAKES

Ingredients for Cake Mixture:

2 oz. butter or margarine.
2 oz. sugar
1 egg
Aunt Mary's Vanilla Essence
4 oz. flour
Pinch of salt
1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder
3 tablespoons milk

Method for Cake Mixture: Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then the milk and essence. Stir in sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Mix lightly. Place a good teaspoon of cake mixture on tip of jam in tartlet. Decorate with strips of pastry. Bake in quick oven with decreasing heat for about 15 minutes.

Ingredients for Pastry:

4 oz. flour
2 oz. clarified fat or margarine
Pinch of salt
½ teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder
About 3 tablespoons water

Method for Pastry: Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in margarine and mix into a dry dough with water. Roll out thinly and cut into rounds with a fancy cutter. Place in small patty tins and put about ½ teaspoon of jam in each.

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You want CHARM? PUT ON KAYSER Lingerie

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9/11

● It's smart! It's snug! It's slimming! It's a dashing Pyjama in Kayser's "Dullette" fabric, with short sleeves and tie at waist. Two-tone effects of Blue/Pink, Estorello Blue/Tea Rose, Spray Green/Pink. Style Number 8642 at your Draper.

9/11

'Solyptol' SOAP

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LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

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MISS ROWENA F. RUSSELL,
Commercial Bank Chambers,
Haymarket, Sydney, N.S.W.

PICTURE BY AIR MAIL from London, showing a lorry load of armed Abyssinian troops being driven along a rough roadway in the Ogaden district. They are being rushed to join frontier forces.

PLENTY of *Romance* in *Modern* TIMES

Says the World-Famous Creator of the "Scarlet Pimpernel"

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly
By THE BARONESS ORCZY

There is much evidence in the modern world that real romance is more alive to-day, playing an uplifting part in the life of the world, than ever it was in pre-war times. Romance is certainly more international than it used to be.

WHICH are the most romantic nations? Surely the nations of Anglo-Saxon origin. The greatest evidence is that 90 per cent. of the world's romantic literature is produced by the Anglo-Saxons.

The other nations express their romance in other ways . . . among the more primitive people it still takes the form of fighting, but in one form or another it remains a universal trait. It is the natural expression of all healthy people.

In these capricious days it may not take the same form as it did a generation ago, but that does not mean that modern life is less romantic.

While we do not now witness the outward show of sentiment so conspicuous in pre-war days, sentiment, genuine and splendid, remains.

Modern men and women rather despise a show of feeling, but it is ever present. Self-control has made romantic love-making more subtle in expression. Victorian sentimentality suited that period, but such display to-day would be voted mawkish and morbid.

If I were to write "The Scarlet Pimpernel" to-day, using a modern man of the same type to live the adventurous life abroad in Europe, he would not be less romantic; indeed, modern life would offer far more romance than the day in which the original character was written.

Ideal and Noble

ROMANCE among the sexes is something finer and grander than mere passion, morally pure in every way, and connected only with human expression which is sane and healthy.

Linked with love, romance is by far the most ideal and noble happening in our lives. There is something indescribably sacred in the pure love and romance of an affinity of soul.

It has often been asked what will be the influence of woman's new economic independence upon romance. Here again expression will change, but pure romance will remain; it is of the stuff of our lives.

Woman has always been nurtured in romance, or upon the natural quest for it, and although her economic independence may for a time—probably a generation—absorb all her attention, like man, she will be unable to live without romance, for it is the food of the soul.

Sometimes I am questioned concerning the revival of romance; romance has never left us. It is here, around us, working our lives with amazing success.

Maybe we are living in times when we have too little leisure to meditate over these happenings of romance, but, nevertheless, if we did, a truly wonderful revelation would grip our imagination and revolutionise our outlook upon life in the modern world.

BANISH THE MOSQUITO *this pleasant way!*

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BLISS is different. It is a fragrant cream that nourishes the skin. BLISS is the sure protection against mosquitoes, sandflies and other insect pests.
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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★ IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

Too many stars to mention. (B.D.F.)

WHETHER you will enjoy this picture or not depends on the degree of pleasure you can get out of variety entertainment. This is variety pure and simple; there is not even the semblance of a story.

But, as a vaudeville show, it would take a lot of beating. The English music-halls have been gone over with a fine-tooth comb to secure first-rate performers, and the result is a programme that no legitimate variety house—in Australia, at any rate—could afford to present on one bill.

If you enjoy bands—four of them appear at intervals and play hot numbers, Crooners, Arab tumblers, the Three Radio Rogues, and comedians do their stuff. You haven't time to get bored.

But even if everything else on the programme were dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable two star turns alone would be worth the price of admission. Stanley Holloway is public attraction number one. I always can enjoy comedy, but it is a long while since I have enjoyed anything so much as "Albert and the Lion" and "With Her Head Tucked Under Her Arm."

Wilson, Betty, and Keppel are the runners-up. As eccentric dancers they take a lot of beating, combining, as they do, snappy dancing with postures and facial expressions that would make a mummy laugh.

If you feel that life is becoming too real and earnest for you, go and see this show.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE CASINO MURDER CASE

Paul Lukas, Alison Skipworth, Rosalind Russell. (M.-G.-M.)

A PHILO VANCE story transferred to the screen, and good of its kind. Two killings and what look like two attempted murders keep things going until Paul Lukas, as Philo Vance, has had time to figure out the identity of the culprit.

It is always unfair to give the story of a murder mystery, so I won't attempt even to give a precis. Suffice to say that this scenario is well-constructed; coincidence is not called upon to aid in the detection of the criminal; and the end comes in a manner satisfactory to Lukas, Miss Russell, and the audience.

This is one of those murder stories which are mercifully enlivened by a dash of humor. Lukas has a nice light touch which makes him equally at home in comedy and in more dramatic situations; and Louise Fazenda, aided by Ted Healy (as a burlesque police-sergeant), adds the broader touches.

While this film is not one out of the box, it is fair average quality entertainment, guaranteed to bore nobody but a chronic highbrow.—Cameo; showing.

★ GIRL OF THE LIMBER-LOST

Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Tommy Bupp. (Monogram.)

THIS is the kind of film you will be able to get comfortably sentimental about without having to wonder whether indulgence in tears will ruin your make-up. Story tells of Elenora Comstock who, with loving friends to help her, pays her way through High School by selling Indian relics and butterfly collections, while in the background lurks Mrs. Comstock, a mother embittered by the loss of her husband at the time Elenora was born.

Mrs. C. is pure tiger during the early stages of the picture, but, as is to be expected, a miracle is wrought towards the end, and one discovers with relief that, really, she has a heart of gold. And not only does Elenora find a true mother after a few thousand feet of desolate family life, but also a lover—a young man whose prior appearances have been brief but prophetic.

Fair, but that's about all.—Capitol, King's Cross; showing.

★ EIGHT BELLS

Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern. (Columbia.)

A GOOD yarn, capably acted and directed. The story opens with the signing of a contract by the managing director of a shipping company for the transport of a special cargo from U.S.A. to Shanghai. For every day saved on the trip the company will receive a bonus of five thousand dollars, while for every day over schedule the same amount has to be paid to the consignors.

The plot and action are built up from the fact that the managing director appoints his white-headed boy to the command of the freighter carrying the cargo, and this in spite of the fact that her ex-skipper is a capable officer. (The engagement of said M.D.'s daughter to the new captain really has nothing to do with the change-over.)

However——. Ann Sothern (the shipping magnate's spoiled offspring) stows away to follow her beloved. The voyage is a surprise to her. Not only does she discover that her fiance is not the fellow for her, but, after Bellamy—the ex-skipper, now the first mate—has proved his superiority, both as a seaman and a man, she falls in love with him. Hotcha!

There is no lack of action and excitement. The big moment comes when Ann refuses to leave the sinking ship, and, to the accompaniment of shrill juvenile cheers (I saw this film at a Saturday morning session), shames nineteen husky he-men into passing up the lifeboat in order to stick by their comrades.—Capitol, King's Cross; showing.

★ TEN MINUTE ALIBI

Phillips Holmes, Aileen Marson, Theo Shall. (B.D.F.)

STRANGE as it may seem, the major portion of the praise that can be given to any actor in this picture goes to someone whose name, if it appears at all on the posters, appears, I'm sure, in very small type. Holmes just gets by—he has a long way to go before he'll be in the first rank; Theo Shall fills his part capably; Aileen Marson, as Betty Finden, is fair; but Morton Selton, the Sir Miles Standing of the film, is excellent. He stands as a splendid example of the old-type histrion who knows how to **act**, in comparison with the modern screen mummer whose education, in the main, has been in looking attractive in certain stereotyped situations.

As regards the picture itself: fair. A good stage play is not necessarily a good screen play. Less action is necessary on the stage; the actuality of the players carries wordiness more than a film can ever hope to do. This fact is exemplified in "Ten Minute Alibi." There is a good deal too much talk for the action that is introduced to carry it. For this reason the number of those who find it entertaining will be balanced by those who find it dull in spots.—Mayfair; showing.

★ MEN WITHOUT NAMES

Fred MacMurray, Madge Evans (Paramount.)

ANOTHER picture showing the U.S. Department of Justice in action against organised crime. While it does not lack excitement, it suffers by comparison with "The Legion of Valour," a film of the same type, but more painstakingly built up and directed.

Nevertheless, "Men Without Names" will not disappoint lovers of the detective-gangster type of entertainment. The story is credible and swift-moving, while Fred MacMurray, Madge Evans and Lynne Overmann are quite equal to the situations they are called upon to handle.

One thing does call for criticism. In order to achieve the necessary thrilling finish, David, Madge Evans' small brother in the story, is sent in to the gangsters' lair by the local banker, whom the criminals have terrorised. Up to that point there has been nothing to indicate that the small boy and the financial magnate have even a nodding acquaintance with each other, but still, it serves as a means of allowing MacMurray to behave heroically.—Cameo; showing.

★ LITTLE BIG SHOT

Sybil Jason—and others. (Warners.)

THIS is a well-balanced blend of comedy and pathos that should recommend itself to any average theatre audience. Getting a running start with Edward Everett Horton and Robert Armstrong as well-dressed street hawkers, the film crowds in quite a few guffaws before sentiment, in the form of little Sybil Jason, whose screen father is shot down by gangsters, is allowed to have its fling.

Sybil, who appears to be about the same age as the more famous Shirley Temple, is a very capable little actress. Not only can she handle all the "straight" stuff that falls to her lot, but her mimicry of well-known stars is excellent.

Horton and Armstrong, backed by Glenda Farrell, form a good comedy combination. Armstrong, in addition, pulls off scenes with Sylvia which will not fail to affect the softer-hearted among those who witness them. At the opening night of the show, I noticed quite a little surreptitious dabbing at eyes with handkerchiefs on the part of some of my feminine neighbors, but everything ends with a laugh, so there's no need to fear permanent heartbreak if you go.—Slate; showing.

PHILOSOPHY *of a* CLOWN

. . . Laugh and Live Long!

From our Hollywood Correspondent

EVERY age has had its clowns. Before Shakespeare's time they played a big part on the English stage, and every succeeding generation, down to the present, has cherished them. Grock and Chaplin are, possibly, the two greatest exponents of the art of clowning today, but it is a tribute to the innate honesty of feeling of the modern age (in spite of our veneer of sophistication) to note the large number of lesser luminaries who are shining in this particular sphere of entertainment. Of these, one of the brightest, and most promising, is Joe E. Brown.

A BEAUTIFUL STUDY of Ann Dvorak, who co-stars with Joe E. Brown in "Brightlights."

ONE OF THE NEW generation of clowns—Joe E. Brown, who, however other people take his jokes, can always laugh at them himself.

Patricia Ellis, who adds still more feminine beauty to Joe E. Brown's latest picture.

IT is interesting to reflect that Joe E. Brown played in heavy drama when he made his debut in pictures, but it was inevitable that his name would become a synonym for laughter, for, even in Joe's earliest childhood, he had a definite leaning towards clowning; his mobile features, in themselves, were enough to cause hilarity.

Born in Holgate, Ohio, Joe joined a circus when only nine years of age and toured the country with Ringling Brothers, as the youngest of "The Five Marvellous Ashtons." His circus career came to an end at the age of 15, when one of the Ashtons dropped him during a tumbling act. He then joined the St. Paul baseball club, and later became a member of the famous New York Yankees.

Bridge of Laughter

Joe's first burlesque performance was in "Twinkle, Twinkle" in Los Angeles, and here it was that he first tried out his capabilities at film work. His first picture was "Crook, Can't Win," a drama. Being a clown at heart the serious roles did not appeal to Joe, so he turned to comedy—a decision which has brought him fame and recognition throughout the world.

Joe E. Brown, who is one of the happiest married people in the whole of the movie colony, attributes his happy nature and environment to his ability for clowning. During a recent interview I had with him on the subject, Joe pointed out that it was never beneath the dignity of any man to make others laugh. His philosophy runs along these lines:

"The world is starved for laughter. We are all travelling alone. No matter how friendly we are, no matter how close we get to a person, there is still a lonely spot within us which nothing and no one can reach. We try to forget that inescapable, terrifying loneliness, which is always with us, by seeking amusement.

"Now, look—if you're in the theatre and a situation makes you cry, you cry quietly, shamefacedly, hoping that no one will see you, don't you? But if something makes you laugh, then you turn in friendliness to the perfect stranger at your elbow and grin at him or her out of sheer radiation of personality. It is easy to meet in friendship on the Bridge of Laughter.

"We cry alone—but we share a joke. Laughter makes us human; it gives us an interest in life; it gives a new complexion to living.

"And there is more to the physical side of laughter than many people imagine. It does you good to laugh. You feel fitter for it; a man or a woman who laughs frequently can never become a neurotic. Laughter and bad nerves just can't get on together.

"A famous physician once declared that laughter causes physiological changes in the human body. He said that ten good hearty laughs add a day to a person's life. And so I figure the value of my pictures, not by the amount of money they make at the box-office, but by the number of laughs they contain. We clock those laughs.

"I have never believed that the theatre should offer problems that we must take home with us. It is so easy to assume woes, even though they are only those of a make-believe character. I prefer to make people laugh, to give them an hour's entertainment to make them forget their troubles, to give them something to refresh their spirits, even though I may neglect their minds.

"I have only one ambition in life—to make people laugh. If I can do that—if I have done that—then I have accomplished something worth while."

Films Mirror Life

It is interesting to note that almost every part played on the screen by Joe E. Brown bears a reflection on his real life. For instance, to bring back memories of the days when he was in musical comedy, he refers to his real performances in "Sally" and "Hold Everything."

To re-live the days when he was a professional baseball player, Joe has "Alibi Ike" and "Elmer the Great."

His circus days are brought back vividly enough by "The Circus Clown," and although it's hard to visualise the comedian as a Shakespearean actor, he nevertheless was one. At the age of 23 he played "Hamlet" for two weeks in Toledo. To parallel this real life incident in **reel** life is Joe's performance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and in "Brightlights," his latest, according to his own words, Joe is himself!

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Doll Clayton dreamt winner of Caulfield Cup? Had courage of convictions and backed it all sorts of fancy ways. Quite a few doubles placed with books for Cup. So what?

Squatting Ambitions

WILL Lebbeus Hordern become Australian squatter?. . . . Recent visit enthralled visitor. . . . Now on way to Cambridge. . . . Further studies mooted. . . . Am not sure whether it is zoology or veterinary science occupies time, but definitely it's all about animals. . . . Lebbeus expressed hopes of returning to New South Wales next year. . . . Has visions of buying station. . . . Entire Hordern family becoming country-minded.

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Pleasant diamonds in platinum setting being worn by Ena Munns. Engagement recently announced to Noel Fisher at dinner party for fifty friends.

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Yellow Broom

YELLOW broom in profusion used for Prince Edward Yacht Club decorations on Saturday . . . Dance arranged for kindergarten holiday home very jolly . . . Professor and Mrs. Lambie entertained at cocktails before attending dance. Arrangements carried out by Mrs. F. Whiddon, of Point Piper . . . Dr. and Mrs. St. Vincent Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Curlewis and Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Gibson among dancers.

Ethereal Chiffon

JUST members of family invited to wedding ceremony of Clair Meagher, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Meagher, of Temora, and Dr. R. Lane, of Barmedman. . . . Soft white chiffon billowed around bride. . . . Attendant maid, sister Mary, in foxglove-pink. . . . Dr. Cook lent masculine support. . . . Over hundred guests at reception. . . . School of Arts decorated almost beyond recognition for party.

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All daylight hours being spent trousseau-shopping by Emily Azar, of Killarney station, Nyngan. Mae Scarf hostess at gift tea at Hotel Australia during week.

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English Visitors

TWO English visitors much interested in all pertaining to Australia have arrived at Bathurst. . . . Newcomers are sisters of Mr. G. Stirling. . . . Garden party given for them by sister-in-law one of Bathurst's recent bright spots. . . . Garden looking perfectly lovely for occasion. . . . All old families represented at party. . . . Among guests, Mrs. John McPhillamy, Mrs. Suttor, Mrs. Bromhead, Mrs. Cook, several Bassett girls, and Judy McKenzie.

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Mrs. Peter Blundell, formerly Peggy Warren, well settled in Stanthorpe home. Father-in-law retired to Southport and families interchange many visits.

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Wed at Darwin

ON board Marella are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Langdon, of Darwin, on honeymoon trip. . . . Walter is only constable in Northern Territory holding King's Jubilee medal. . . . Bride formerly Jean Henry, of Commonwealth Administrative Department. . . . Dressed all in white with white flowers for ceremony at Methodist Church, and attended by Kay Lawrence on trek to altar. . . . Size of church inadequate for assembly, and large crowd waited outside doors.

Youngest Architect

FOLLOWING in father's footsteps is Cobden Parkes, youngest son of late Sir Henry Parkes... Was lately appointed Government architect, and is youngest man to hold position in New South Wales... Mrs. Parkes, member of Lillyman family from Moree, and three small children, make up family circle... Miss Mary Bayliss, of Kirribilli, entertained party in honor of appointment, and congratulations order of day.

The Whole Family

FATHERS, mothers and little children all vying with each other for Combined Hobbies Exhibition commencing this month in aid of Industrial Blind Institution. . . . Junior committee working like trojans, Marjorie Bunce being one of most enthusiastic members. . . . Peggy Newton Scott in charge of amazingly ingenious meccano section, Nora Phillips copes with photography, and Betty Hagon to keep peace between those entering "best-dressed dolls."

Smile for Constable

ST. MICHAEL'S, loveliest of "little churches round corner" in Sydney, chosen for Falkiner-Forsayth wedding. . . . Even shrubs at doorway bloomed for occasion. . . . Lucky policeman received dazzling smile from bride on arrival at church . . . Crowds cleared with renewed vigor in consequence. . . . Bride looked seraphic in silver-embroidered silk and old lace. . . . Ushers quietly left church during ceremony and had surreptitious cigarette to recover from arduous duties. . . . Every second lady guest wore fresh flower haloes or leis. . . . Most effective.

Unlucky Friday

FRIDAY unlucky for Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Williams. Arrangements in train for large cocktail party at home when son Ross developed measles . . . Guests then asked to Royal Sydney Golf Club . . . Club affairs always more formal than home parties . . . Lady Street, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Mrs. Prosper Williams, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, Mr. Jack Massie, Mr. and Mrs. John Mant and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Milson among guests.

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Government House guests, Priscilla Fielden and Ivy Price, seeing most of Australasia before leaving for home. After extensive tours in New Zealand will see Melbourne Cup before sailing day.

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Fame Comes Late

POSTHUMOUS fame of artist cause for much heartburning at Savoy Theatre on Saturday . . . Doris Fitton produced "The Late Christopher Bean" with success . . . Enid Lorimer gave splendid performance as Gwennie, and new juvenile lead, Maxwell Osbiston, maintained charm and Scotch accent to curtain-fall . . . Noticed Betty Adamson in crisp pink organdie, with handsome father, Minnie Love, politician Dan Levy, Violet Roche, and Mr. Krammer in audience.

MISS ROSEMARY SHEPHERD, who is making a short stay in Sydney after being abroad for nearly three years. She will leave in February for Madras, where she will be the guest of Lord and Lady Erskine, and will then continue her voyage to England.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Naval Appointments

EN route for his home country is Captain A. G. Lilley, R.N. . . . Popular sailor recently in charge of destroyer flotilla in these waters. . . . Captain C. J. H. Harcourt, another R.N. man, arrived by Orsova to take over position. . . . H.M.A.S. Stuart will be headquarters.

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Melbourne visitor, Mrs. Lucius Connolly, first to introduce in Sydney real flowers as bertha on black velvet evening gown.

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Bird Didn't Fly

BREWARRINA to Darling Point to assist with wedding ceremony. . . . That is record of Rev. A. L. Bird, and he didn't fly. . . . Bridegroom, Eric Hill, is friend of padre. . . . Gwennyth Pritchard was second bride during week to wear silver-embossed angel skin gown. . . . Grecian mode of ray pleating in ice-blue chiffon worn by bridesmaids. . . . Eric is brother of Dorise Hill, chatelaine of Pickwick Book Club. . . . Naturally party gravitated there for reception which was jolly affair.

World Tour Honeymoon

ELAINE LINTON'S little hand almost weighed down by size of diamond engagement ring. . . . Gift brought from London by fiance, Michael Morris. . . . World tour in Lurline will follow early marriage. . . . Elaine should find life full of interest overseas. . . . Michael is Trinity College, Dublin, man, with outsize banking and theatrical interests. . . . Elaine's uncle is Agent-General for Victoria, and will have London welcome ready for couple.

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After holiday in Australia, Mrs. Philip Yates left by transcontinental train for Adelaide during week. Connection being made with Ulysses bound for Capetown home.

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Blondes Have It

BLONDES had it all own way at Romano's on Saturday . . . Jocelyn Poynter danced in black sequined frock with wing-like stiffened net at shoulders . . . Rosemary Shepherd caught wide blue organza in hand during peregrinations round floor . . . White blistered crepe chosen by Filmer Blume, who shortly returns to Queensland . . . Fourth fair lady, Peggy Hess, wore blue-grey silk heavily figured in black.

"Orphans Often"

PIRATES of Penzance now weep at fate of "Orphans; often" at Theatre Royal . . . Saturday audiences, both matinee and evening, enthusiastic . . . Richard Watson scores great hit as judge in curtain-raiser "Trial by Jury" . . . Not surprising that pretty plaintiff married him . . . Mrs. Jack Campbell brought three grand-daughters to dress circle . . . Herbert Allen applauded from box. Mrs. Douglas Tait and daughter Janet thoroughly enjoyed show, and Mrs. Kay and her family also present.

Have You Noticed—

James Raglan quietly reading mail in corner of coffee-shop while demolishing tea and toast?

Jane Anne

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Mention the "Women's Weekly."

LATE summer straw hats from Paris look very untrimmed as compared with the early summer styles. Gone are all flower trimmings; the crown is the centre of interest—it is still very shallow, and boasts intricate folds and pleats. Grosgrain and velvet ribbon replace flowers.

o o o

FOR summer evenings, dresses of muslin or organdie printed with big flowers and worn with a boa or cape composed of flowers cut from the material.

LARGE white hats are worn with black frocks that are sparsely printed with white. Little white hats with black frocks that have white collars or white flowers at the neckline.

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EXTREMELY wide belts are worn with the new short, full skirts.

o o o

WHITE chiffon and printed evening gowns have bright-colored velvet shoulder-straps—the ribbon sometimes encircling the waist.

HAPPINESS CLUB *that is Helping* OTHERS FIRST
Sydney Woman's Movement that has become World-wide!

This month Mrs. Stelzer's 2GB Happiness Club celebrates its sixth anniversary with over 11,000 members.

Ten years ago, a club for suburban women, with husbands to look after and children to rear, was unthought of, but in less than six years of its founding by an Australian woman such a movement is promising to become world-wide.

WHEN Mrs. W. J. Stelzer first commenced broadcasting in the 2GB women's morning session she found that 50 per cent. of the letters she received were from women suffering from "nerves" of some sort. She learned, also, that this was not the result of overwork, which most of them complained of, but was due to lack of outside interests and social intercourse.

They spent too much of their time within the same four walls, seeing the same old things, and thinking the same old thoughts, until their troubles became obsessions. So Mrs. Stelzer, whose belief in happiness is almost a religion, decided to see what radio could do for them. She called a meeting which 250 women listeners attended, and the 2GB Happiness Club was formed.

"These women," says Mrs. Stelzer, "could not realise they were in a groove,

MRS. STELZER, the Queen of Happiness.

that great work outside their homes was waiting for them to do. Women, especially Australian women, do not know their own cleverness."

The motto chosen for the new club was "Others First," and this finds practical application in a good deed each day, a helping hand where needed, and a general attitude of goodwill throughout the day's activities. Social gatherings and charitable work are the big features of the club's work.

To-day, with 11,000 members, the club has 50 branches in the suburbs of Sydney, one each at Wollongong, Woy Woy, Woonona, and Gosford, and 12 branches in Newcastle.

Money for Charity

Already the Adelaide branch has 2000 members, and a sister club has been founded in Exeter, England, with Lord Malmhead as vice-president, while the B.B.C. has given the club its official blessing.

As for Mrs. Stelzer herself, she is a home-loving little woman of tremendous energy. She works on the principle that however much work she has to do she can always find time for more.

The things she accomplishes in a day are amazing. Already, through the 2GB Charities Board, the club has donated £1245 to charitable institutions such as the Far West Scheme, the Smith Family, the Benevolent Society, and the Food for Babies Fund.

It is endowing beds in perpetuity in the Far West Home and Sydney Hospital. Urgently-required equipment has been presented to numerous hospitals. The Newcastle branches have donated over £300 to the local hospitals.

The branches, individually, have done wonderful work in assisting local distressed cases. Each branch has a visiting secretary whose duty it is to visit homes and hospitals and report cases of distress. Arising out of this work, the club has constantly attended an old, married couple, supplying them with coal, warm blankets, food, and clothing over the past two years.

So the work goes on. Recently the Manly branch decided that it was time a district of 38,000 people should have a maternity home.

The branch set to work to inaugurate a £5000 fund, and already the money raised can be assessed in hundreds. A feature of the appeal is the Manly Mothers' Book, which everyone making a donation is asked to sign as a tribute to his or her own mother.

"Others First" is a big ideal for any club to live up to, but Mrs. Stelzer, by her constant example, has infused her own enthusiasm into the members, and there is probably no woman so loved and honored by so many women as Mrs. W. J. Stelzer, the president-foundress of the 2GB Happiness Club.

"If I Were Mandrake" Competition

THE "If I Were Mandrake" competition with a prize of £5, run by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with 2GB, was won by:—

MRS. I. BROWN,
19 David St., Concord.

The handwriting contest, carrying a prize of £1, went to:—

MRS. G. A. ALCOCK,
Avondale, Pittwater Rd., Pymble.

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AUSTRALIANS *Get Chance in* Grand Opera

Famous Singers in Ambitious Radio Season

The last opera season proved definitely that this form of musical treat commands a large following in Australia.

Now the Broadcasting Commission is embarking on the most ambitious scheme it has yet attempted—a series of broadcast grand opera works, which will extend over the summer months, and which will not only present operas new to audiences in this country, but will give a splendid opportunity to Australian artists.

WITH the exception of five—Thea Philips, Ben Williams, Sydney de Vries, Charles Nick and Nino Marotta—all the principals will be Australians. Florence Austral, one of the greatest operatic singers Australia has produced, has been engaged for the season, and even those whose interest in opera may be slight will eagerly await the opportunity of hearing once more her magnificent voice in which beauty of tone and eloquence are combined with interpretative art.

Madame Austral is in constant demand as a singer in Europe and the United States. Wagnerian roles have given her her greatest successes, and it

FLORENCE AUSTRAL, world-famous prima donna, who will be heard during the coming opera season.

was in these that she aroused great enthusiasm during last winter's performances.

Other Australian names well known to Continental audiences appear on the list of principals. Fred Collier, baritone, Horace Stevens, basso, and Lionello Cecil, tenor, have all won places for themselves overseas before returning to their native land. Fred Collier went to England in 1921, joined the British National Opera Company, and sang at Covent Garden for five years. He appeared with the late Dame Nellie Melba in her farewell appearance in "Boheme."

Horace Stevens made his name in post-war England as a singer of oratorio; to-day, in fact, he is recognised as the world's greatest Elijah. After successful tours in the United Kingdom and America he directed his activities into the operatic field, sang with the British National Opera Company and the Covent Garden Opera Company, and has been proclaimed as the finest British interpreter of Wotan ("Valkyrie").

A Sydney man, Lionello Cecil invaded the very home of grand opera for his experience and triumphs. He has been, for the last ten years, one of Italy's leading singers. After leaping into prominence by taking Alessandro Bonci's place in "The Barber of Seville" at Turin, continuing the role for the rest of the season, he sang at Milan, Naples, and Rome, and is one of the few foreign tenors who have managed to maintain a position in Italy for any length of time.

Study New Works

EVELYN HALL and Eileen Boyd will both sing contralto roles during the approaching season. While the former has not been abroad, she has had a wide experience in opera, having been with the Gonsalez Company and the Imperial Grand Opera Company, in addition to having been principal contralto during the Broadcasting Commission's season in 1933.

Miss Boyd studied in Paris under Madame Marchesi, afterwards taking coaching lessons from Sir Henry Wood. She toured with Mark Hambourg, and later with Peter Dawson and Clara Butt.

Even to those singers who already have an assured reputation, the season that has been planned, abundant as it is in works that will be new to Australians, is important. How much more important is it to young singers and musicians to whom it will give an opportunity to become acquainted with works that, otherwise, they might have to wait years to take part in?

The gifted young Australian conductor, Joseph Post, has been engaged,

LIONELLO CECIL, whose operatic experience has been mainly at Milan, Turin, Rome and Naples.

and is training the chorus of 32 selected voices. He has also been given the opportunity of conducting three of the operas. Such experience, and the close collaboration with a conductor of opera such as is Maurice de Abravanel, will be invaluable.

Fine Orchestra

THE orchestra of 45 which has been assembled is regarded as one of the finest yet formed in Australia. Every member, just as every member of the chorus, will gain by sharing in the performance of operas like "Boris Godounoff," "Rosenkavalier," and "Fidelio," to name only three among the number of those, hitherto not produced in Australia, which will be heard.

"Boris Godounoff" will commence the season; the first half will be broadcast on Tuesday night, November 5. Not only will it, and others, be new to listeners, but also to many of the singers, and this should bring to it a freshness and interest lacking in many of the hackneyed operas. This, taken with the opportunity presented to Australian artists, should more than justify the Commission's adventurousness.

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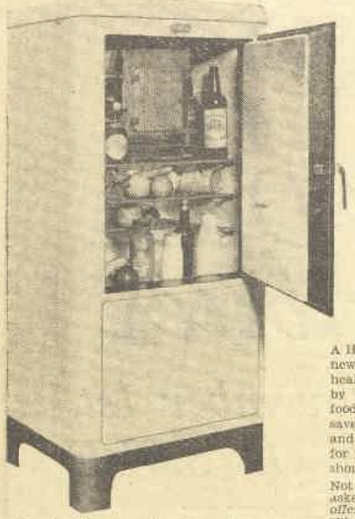

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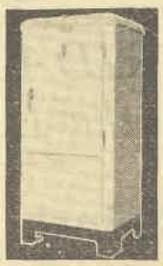

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GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 18

"THAT I should have given you one moment's pain!" he said. "But your words to me at Cuckfield, the tone in which you uttered them, convinced me that nothing could avail to banish that disgust of me which our first meeting had given you."

She smiled saucily up at him. "You must be so well aware of how little delicacy of principle I have that I need have no scruple in telling you that it is many weeks since I have recalled that first meeting without a strong desire of having your shocking conduct repeated. But after Cuckfield all seemed at an end! I had offended beyond forgiveness. And then the mortification of being found by you in the Yellow Drawing-room that miserable evening! Shall I ever forget my dismay at what you must have been thinking!"

"That evening?" he said, holding her closer. "Shall I ever forget the look that came into your eyes when you opened them, and saw me; or the way your hand clung to mine! Till then I had thought my case to be hopeless. But you begged me not to leave you! Had Prinny not been standing at my elbow I must have thrown every consideration of honor to the winds, and spoken then! But his being there compelled me to remain silent, and by the time he was gone all the impropriety of speaking to you while I was still your guardian had been recollected. I had come, moreover, straight from delivering Peregrine into my captain's hands! I shall not allow the evils of your situation to have been comparable to mine!"

"There was a constraint," she agreed. "I was sensible of it even when you forgave me for my conduct at Cuckfield. It was not until you knocked my cousin down that I dared to entertain the notion that your affection had reanimated towards me. But your expression then! No mere indignation at my cousin's villainy, I was persuaded, could have brought that look into your face! I thought you were going to kill him!"

"I had momentarily forgotten your presence. You must forgive me for having given way to impulse."

"OH," said Miss Taverner, archly, "there can be no need for apology when you consider how much I am in the habit of staying in towns where a prizefight is to take place! To own the truth, I had not the least objection to seeing you knock my cousin down. I would have liked to have done it myself. And until then, you know, I had never suspected that you could knock a man down."

"Never suspected that I could knock a man down?" repeated the Earl, a good deal surprised.

"No, how should I? I was used to think you were just a dandy. But Captain Audley once said you had the most punishing left imaginable, and although I did not know what he meant at the time it occurred to me when you hit my cousin that frightful blow that perhaps that was it. For you did use your left hand, did you not?"

"Yes," said the Earl gravely. "I expect I did."

"You were so quick, too!" said Miss Taverner admiringly. "I quite thought my cousin would have borne you backwards through the window, for he rushed on you with such fury! But I daresay you have been in the habit of boxing a little?"

"Yes," said the Earl again. His lips quivered. "I think I may be said to have been in the habit of boxing a little."

"You are laughing at me!" said Miss Taverner suspiciously.

"My darling," said the Earl, "I used to spar with the great Jem himself!"

"Oh?" said Miss Taverner. "And was he a good boxer?"

"He was the greatest of them all," replied the Earl.

"Oh, no!" said Miss Taverner, glad to be able to display her knowledge. "Belcher was the greatest of them all. I have often heard my father say so."

"There is nothing for it," said the Earl. "I shall have to kiss you again Clorinda. Jem Belcher was the man I meant!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Taverner, struck by a sudden thought. "I had no notion —— Oh, I do hope you did not kill my cousin!"

"Not quite," said the Earl.

"And I was afraid you might be hurt! You must have thought me ridiculous!"

"I thought you enchanting," said the Earl.

Ten minutes later Peregrine came running up the stairs, and entered the drawing-room in his usual tempestuous fashion. "Oh, sir, can you come and speak with Evans?" he asked, addressing himself to his guardian. "He thinks I should make a bid for that yacht at once if I want her."

"I have not the least desire to speak to Evans," replied the Earl.

"But Evans says she is a splendid vessel! He says she sails a point nearer to the wind than your Seamew!"

"Even that fails to awaken any desire in me to speak to him. I have some shocking news to break to you: I have just become engaged to your sister."

"But it won't take you above a quarter of—— What's that you say? Engaged to my sister? Oh, lord, I was afraid that would happen!"

"Peregrine!" said Judith.

"Well, I was," he insisted. "Harriet said she was sure you was in love with him all the time. I hoped it would be Charles, but she said there was no question of that. I'm sure I wish you very happy. I should not be interrupting you, I suppose, but this is devilish urgent, and it won't take above a quarter of an hour, you know. Worth I wish you will come with me to hear what Evans says for yourself!"

"Peregrine," said the Earl in a gently persuasive voice, "take Evans, take my whole crew, and the Seamew as well, if you like, and go to Southampton, and see this vessel for yourself. Only do not talk any more to me about it!"

"Do you mean I can buy her?" asked Peregrine, eagerly.

"You can buy a fleet of yachts for all I care," said his lordship.

"I'll be off at once!" said Peregrine, and hurried out of the room.

"My dear!" said Miss Taverner, rather perturbed. "You should not have told him to go to Southampton! He is quite capable of setting out in a chaise immediately!"

"I hope very much that he may. If I had had the presence of mind I would have told him to take Henry with him. I am persuaded they would find themselves a good deal in sympathy. Henry will be even less pleased at the news of our engagement than Peregrine—and almost as hard to silence."

"Indeed, when I think of Henry's views on my sex I am astonished at your daring to propose to me at all," said Miss Taverner. "I hope you are not offended by the circumstance of Perry not liking it extremely. He will when he knows you better, I promise."

The Earl smiled. "No, I am not offended," he said. "I was prepared for worse. I am consoling myself with the reflection that your brother's way of receiving the news cannot be more unflattering to me than my Tiger's opinion of it will be to you, my darling!"

(THE END—Copyright)

All's at an End

THE breach is made—false friend, adieu;
All's at an end between us two.
Let others come, with power and praise,
To blot your image from my days;
That shining past, its colors fade—
I'll have no more—the breach is made.

All's at an end? Proud instinct lies!
There is no end to human ties:
My voice has learned an alien tone;
My very look repeats your own:
Our natures act in foe and friend—
In vain we cry, All's at an end.

—DORA READ GOODALE

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TURO: The guide, explains that owing to his mastery of disguise, Saki has never been seen as he actually is, but the great magician is undeterred. Now carry on.

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"WELL, naturally the dullest girl on earth could win in the preliminaries," said Dolly scornfully, "men being what they are. But this must end in a proposal. Signed and sealed. In writing or in the presence of witnesses. Nothing less will convince me. And I'll pick the man. Sam Haworth! No, he's out; he's head over heels in love with that silly little Thompson girl. Kenneth Gordon? Well, he belongs to me, although I don't want him. Peter Davis?" she mused aloud.

"He's all right," agreed Sue Mary, still yawning. "I met him last week. We were talking about sociology."

"He's out, too," said Dolly firmly. "Besides—— Well, it doesn't matter. But we must pick someone whom none of the rest have been able to get. Someone difficult. I have it," squealed Dolly, in a burst of imagination: "Giles Bartlett!"

"Who's he?" asked Sue Mary, resignedly.

"Do you mean to say you've never heard of Giles Bartlett? He is one of the richest young men in England, not engaged to anyone, and under thirty. He owns racehorses, aeroplanes, fast cars, half a dozen houses, and a couple of yachts. He has no parents to interfere. There isn't a girl in England who hasn't tried and failed. Giles Bartlett it is. I grew up with him. I'll ask him to come and stay for the week-end. And if you make him propose to you, Sue Mary, I'll mortgage my life to good works for a year and a half."

"Giles Bartlett," repeated Sue Mary, in a little romantic whisper. Dolly looked at her sharply. But she was asleep.

During the next week Sue Mary had a proper hair-cut and a trip to London.

Dolly's mother observed events, smiling a little. She was very fond of Sue Mary, and she knew her Dolly. What Sue Mary didn't know, however, was that Mrs. Mannern had promised Dolly a visit to Paris if she could make Sue Mary half human. As for the clothes and the rest of it, Dolly had carte blanche. It was all merely an experiment in benevolence.

PRACTICE *Makes* PERFECT

Continued from Page 6

GILES BARTLETT came to stay without much reluctance. He liked Dolly Mannern. There were four of them that evening, Mrs. Mannern having another engagement. Four of them—Dolly in turquoise-blue and Sue Mary in rosy pink—Giles Bartlett and Peter Davis. The dining-room opened on to the garden, which ran down to the shore, and there was a smell of salt and a fragrance of roses. And there was a completely flawless moon, superbly full.

Across the flickering candle-light Sue Mary regarded her unconscious prey. He was tall. He was broad-shouldered. He had laughing grey eyes and dark hair with a wave in it. He had a cleft chin and a bronzed, lean face. He was, she supposed, handsome. Not that she had anything to go by, not that she had made any previous standards of comparison, yet she admitted that beside him the amiable and rather serious-minded Peter Davis was mediocre and uninteresting—to look at.

AFTER dinner, which was a lightly conversational affair, guided by the expert Dolly, the four went walking out in the rose-garden, thickly hedged in from the salt winds. Peter and Dolly disappeared, and Sue Mary found herself alone for the first time in her life with a man who wasn't a fellow-student or a professor.

The rosy frock was very becoming—it was short-waisted and tight of bodice, it had full skirts deepening to the color of peach blossoms. Sue Mary's hair was a bronze cap of little curls. She had rather reluctantly discarded her glasses, and her pointed face was faintly tanned and faintly flushed. She stumbled at a turn in the garden, and laid her hand on Bartlett's sleeve.

"I'm very short-sighted," said Sue Mary, apologetically.

Bartlett smiled down at her. He had a way with women. Too amiable a way. But he knew how to retreat gracefully when things became serious. Dolly's cousin, was she? Quaint, quiet little thing, rather stupid. With none of Dolly's sparkling chatter. A bit unintelligent, perhaps, but rather soothing, Dolly's cousin. Old-fashioned. She made him think of thatched cottages and lilac bushes in purple bloom and dew upon an English lawn.

"It is only fair," said Bartlett, "that such lovely eyes should have some defect."

HE felt rather protective. He took her arm and suggested that they sit down and look at the moon. Sue Mary did so, obediently. She riveted her blue gaze upon the silver orb. After a moment he said, smiling:

"I didn't mean literally. Look at me for a change, will you?"

Decidedly, Sue Mary transferred her gaze. Bartlett endured it for a full moment. Then he said, a little uneasily: "What do you see?"

"You."

"And what do you think of me?" he wanted to know. The usual chatter, of course, but always amusing.

"I suppose," replied Sue Mary, "that you are very good-looking. Of course," she added lightly, "without my glasses, I can't be sure."

Not so stupid, after all! Bartlett laughed.

"I'm glad, then," he said, "that you didn't wear your glasses."

A great many women had told him that he was good-looking. But generally by implication. He picked up Sue Mary's hand, which lay idle in her lap.

She remarked, without astonishment:

"You're holding my hand, aren't you?"

"Yes. Do you mind awfully?" asked Bartlett, and leaned closer.

"No," said Sue Mary thoughtfully, "it's interesting."

"How do you mean interesting, you funny little person?"

"I can't explain," said Sue Mary. Nor could she. It was interesting. Anxious to pursue the experiment further, she asked gently:

"When are you going to kiss me?"

A fast worker, said Bartlett's bewildered mind. He answered mechanically:

"Now!" he said.

He kissed her. Not so mechanically, Sue Mary did not draw away. She did not struggle. She did not kiss in return. She merely sat quite still and permitted herself to be kissed. She had an enchanting little mouth, brushed lightly with Dolly's best indelible lipstick. It was Bartlett who drew away, a trifle giddy.

"Well, that's that. How did you like it?" he said.

"I don't know," said Sue Mary honestly. But her voice shook just a little.

"How will you find out?" he demanded gravely. No, she was not quite as old-fashioned as he had thought her.

Sue Mary rose and shook out her peach-blossom skirts. She said frankly:

"By repetition, I suppose."

Bartlett rose, too. He towered over her. She looked up and smiled dimly. Bartlett said, somewhat roughly:

"Do you actually mean to tell me I am the first man who ever kissed you?"

"Why, yes," Sue Mary responded, taking a step out into the moonlit path, "except my fathers, godfathers, uncles and things."

He didn't believe her, of course. Yet he wanted to, and didn't know why. He asked, curiously shaken:

"I'd like to be sure. You spoke of repetition?" he suggested.

But she freed herself, quite gently. And answered, gravely enough:

"Not you. I have to have—other standards of comparison, you know."

"Other men?" asked Bartlett and found himself angry. Minx!

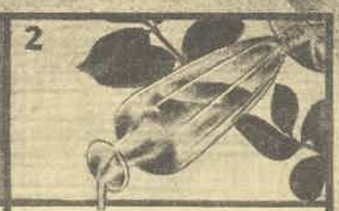
"Why not?" asked Sue Mary, reasonably. She was always reasonable.

Please turn to Page 31

WITH FOUR REASONS LIKE THESE...

Why doesn't everyone use...
PALMOLIVE!

I have my beauty specialist to thank for telling me about Palmolive . . . and getting me started on the right road to a nice complexion. He says there's nothing like Palmolive for beauty care . . . I think you'd like it a lot!



My beauty specialist says he feels so safe in recommending Palmolive—because he knows this soap is made from pure vegetable oils . . . a scientific blend of olive oil and palm oil. He says you just can't buy a better soap *at any price!*

Palmolive baths make me feel really clean. And Palmolive is marvellous for removing make-up. You massage the smooth, gentle Palmolive lather into your skin, and rinse. That's all. But every pore seems to be refreshed—and your skin looks lovely!

P.O.35-10

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.. keeps complexions so lovely

Here is the way to make *fruit flavoured Junkets in 2 minutes*

HEAT some milk *lukewarm*—not hot!—stir in sugar (one tablespoon to a pint)—remove from stove, add required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets, and pour into glasses. That's all you do! It's set in five minutes, and after it's chilled you have a tempting delicious sweet simple enough for the children—gay enough for a party! Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence can be obtained in four real fresh fruit flavours and it never fails to "set." Order some to-day from your grocer—give the family something new for dessert to-night!

● *If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's famous Junket Tablets at all grocers.*

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FRUIT JUNKETS
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MOTHER SPRAINS ANKLE

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PRACTICE *Makes* PERFECT

Continued from Page 30

SHE walked a little ahead of him and when Davis and Dolly joined them they found Bartlett rather silent, his eyes a bit sullen and Sue Mary quiet and grave and unruffled.

"When," asked Bartlett as the men were leaving, Sue Mary's hand in his, "shall I see you again? On the beach, at the courts, on the links?"

"I don't swim," said Sue Mary, "but I have a bathing suit. I don't play very good tennis and I've never played golf."

Bartlett looked at her in blank amazement. He inquired, dropping his voice a little

"I'd like to teach you those things—too."

"That would be nice," said Sue Mary

Later, when Sue Mary was undressing, Dolly burst into her room clad in feverish pyjamas Dolly demanded:

"Well?"

Sue Mary opened a crystal jar and carefully covered her face with fluffy cream. She had never used cream before. She was growing to like it.

"I want your report," said Dolly, sitting down on the bed.

"He held my hand," responded Sue Mary, "He kissed me."

Dolly's eyes were enormous. She breathed:

"He would He's noted for it. But—so soon? How did it happen?"

"Well," said Sue Mary thoughtfully "My hand was—oh, just lying about. So he held it. As for kissing me, I asked him if he was going to."

"You what?" gasped her cousin.

"Asked him."

"Tell me no more!" said Dolly fervently, and started for the door.

"I imagined," exclaimed Sue Mary meekly, "that you always asked them. I mean, it's more reasonable, isn't it? Otherwise they wouldn't know if you wanted them to or not. Isn't that so?"

BUT Dolly, in something resembling hysterics had vanished.

On the following day, Sue Mary, in an expensive bathing suit, made her appearance on the beach. Bartlett had been there for some time waiting. He lay in the sun, a hat tilted over his eyes and pondered. The girl was incredible. Was she playing some new game with him? Would she come to the beach? What would she look like by daylight? Ah, there she was, and Dolly in beach pyjamas with Davis in attendance Bartlett sprang to his feet as they came towards him Settled once more on the warm sand with Sue Mary beside him, he asked:

"How about the standards of comparison this morning?"

"I haven't seen any men except Peter Davis," replied Sue Mary.

"Well, what about Davis? What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing, only I didn't see him alone," answered Sue Mary.

"Do you honestly mean to sit there and tell me," asked Bartlett, "that you deliberately go about kissing all the men in Bournemouth, and heaven knows where else besides, in order to find out if I——?"

"Well, yes," replied Sue Mary, "How else am I to know? I don't intend kissing them, though," she added hastily. "I'll just make them kiss me."

"It shouldn't be difficult," he said gloomily. "You made me."

"Of course, I asked you," she said astonished, "so I'll ask them."

"Not if I know it!" muttered Bartlett, who found himself disliking to be labelled Exhibit A. "I'll keep you too busy—and—I'll take care of the repetition myself."

"No," said Sue Mary earnestly, "I wouldn't learn anything from that."

They swam. They golfed—after a fashion They played tennis They danced She didn't know how to dance either, but she was very easy to teach And they went for rides to neighboring places and had tea. And he kept his eye on her. But because "Giles Bartlett seems very keen on that little cousin of Dolly Manners," other young men decided it would be worth their while to find out why. And the telephone rang a lot and young men asked for the privilege of taking Sue Mary wherever she wanted to go. And Dolly watched open-mouthed with astonishment

EVERYTHING wasn't in Bartlett's favor. He watched as Dolly did, and was prey to the most extraordinary fears. And on the September night when the golf club held their monthly dance he dragged Sue Mary into an unfrequented corner, and demanded:

"How about it? The standards of comparison, I mean?"

Sue Mary leaned against the railings and solemnly counted on her fingers.

"Anthony Brooks," she said. "Tommy James. Kenneth Gordon."

"But's he's in love with Dolly!"

"I know What difference does that make? Sam Haworth——"

"But he's practically engaged to Lola Thompson!" gasped Bartlett in genuine horror

"Yes Perhaps he likes standards of comparison, too," said Sue Mary. "Besides, what has kissing to do with being in love?" she wanted to know.

"You little heathen! Don't tell me any more Moreover, don't you know that girls shouldn't kiss and tell?"

"I didn't kiss. I was kissed. Besides, why shouldn't I tell?" asked Sue Mary, in some astonishment "Men do, don't they?"

"Not if they are gentlemen," said Bartlett, sententiously

"What," asked Sue Mary again, "have gentlemen to do with kissing?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he groaned "All I'm interested in is that you've conducted — admirably — your experiment What are your conclusions?" he demanded.

"Some," said Sue Mary, dreamily, "were rather nice. Some were—messy Some were just silly."

"In which category do I belong?" he asked her

"The first," said she.

"Just—rather nice'?"

"So far," said Sue Mary smiling

There was an interlude After a long time he asked, more breathless than he'd ever been in all his life before this—

"Well?"

"It was lovely!" cried Sue Mary, with authentic enthusiasm. She stood on tiptoe She kissed him full upon the mouth She said "I'm improving, don't you think?"

"You—darling," said Bartlett, and took her again in his arms. "I don't know what to think, but I'm mad about you, Sue Mary."

"I don't suppose," said Sue Mary, "that that means very much, does it? I mean, the others all said that, too."

He swallowed hard He muttered: "Doesn't mean much—doesn't it? We'll see."

"Did any of them ask you to marry them, by any chance?"

"No——" said Sue Mary. "Although I don't doubt that if I'd wanted them to—it would have been," she mused, "rather simple."

He shook her, overcome by fury

"I'LL be round with the car to-morrow morning," said Bartlett, "and I'll go and get a marriage licence. Now would that suit you? I am not taking any chances on a long engagement with you! I love you. Do you love me, Sue Mary?"

Sue Mary looked up at him and smiled a little.

"I think so," she said . .

Some weeks later Sue Mary walked into her aunt's house alone Dolly was busy delving into suitcases.

"Where have you been all day," she said furiously to Sue Mary.

"I have been getting married," said Sue Mary serenely, "and I am going on something they call a honeymoon Idiotic term," she mused. "I must look up its origin."

Dolly sat down limply She asked breathlessly, awed to a mere whisper:

"You mean you've married—Giles Bartlett?"

"Yes, I've sent a wire to mother and father."

She turned and looked at the speechless Dolly over her shoulder

"You'll have to devote some months to good works," she said "You've lost your bet!"

Dolly blushed

"I'd intended to, anyway. You see, I have been in love with Peter for ages. And you have to like good works to interest Peter."

"You're an awfully slow worker, Dolly."

"It begins to look like it," said Dolly in admiration.

Sue Mary was nearing the door when Dolly regained the use of her limbs. She seized Sue Mary by the shoulders and held her in a sudden, strong embrace.

"Look here, Sue Mary," she murmured, "Giles is a dear and all that, but—I haven't rushed you into anything, have I? I mean—oh, Sue Mary, I don't know what to say or think Does he know about—you?"

Sue Mary Perkins M.A., Ph.D., nodded her little head

"He doesn't mind," she said. "I don't think he understood what it was all about. You see," she blushed suddenly scarlet, "you see, he thinks that he can supervise my education now."

"But, Sue Mary, listen—do you love him?"

Sue Mary smiled blissfully.

"Why, Dolly, I've passed with honors to be a first-class wife!"

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We Gave a Tea Party

And we never saw so many dainty ladies bowled over by a cake! Of course, we understand—we always do. For this was no ordinary cake, it was a very special cake, in fact it was a Copha Coffee Wafer Cake! Need we say more? We'll just leave you the recipe and quietly slip away knowing full well that your grocer, before the day is out, will have sold you at least one pound of Copha

COPHA COFFEE WAFER CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha.
12 ozs. Icing Sugar
1 Egg.
1 Tablespoon Coffee Essence.
½ lb. Wafer Cream Biscuits as sold by all grocers

Mix together the sifted sugar, egg and coffee essence. Then stir in gradually the hot (not boiling) Copha Line a shallow cardboard box with greaseproof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the wafer biscuits until the box is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture Stand in a cold place until set

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DRUGS?

Don't make the mistake of giving even a 14-year old boy strong medicine meant for adults.

Here is the proper treatment for the child who has grown sluggish

Boys and girls who have reached their "teens" are not ready to be given powerful drugs!

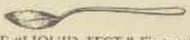
It is *not* wise to give laxatives of adult strength to a child, just because you give them less frequently or in less amounts. *Many stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can be traced to this single mistake.*

For safer relief of constipation in children, do this: Stop all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets, or "candy" form. Even once a month is too often to give any child a cathartic strong enough for adults.

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (*a natural laxative*). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Give that headachy, bilious child a little of this gentle laxative when constipated, *and a little less, if dose is repeated* until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

Get the true California Syrup of Figs containing senna and cascara, which will not weaken the bowels or irritate the kidneys. You'll soon have full evidence that it safely relieves constipation in children.



THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

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Now there was a little girl named Goldilocks who ate up the little Bears' Breakfast.

And fell fast asleep.

And father Bear said: "Who's been tasting my breakfast?"

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WOMAN *Racehorse Owner* *Tailors* THEIR RUGS

Panders to Girlish Temperament of Her Fillies

A genuine love of horses rather than a desire to make money prompted Mrs. D. W. Reddan to become a racehorse owner. She spent her girlhood in the country, where she always had her own horses.

And she is so devoted to her horses that she makes their light dust-dugs herself. She buys the best linen available, cuts them on tailored lines to fit the individual horses, and finishes them with linen tape and deep fringe.

MRS. REDDAN, who pampers her horses like children.

MRS. REDDAN became a racehorse owner in a typically feminine way. For years she and her husband had attended yearling parades. With a partner they bred some yearlings, and the day came when one of them was to be sold.

Mrs. Reddan went to the sale, but could not bear to see the horse she had known from infancy pass into someone else's care, so she bought him back herself. The yearling was Pinner, who was not a great success on the track.

A horse she and her husband bought in Sydney died on the way to Victoria, another they had negotiated for was sold to another buyer and promptly won two cups in Sydney.

Determined to own a horse that would merit her pride and devotion she bought Belgian Star. Before it had raced she left for abroad.

She arrived back in Melbourne the day before the Caulfield Guineas last year. The Guineas were run on October 13, her horse was in the thirteenth barrier position, and the number on her saddle-cloth was 13. In spite of the weight of superstition against her, Belgian Star ran second.

"One of the greatest thrills in being an owner," said Mrs. Reddan, "is to see all your women friends who have backed your horse waving their congratulations with their Tote tickets. My friends collected £3/5/- for 5/- on Belgian Star's place."

She Is Superstitious

Mrs. Reddan's latest purchase is Gipsy Princess. Her horse was again in 13th barrier position at the Caulfield Guineas meeting, but she came third in the Debutant Stakes.

Superstition influences her as it does most racing people. She would not have green in her racing colors, she still thinks 13 unlucky, and she dreamed that Gipsy Princess came nowhere on Caulfield Cup day. The dream was correct.

Mrs. Reddan and her husband have their own racing stables at Ascot Vale. They have christened them Goodwood, after the English racecourse. She has sacrificed the usual feminine preoccupation with color and various fripperies to provide maximum comfort for her horses. The six boxes are unusually large and are kalsomined regularly.

"Gipsy Princess is rather a wild young thing," she says, "and has the exceptionally slender legs of an ultra-wellbred young woman, so I have had her box deeply padded with straw and hessian so that she cannot injure her legs if she lashes out in a burst of girlish temperament."

HER MAJESTY the Queen as a child.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, November 2.—11.0: Hall of Song. 7.15: Pinto Pete. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 8.30: Frank and Archie in Hollywood. 9.30: Exclusive recordings.

SUNDAY, November 3.—1.45: Highlights of Opera. 4.5: Musical Vienna. 7.20: Discussion on the Crimes Act by Lloyd Ross and Dr. Frank Louatt. 8.0: Hollywood Melodies. 8.45: George Edwards in "Anna Karenina."

MONDAY, November 4.—11.45: Dorothea Vautier—"People in the Limelight." 3.15: Fashions, Fads and Fancies. 6.30: Newspaper Adventures. 6.45: Romance of the Melbourne Cup. 7.50: Laughing Cavalier. 9.15: Russell and Morgan—Melody Travellers. 10.30: Jack Davey presents Duke Ellington.

TUESDAY, November 5.—10.0: Child Problems. 1.45: Storyteller. 3.30: Dorothea Vautier—Musical Personalities. 8.45: Krausmeyer and Cohen. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James.

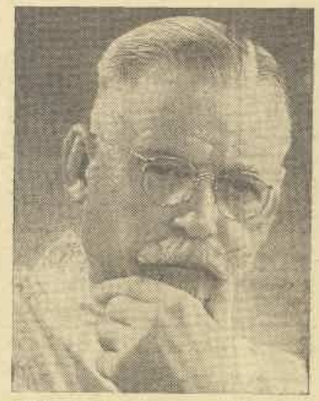
WEDNESDAY, November 6.—5.30: Krazy College. 8.0: Kingsmen. 9.0: Easy Chair Music. 10.45: Emmy Bettendorf.

THURSDAY, November 7.—12.45: Hettie Templeton—Numerology. 9.45: Fireside Phantasies. 10.30: Wilhelm Backhaus.

FRIDAY, November 8.—6.58: Castles in Music. 9.15: Jack Lumsdaine. 9.30: A. M. Pooley. 9.45: Edmund Breese in "Memories."

. . . . SKIN BLEMISHES BANISHED! *"Skin Blemishes and Pimples are a direct result of self-poisoning"*

. . . says Dr. VAN NOORDEN of the world-famous Frankfort clinic



Pimples and a blotchy complexion are extremely disfiguring . . . they are also a warning of internal trouble that may become serious if not remedied. Soaps and salves are not remedies. They attack the symptoms, but have no effect on the cause. This, Dr. Van Noorden emphasises, is autoxima, or self-poisoning due to a clogged colon.

The action of the colon is to eliminate waste matter from the body. It must also extract essential food minerals which have not already been absorbed. To-day's foods give insufficient exercise to the walls of the colon. These walls lose their power of normal movement, fail to extract the essential minerals, and their folds become clogged with putrefying matter. Virulent poisons and bacteria form, seep into the blood stream, and cause acidosis and autoxima or self-poisoning.

Coloseptic's Unique Action

To regain your health the encrustations in your colon must be removed, and the walls restored so that they are again capable of performing their functions. COLOSEPTIC does both. It gently clears the clogged, decaying matter from your colon, and, at the same time, it tones up the walls. Also, it corrects all acid conditions and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, respiratory system and the kidneys—the three remaining organs that eliminate poisons from your system.

That's why COLOSEPTIC must mean a permanent end to skin blemishes, just as it does to all those hosts of other ills that arise from autoxima or self-poisoning . . . escape worry now and serious illness later, and know the joyous vitality that comes from perfect health. End the menace of autoxima to-day!

. . . This Woman Regains the Bloom of Health

"Bangalow," N.S.W.

"I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine . . . one bottle of Coloseptic did me more good than all the medicines I had ever taken; and after taking a course of it I am overjoyed to be able to say that I am now completely cured."—"I am, yours faithfully, Mrs. M.C."

(The original of this letter may be seen at head office.)

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Learn more about this vital subject. Mail the coupon for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, to-day, and you will receive, by return mail and under plain cover, a book telling you all about this intimate and highly important subject. You will learn how you are unknowingly developing an acid condition that gives rise to skin faults, lowering your vitality, missing the best of life, and paving the way for disease. Don't put it off—mail the coupon NOW!

A CLOGGED COLON

CLEAN YOUR COLON . . .

You cannot clear your complexion of blotches and pimples until you remedy the cause. This is autoxima, to which scientists attribute 95% of disease! COLOSEPTIC ends it, together with acidosis, partial constipation and the slow clogging of your colon. Remember, normal bowel movements are often useless, for, unaided, the colon grows too sluggish to remove encrustations. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon. Look at the clogged colon to the left. Then look at the same colon cleared by COLOSEPTIC. Incomplete evacuation has ended and all poisonous waste is removed. Once again you are free from pimples and skin blemishes, free from all fear of disease. Renewed health and vitality are yours.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

November 2, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

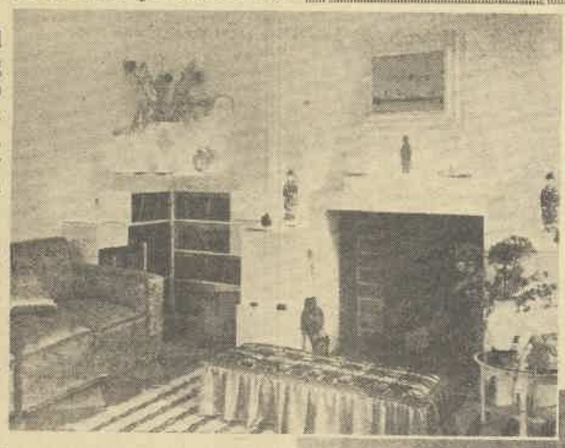
THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME Once Belonged to Nell Gwyn!

Intimate glimpses into centuries-old "Pineapple Priory," Seymour Place, Chelsea, London . . . now in modern dress

... BY ...
Our Home Decorator

NO one looking at the pictures reproduced on this page would ever guess that in the long ago the pretty feet of Sweet Nell of Old Drury tripped lightly, blithely over these floors, that here her swift, sometimes sharp as a rapier, sallies and the deep-throated laughter of enthralled satellites punctuated the air...

A few days ago I talked with the charming young chatelaine of this now so modernly appointed home. She is Mrs. Jack Coats, who, with her husband and baby son, Christopher, has been visiting these shores.



THE hall, Mrs. Coats told me, is perhaps the most interesting room in Pineapple Priory. Unfortunately, the photograph had been borrowed from her collection, so I am not able to show it to you.

It is built round about a dozen Chinese prints, which also hang either side of the staircase mounting to the drawing-room.

These pictures are framed in red lacquer. Like every other room the walls are pure white. The inlaid carpet is of green, white, and red rubolenm; the hall table is red-topped, while a red squat cushion decorates the seat. You tread a green carpet on the staircase—the green matching exactly that of the leaves, featuring in the prints and in the carpet. Banister rails are lacquered red.

Cream Crepe Columns

JUDGING by Mrs. Coats' description and my study of the photograph showing top right, the studio dining-room is next in order of interest.

The pure white walls have pleated columns of cream crepe reaching from floor to ceiling as decoration. From a circular motif on the ceiling, also of pleated cream crepe, the Early Victorian chandelier, with fruit and flowers, the latter showing quaintly-striped carnations, hangs.

Curtains are flame-colored, chairs are white and gold; matching carpets strew the cream-covered floor, while the shallow staircases, the main one leading to the drawing-room, are cream covered, edged in flame. Two studies—one a Kathleen Mann and the other by Oliver Messel—hang on the inner wall, opposite long french doors which lead on to the garden, one of the most beautiful in London.

A portion only of the drawing-room is to be seen in the second picture.

This room has walls of pure white with cream rugs and gold satin covers to lounges and chairs.

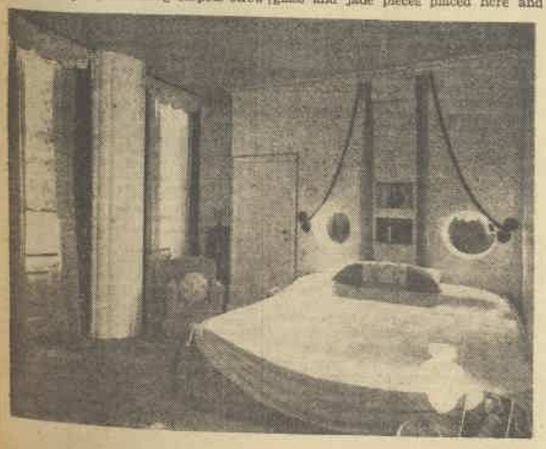
The three windows leading on to the garden are beautifully treated. Curtains are colored gold over windows, with pillar drapes between of moss-green velvet and black currant-shaded satin.

Behind the stepped treatment of corner bookcase, fireplace, and mantelpiece the light filters softly through two-inch-thick plate-glass. It filters fascinatingly, too, through the exquisite glass and jade pieces placed here and there. Priceless relics of the Ming dynasty also add lustre to this beautiful room.

Over the lounge, portion of which you glimpse in this picture, there hangs a late seventeenth-century Italian mirror in green and gold.

The fender-stool you can see, an old piece, is covered with Italian cloth in purple and natural tonings.

Large squares of plywood form a base for the exquisite rugs. This is polished to mirror-like perfection.



- *Above: THE STUDIO DINING-ROOM in Pineapple Priory. Most unusual is the treatment of walls, which are decorated with pleated columns of cream crepe.*
- *Left: SHOWING a section of the modern drawing-room.*
- *Below: A GLIMPSE of the nursery, showing the octagonal plate-glass window in the wall dividing sleeping quarters of baby and nurse.*
- *Bottom Left: A SECTION of the very modern bedroom. See article for description of color scheme, which is strikingly original.*

New Nursery Ideas

BABY CHRISTOPHER does not realise yet, and perhaps never will realise, all the thought that went into the planning of his suite.

A partition with an octagonal plate-glass window separates his sleeping quarters from those of his nurse. Mrs. Coats believes this encourages independence—no coddling for Master Christopher.

Walls are palest blue and palest primrose, with octagonal ceiling-light in softest pink.

Curtains are off-white and fashioned of Maltese goats'-hair linen, with palest primrose, blue, and pink edgings. The floor is of blue cork.

A Modern Bedroom

THE photograph of the main bedroom showing at the foot of this page will interest you, I am sure.

Walls are pure white, but the ceiling is in palest green, merging to a lime tint.

Two corrugated wood pillars—one showing in the picture—reaching from ceiling to floor, contain cupboards for shoes, hats, etc.

Window pelmets are of quilted chintz (matching the bedspread), with a tiny gentian-blue colored border. All-in-one curtains are fashioned of gentian-blue velveteen, powder-blue crepe, and lime-green chiffon.

Very striking, very unusual!

The concealed lighting gleams with an illusion of sunshine from between pelmet and blind at each window; blinds are white with blue flowers.

There's a gentian-blue colored velvet valance to the seven-foot square bed, with its lime-green swags tied with powder-blue rope. The pillow-cushion matches the window treatments.

Between the mirror-backed niches in the wall at the bed-head, which give forth a soft, suffused light, chintz powder-blue, edged with lime-green chiffon, falls from a gentian-blue rope supported by rings in the ceiling.

Old blue-and-white Chinese pieces decorate the wall at the other end of the room. These stand on lime-green, gentian-blue, and powder-blue glass shelves.

An alabaster lamp glows on a small table at the foot of the bed, upon which stands a beautiful photographic study of the charming young chatelaine. —E.E.G.

Clever IDEAS

FLOOR POLISHER: If you want a good polisher for floors and linoleums, pad the head of an old broom and cover it with velvet. If you run over the floors with this, you will be amazed at the good polish and the ease with which you do it.

SCALING FISH: If you drop fish into boiling water for about one minute, you will be able to scale them much more easily.

BURNT SAUCEPANS: If burnt saucepans are filled with hot water to which a handful of kitchen salt has been added, left to stand for an hour or two, and then rubbed with a coarse rag dipped in more salt, the burnt marks should come away quite easily.

PEELING ONIONS: We all know onions, the way they have such a watery effect on the eyes, but peel them from the root upwards—they do not smell so strongly then, and your eyes will not fill with tears.

SPILT WINE: If you have spilt wine on the tablecloth, quickly mop it up, then sprinkle with powdered starch and leave for two hours. Shake the powder off and wash in cold water, then boil, when the stain will disappear.

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Through times of change and many reigns, Royalty, Dignity and Beauty have mingled in the Morny Salons in Regent Street, London, —the Home of British Perfumery.

All Morny soaps, powders and creams are perfumed with the incomparable Morny perfumes. There is all the fresh untutored charm of Youth in JUNE ROSE,—all the disturbing complexity of a more conscious Grace in the new TENTATION.

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HOW TO LIVEN UP that Vegetable Patch!

Some Pertinent Tips on Sowing and Tending—By the Old Gardener

SOME people who possess a vegetable garden rarely realise their obligations to it. Having planted out the vegetables, perhaps even correctly spaced them, they consider their duty done, and are consequently somewhat disappointed with the poor specimens that are the result of their home cultivation. But, after they have seen what marvellous things can be grown with proper and reasonable care, they will never again prod in a potato eye—and call it a day!

THE vegetable garden is very important, and must not be neglected. Suppose we run over it, and see what can be done.

Weed and hill up the bean beds, and the potato beds. All other vegetables need the hoe. You must understand that by hilling the soil well up to the plants the moisture is retained, the plants are protected from the dry, hot winds, grow more robust, and give better results.

Before you begin the hilling process, sprinkle a little superphosphate along the rows, one generous handful to every twelve feet. Hill up, then water well, and you will be surprised at the success you will have with your plants. Mulch well, also, this month.

Fill the trenches between the rows with any suitable material on hand, such as old bush scrapings, grass, dead weeds, old manure, seaweed, etc. There are many people who love a garden, and are not in a position financially to purchase manure for mulching purposes. It is then they must turn their attention to all waste material from the garden, and that is the time when the compost heap is really useful.

All refuse from the garden should never be wasted. Return it to the soil. The competent gardener is the person who can turn a sandhill into fertile soil without the assistance of manure, and this can be done by utilising everything possible around the home which will form humus and build up the soil. All refuse from the kitchen should never be wasted, but trenches dug, and this material added. Sandy soil especially will take all this class of material that you can give.

Grow Them Quickly!

ALL vegetables must be grown quickly, so keep them on the move. Thorough cultivation and systematic watering, a little fertiliser from time to time, will bring success.

Salad vegetables, especially when grown quickly, are crisp and tender. Lettuce can be ready for the table in one month after transplanting if grown under proper conditions. Just water them once a week with a dessertspoonful of sulphate of ammonia in each gallon of water. Pour this between the rows—do not let it near the foliage. All vegetables grown for the leaves or hearts, such as spinach, cabbage, and lettuce, respond like magic to sulphate of ammonia.

See to the potato patch this month. Spray well with lime sulphur, making the strength of water to sulphur 40 to 1. To prevent the blight, bordeaux mixture is also excellent for spraying purposes. Use according to directions.

Tomato plants will need the same attention as the potatoes in the matter of spraying. Strength of solution as already directed. Prune these plants also. Nip out all laterals which appear between the tranches and main stem. Those are useless, never carry any suitable fruit blossoms, and only rob the plant of useful sap.

Keep the tomato bush to one stem, then the fruit will appear all the way along this stem. Systematic pruning will give ripe tomatoes at least two weeks earlier than the unattended vine.

SOW more beans. Plant a row of epicure beans along a fence, or in any suitable position where they can be trained.

Sow more cucumbers, lettuce, radish, parsnips, melons, pumpkins, carrots, more beetroot, and a bed of peas.

Don't miss having a corner for herbs, just a root of mint, a little thyme, a few roots of marjoram, a small patch of parsley.

Attend to the rhubarb. Plenty of mulch and tons of water are factors in successful vegetable growing. So don't be afraid to give rhubarb plenty, and if mulch is unobtainable, keep the surface soil well broken up.

Action of the Sun

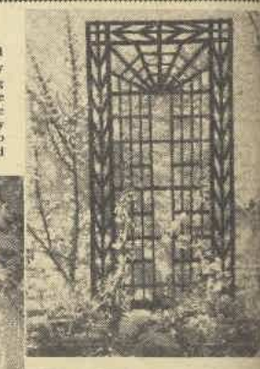
THE soil is made up of little tube-like cells, which we call capillaries, and when the surface few inches are not broken up to form a mulch, the sun draws the moisture from the soil through these tubes. So you can understand for yourself how necessary it is to keep the soil well worked and broken up, or thoroughly mulched, through the hot days of summer.

When watering, give a thorough soaking, so that the water can get down to the subsoil. The deeper plants can send their roots in search of moisture the more healthy they grow and the less liable they are to disease.

HERE also is a good tip: All plants that produce their crop above the ground—such as lettuce, cabbage, peas, beans, and, of course, all flowering plants—sow the first week of the new moon on to the full. Transplant also at this stage. All plants that give their crop under the ground—such as radish, turnips, potatoes—sow from the full moon on to the end. Try this yourself and note results.

Adding Beauty to Home and Garden

LATTICE trellises prove an easy and inexpensive way of adding beauty to home and garden. The trellis shown below is more on the decorative side than is usually seen, and would give character to a bare wall. The handyman could copy the style with ease.



THE lattice trellis illustrated above is most attractive. It shows a dignity and strength in its construction, but is not meant to be smothered with a profuse climber. A rose clambering nonchalantly across its face would be ideal; in fact, the most suitable type of climber to choose for it.

● FACE THOSE "DIFFICULT" DAYS WITH POISE AND ASSURANCE ●

All your keenness . . . your excitement over a good afternoon's racing must be complemented by alertness and good spirits. Nerves and depression, lackadaisical weariness have no place in the programme. On days when fatigue is likely to overcome you, when energy is low, Vicker's Gin will assist tremendously. Its mild stimulation, its certain palliative virtues, make it an invaluable and indispensable aid to women.

VICKERS
FAMOUS SINCE 1750

POMPONE DAHLIAS

The dainty little Pompone variety is become more popular every season. The following a recommended collection to give abundance of cut flowers:

NELLIE FLASER—mauve, tipped cream; MYTLE—clear pale pink; THE PRINCE—dark plum; GLOW—salmon-pink; GWENDOLINE—cream and pale pink; DORIA—dark mauve; MRS. TRLFER—pure white; LITTLE FRANK—amber shaded salmon; WINNIE—cream, flushed pink; VALERIE FOREMAN—pink ground, tipped white; SUNNY DAYBREAK—pale apricot, edged red; BERT SELBY—golden buff. Price 1/- each, 11/- per dozen. Postage extra 3d. each, or 1/3 per dozen.

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PICNIC DELIGHTS!

Warmer days are with us, so when the sun shines, hearken to the call of bush or beach, fill your hampers with good things suggested here . . . and hie away!

Says RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

When packing a picnic basket, take things that are easy to eat and will pack and carry well. Such as sandwiches, pastries, patties, galantines, eggs, salads, fruits. Family and friends do not look for elaborate dishes out of doors, but provide plenty for them as appetites are always keener in the open.

TAKE a plentiful supply of drinks — lemons can be squeezed, sugar added and carried in bottles; water can be added later. Have a large cake as a stand-by, if not eaten it can easily be taken back home.

Invest in a good supply of papier mache cups, plates and screw-top containers. They are all light to carry and can be bought quite cheaply now; after using they can be thrown away, thus saving washing-up, which is not a favorite occupation of anyone—especially when out in the open.

Carry cream, mayonnaise, stewed fruit, jelly, butter, fruit salad, etc., in screw-top papier mache containers.

Wash salad greens well and carry in clean towel—and don't forget the tin-opener, cork-screw and matches!

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup currants, 2oz. candied peel, ½ cup honey, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and ginger; rub in butter and add sugar and fruits. Make into a soft mixture with honey and milk. Pour into prepared tin, bake in slow oven 40 to 50 minutes and turn on to a cake-cooler.

SULTANA CAKE

Three-quarters of a pound butter, ¾lb. sugar, 7 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, 13oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1½lb. fruit.

Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs, then milk, sifted flour, and prepared fruit. Pour into well-greased 7-inch square cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven from 1½ to 1¾ hours. Turn carefully on to cooler. When cold, store in air-tight tin. This cake keeps well.

COFFEE SANDWICH AND COFFEE CREAM FILLING

Three eggs, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 tablespoon water, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 1 teaspoon butter.

Separate whites and yolks of eggs and beat whites stiffly. Add yolks and sugar and beat until thick. Stir in very lightly well-sifted flour and cream of tartar. Boil coffee essence, water and butter well, pour on to soda; stir until well dissolved; then add to the cake mixture, stirring well to have an even consistency. Pour into two well-greased sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked turn on to a cake-cooler, and when cold join together with coffee cream and sprinkle icing-sugar over top.

TO MAKE COFFEE CREAM

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 4 tablespoons icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar until it is as white as possible. Add essence, and use as a filling for the sponge sandwich.

PICNIC CAKE

Half pound butter, ¾lb. sugar, 1lb. self-raising flour, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, ¾lb. sultanas, ¾lb. currants, 2oz. peel, ½ teaspoon spice.

Sift flour and spice, rub in butter, add sugar, fruits, rind, and peel. Mix into a dough with the beaten eggs and milk.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

Place in a well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven from 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 4oz. minced ham, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, cayenne, 4 hard-boiled eggs, minced onion if liked, cracker crumbs.

Mix steak, ham, crumbs, onion, salt, cayenne, add sauce and beaten egg. Press half the mixture into well-greased pudish. Lay shelled hard-boiled eggs down the centre. Cover with remainder of the mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Turn out. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs. Serve in slices with salad vegetables.

GALANTINE OF BEEF

Two pounds lean beef, salt, cayenne, 6oz. breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, ¼lb. bacon, 2 eggs, ½ cup stock, crumbs, and glaze.

Remove skin and gristle from meat. Put through mincer with bacon. Add crumbs to the meat with chopped parsley, salt, cayenne. Add eggs, mixing in well, then stock. Roll in floured cloth. Tie firmly each end. Boil for 2 hours. Press into shape with weights. Leave till cold. Roll in cracker crumbs or brush with melted glaze. Decorate with roses of butter through tube.

PICNIC DAYS are here again, spelling fresh air and sunshine—and radiant good health. Here, on this page, Ruth Furst gives you a wonderful array of good things to choose from for that magic hamper.

BEETROOT MOULD

One bunch betroot, water, a little vinegar, 6 cloves, powdered gelatine, salt and mustard, cayenne.

Prepare beetroot by washing it well and leaving the stalks on. Do not cut it in any way or prick it, otherwise it bleeds. Put the beetroot into a large saucepan of boiling, salted water and boil till tender. Drain in a colander. When cold, remove the skin and cut into thin slices. Take one piece of beetroot before cooking, peel it, and boil it in vinegar and water to which salt, cayenne, mustard and cloves have been added. The object of peeling is to extract the color, making the liquid red. Strain it, and to every cupful of liquid add one dessertspoon of gelatine. Stir till well dissolved. Line a wetted mould with the cooked beetroot. Pour in liquid and leave on ice till set. Turn out in the usual way and serve with cold meat.

MAYONNAISE OF EGGS

Hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, mayonnaise or salad dressing.

Shell eggs; cut in half; shred the lettuce finely and place a little in paper souffle-cases. Arrange an egg on the bed of lettuce. Pack in box. Carry mayonnaise in cardboard screw-top container. When you arrive at destination a little mayonnaise can be poured over the egg.

ROLLED VEAL

Breast of veal, hard-boiled eggs, sausage-meat, salt, cayenne, slices of ham, stock.

Remove bone and gristle from meat and lay out flat. Spread with sausage-meat. Cover with sliced egg, ham, salt, and cayenne. Roll up and tie with string. Place in casserole. Add 1½ cups stock. Cover with lid and bake slowly 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from casserole and press between weights. When cold, remove string and glaze. Cut into slices. Serve with salad.

FRUIT IN JELLY

One tin fruit, 1 packet red jelly.

Drain liquid from the fruit and make up to ¾ pint with water. Bring to the boil, pour on to the crystals, and stir till dissolved. Arrange the fruit in containers. When jelly is cold pour on to fruit and leave in cool place till required.

MILK OR SCONE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, milk and water to mix.

Sift the flour and salt into a basin. Add the milk and water, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board and knead till smooth. Make into a round shape. Prick with fork. Place on a greased large sandwich-tin. Place in hot oven. When evenly browned, lessen the heat and cook slowly, taking about 35 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold, cut into slices and butter. Much nicer than scones for a picnic—does not become dry, and can be made the day before using.

DATE CREAMS

Two cups sugar, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons glucose or 1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar, stoned dates, essence.

Boil the sugar, milk, and glucose for five minutes. Then beat till thick and white. Add essence. Fill the dates with the cream. Leave till firm, then roll in waxed paper.

Prunes and figs can be made in the same way. The cream can be colored if liked.

CORNISH MEAT TART

Six ounces short crust, 1lb. steak, 1 onion, 1 large potato, ¼lb. bacon, salt and cayenne, chopped parsley, little water.

Chop steak, bacon, and onion finely. Cut potato into dice. Mix all ingredients well together, add two tablespoons water and allow to stand 15 minutes. Make the short crust, turn on to a floured board. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line deep sandwich tin, fill with the meat mixture, and wet edge of the pastry. Roll out the small piece and cover over the top. Trim edges and pinch together, glaze with egg. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes till pastry is brown, then lessen the heat and cook slowly for half-hour longer. Remove from the tin and serve either hot or cold. If eaten cold, use butter when making the short crust.

STUFFED ROLLS

Rolls, small tin salmon, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, lettuce leaves.

Cut top off the rolls. Scoop out a little of the centre, and butter if liked. Flake the salmon, removing any bones. Mix in a little mayonnaise, salt, and cayenne. Wash and dry lettuce and shred finely. Line the rolls with lettuce, then heap the salmon mixture in the centre. Cover with a buttered top. Pack in grease-proof paper in boxes.

DATE COOKIES

Quarter cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg gradually, add milk gradually, then sifted flour and dates. Place dessertspoonfuls of mixture on well-greased Swiss roll tins, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Such flavour—such goodness—and now a new white cap to protect it and prevent discolouration, no wonder Australia's favourite is

Rosella TOMATO SAUCE

EMPIRE PRODUCT

In two grades — Red and Gold Labels

ALLY SALMON

In ¼, ½ & 1lb. tins

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW!

Steelo

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Mak's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

SANDWICHES ALWAYS POPULAR -DELICIOUS ON HOT TOAST TOO!

THE DICTIONARY OF HOSPITALITY

GUESTS; persons entertained at one's house or table. Good entertainment depends on unobtrusive correctness. The provision of salt cellars filled with pure, white Cerebos Salt endows the table with an air of grace and quality.

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The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing speed with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.

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BACKACHE

When it seems as though invisible daggers are being plunged into the small of your back—unseen hammers showering dull, sickening blows on either side of your spine—when every movement means torture—when pain robs you of sleep—your kidneys are failing in their vital work. Something has gone wrong among the millions of little filters whose duty it is to remove from the blood all impurities such as uric acid, waste matter and germs that impoverish it and lower the body's vitality; and *its your back that feels it first.*

Flush those impurities away; clear out the clogged filter-tubes of the kidneys; drain away into the bladder those waste matters that lodge in the tissues of the back and wound and worry the sensitive nerve-ends. Stop the torment at its very source—the kidneys.

De Witt's Pills will do it for you, and do it as surely and as promptly as nothing else can. For they act on *the kidneys themselves.* There is no doubt about it—you can satisfy yourself within twenty-four hours that the healing influence of De Witt's Pills has reached the root of the trouble. They are made just for that one job—to bring the kidneys gently but firmly back to their state of normal health.

All chemists sell De Witt's Pills in 3/6 and 6/6 bottles. Don't delay another minute—healthy kidneys mean freedom from backache.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

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For Varied and Appetising Recipes to Suit All Occasions

Housewives are afforded an excellent opportunity of winning some fine cash prizes in our best recipe competition. £1, 10/-, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 are awarded weekly for the finest recipes received.

Any recipe you have tried out in the kitchen, and which is just a little out of the ordinary and likely to be a big favorite with everybody, would be just the one. Send it along to-day—you have every chance of winning a prize.

COMPETITORS please note: When sending in your recipes, please state, when cup quantities are given, whether small tea cup or large breakfast cup is to be used.

Here are this week's prize-winners:

SATISFACTION PUDDING

Six penny sponge cakes, 3 eggs, 1oz. almonds, 1 pint milk, 1oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, jam, essence, 4oz. short crust.

Line edges of a deep tart plate or piedish with the pastry, split sponge cakes in halves, spread with jam, and arrange in layers in plate, blanch and split the almonds and sprinkle over and between cakes.

Make a custard of the milk, egg-yolks, and sugar, flavor to taste, then pour over prepared cake and bake in moderate oven till set. Whip whites of eggs stiffly, add two tablespoons of sugar and beat well. Put large, rough spoonfuls on the pudding, sprinkle with sugar, and return to the oven till meringue is lightly browned.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice Street, Flinders Park, S.A.

ORANGE FLUTTER PUDDING

Three cups milk, 3 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 3 oranges.

Peel oranges, and after removing all the pith, cut them into small, thin pieces. Pour the juice on to the gelatine to soak it. If not sufficient juice to cover it, add a little water.

Heat the milk and pour it slowly over the well-beaten yolks, to which sugar and salt have been added. Beat a little, then add gelatine. Bring all to boiling point, remove from heat. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, and add to mixture. Mix well, then add oranges. Pour into a wet mould. Serve very cold with cream.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. Collins, 1 Novar Flats, Liverpool and Darley Streets, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

BAKED PLUM PUDDING

This baked plum pudding is specially suitable for children, being light and easily digested. Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shredded suet, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups sultanas, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Rub suet into flour and sugar, then cinnamon and sultanas. Beat eggs well. Make a hole in centre, put eggs in, then the milk (have a fairly stiff mixture), and bake about 1½ hours in a greased piedish.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Mathieson, Glen Oak, Nikenbah, via Maryborough, Qld.

SAVE VEGETABLE WATER

NEVER throw away the water in which vegetables are boiled. Use it instead of plain water for making gravy, soups, and sauces, as it contains vegetable minerals. The water in which cabbage is boiled for only ten minutes, and never longer than fifteen minutes, is as delicious as chicken broth, and high in mineral content.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM

One pint milk, ½ pint strawberry pulp, 1 egg-white, ½ pint cream, 12oz. sugar.

Bring milk and sugar to boil and cool. Pass fruit through a fine sieve. Add milk and stir in lightly the stiffly-whipped cream. When mixture is partially frozen, add well-whisked egg-white, and continue freezing.

All sorts of things may be added to this custard—biscuits, coffee, chocolate, nuts, preserved and candied fruits, fresh fruits, flavorings, and colorings.

HOW TO FREEZE

A large saucepan, 3d. ice, a billy to hold custard, 1 or 2lb. coarse salt.

Cool custard, put into billy with clean cloth over it. Put lid on and jam down tightly. Crack ice size of small eggs. Lay two or three inches deep in bottom of saucepan. Sprinkle with salt. Stand billy in, fill up all round with ice and salt, packing firmly. Put a clean tea-towel twisted tightly around the billy to absorb moisture as ice begins to melt. Twist or spin billy for three minutes. In five minutes open the can, run a knife round sides, turning the firm part from the sides into the thin. Stir up vigorously. Continue till all is frozen. Do not fill can more than two-thirds full, as mixture expands as it freezes.

I have often heard lots of people say home-made ice-cream is never a success. I am sure, if the above recipe is tried, the results will prove well worth the effort.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to K. Harley, 5 Princess Av., Caulfield East, Vic.

CANOULETTE AU LOULAUSAIN

Cut a boned shoulder of lamb into thin strips. Fry them in butter until they are a deep brown, and then place them in a stewpan. Then cut slices of peeled tomatoes, onion, celery, mushrooms, and one clove of garlic. Fry the vegetables in the same pan until they are just brown, and then add them to the meat. Season with grated nutmeg and a few drops of almond essence, pepper and salt. Rinse the pan with 1 cupful of mutton stock, and add it to the meat and vegetables, together with 1 cupful of cooking sherry. Bring to the boil quickly, then reduce at once to a simmer and cook for 1 hour. Thicken and serve in a ring of creamed potatoes garnished with French mushrooms.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Ruston, 218 Wellington Street, Launceston, Tas.

MUSHROOM BUTTER

Two breakfast cups of finely-chopped mushrooms, ¼lb. of butter, 3 eggs, an eggspoon cayenne pepper, teaspoon salt, 1 eggspoon white pepper.

Peel mushrooms, remove stalks, chop finely, place in double saucepan with the butter, salt, and pepper. Boil half-hour. Beat eggs thoroughly, and stir in gradually and boil 1 hour. Stir constantly. Bottle in warm bottles while hot. Seal down. This will keep indefinitely. Delicious for savories or sandwiches.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to J. A. Crawford, Coombell, via Grafton, N.S.W.

Nettie powders . . .

Nettie rouges, too . . .

But she'll never have unattractive Cosmetic Skin

● Every night—and before she puts on fresh make-up, Nettie removes stale cosmetics *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap.

When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way you guard against ugly COSMETIC SKIN

NETTIE is up-to-the-minute in everything that concerns beauty! While she uses cosmetics—as most modern girls do—she *never* risks Cosmetic Skin.

"Why should I," she asks, "when it's so *easy* to protect complexion beauty Hollywood's way?

"In a few minutes I can remove make-up *thoroughly*—take every bit of stale rouge and powder out of my pores—with Lux Toilet Soap.

It's the simplest way in the world to keep a satin-smooth skin."

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin *unless* you leave stale bits of rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them. Then the pores become enlarged—dullness—tiny blemishes may result—signs of *Cosmetic Skin.*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its gentle lather is ACTIVE, removes every trace of stale rouge, powder, dust and dirt.

Every night—and before you put on fresh make-up during the day—wash with Lux Toilet Soap. Screen stars use this soap to keep their skin utterly lovely . . . *you* should, too!

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.211.11

BROKE HER LEG AGAINST A STAIR

Whilst Hampered by Rheumatism

"Two years ago," writes a woman, "I was suffering with rheumatism in my legs, and when walking up stairs one day just kicked my right foot against the stairs, and broke my leg just below the knee. I was in hospital for four months, and when I came out someone advised me to try Kruschen Salts. I did so, and now I have no trace of rheumatism. I would not be without my daily dose of Kruschen, which I take every morning in warm water—before my early morning cup of tea."—(Mrs.) P. B.

Unless the kidneys—or body filters—function properly, certain acid wastes, instead of being expelled, enter the blood-stream and produce troublesome symptoms: rheumatism for one, excessive fatigue for another.

Kruschen Salts is one of the finest diuretics or kidney aperients available for assisting the kidneys to excrete acid impurities by direct action on the renal cells, thus causing a more rapid and copious "flushing" action and washing away of those harmful acid waste products.

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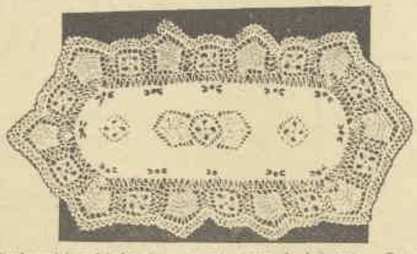
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

D'oyleys Make Such Happy Gifts!

So Useful, So Dainty and Lasting!

Beginners as well as experts with the crochet needle will be delighted with these lacy designs—specially chosen for those who like to give their home-loving friends at Christmastide hand-made gifts of remembrance.



THE lacy effect of this sandwich d'oyley is most charming. Inset medallions add to its attractiveness and for those who like a touch of color, simple embroidery stitches may be introduced to the linen centre as shown here.

HERE are directions for making the lacy medallion sandwich d'oyley shown at right. It is worked in No. 50 mercerised cotton, No. 5 needle. The six-pointed matching d'oyley pictured below is so easy to copy as it is so lacy and open. Us the same cotton, but a No. 6 needle for the d'oyley.

Abbreviations: Ch. chain, tr. treble, d.c. double crochet, sp. space, med. medallion.

To commence first med. 13. ch. turn d.c. into every ch. in the centre d.c. 3 into the same hole. Repeat for 11 rows. Make spaces all round with 2 ch. between each sp. on each corner; make 2 spaces in 1 hole. That completes the first med.

To commence the small med.: 7 ch. catch back into 1st ch. that forms hole. Pick up cotton twice over needle that makes the long tr. Repeat 3 times into same hole. Repeat again 3 times with 5 ch. between each. Join on to long tr. d.c. 5 into the 5 ch., and on top of long tr. make spaces all round with 2 ch. between. On each corner make 2 spaces into same hole. Join on to the first med. with 3 ch. between each sp. Repeat med. according to size of d'oyley.

Outside Edge: First Row d.c. into every sp. all round. **Second Row:** 4 ch. catch on top of d.c. over each sp. **Third Row:** 5 ch. catch back into 1st ch. 1 ch. catch into each sp. Repeat all round.

Inside Row: 12 ch. catch into every sp. Repeat all round.

Second Row: 6 ch. catch into centre of the 12 ch. 3 ch. catch into centre of the next 12 ch. At each corner pick up 4 of the 12 ch. Pick up the cotton on the needle, draw through the 4 ch. that forms the corners. Repeat all round. Sew on to linen. D'oyley can be made to any size, and touches of embroidery added to centre if liked.

YOU WILL find this d'oyley, which matches the sandwich d'oyley shown above, easy to copy. For your guidance, identical stitches for corners and points are given in the directions for making the sandwich d'oyley.

How to Make the "Diamond D'oyley"

THIS d'oyley is worked in No. 70 Mercer cotton around linen 5¼ inches in diameter.

Abbreviations: sl. slip-stitch, d.c. double crochet, ch. chain, tr. treble, l. loop, p. picot (5 ch. d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch.); d.p.l. double picot loop (1 ch., p., 1 ch., p., 1 ch.); t.p.l. triple picot loop (1 ch., p., 1 ch., p., 1 ch., p., 1 ch.)

1st Row: D.c. closely all round linen. **2nd Row:** * 6 ch., miss 2 d.c., d.c. into next d.c. Repeat from * all round, making 66 loops. **3rd Row:** Sl. to centre of ch.l., * 7 ch., d.c. into next ch.l. Repeat from * all round. **4th Row:** * tr. between ch.ls. (d.p.l., miss 1 ch.l., d.c. into next) 5 times d.p.l. Repeat from * all round.

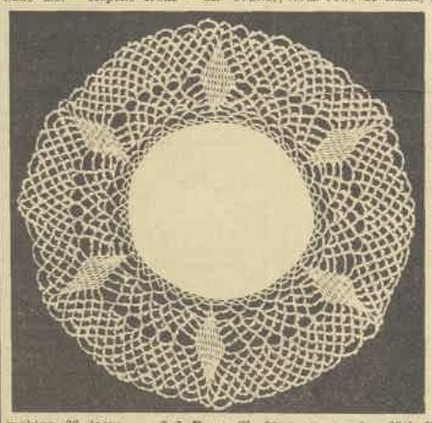
5th Row: Sl. back to last p. of d.p.l., * tr., tr. into top of 1 tr. of last row, tr. into 1st p. of next d.p.l. (t.p.l., d.c. into centre of next d.p.l.) 4 times, t.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **6th Row:** Sl. back to last p., * 5 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into 2nd p. of 1st t.p.l., d.p.l., d.c. into 1st p. of next t.p.l.) 4 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **7th Row:** Sl. back to last p., * 7 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l.) 7 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round.

8th Row: Sl. back to last p., * 9 tr. (t.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l.) 6 times, t.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **9th Row:** Sl. back to last p., * 11 tr. (t.p.l., d.c. into centre p. of t.p.l. of last row) 5 times, t.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **10th Row:** * 11 t.r., d.p.l., d.c. into 2nd p. of 1st t.p.l. (d.p.l., d.c. into 1st p. of next t.p.l., d.p.l., d.c. into 3rd p. of same l.) 4 times, d.p.l., d.c. into centre p. of next l., d.p.l.

11th Row: Sl. over 1st tr., * 9 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into centre of d.p.l of previous row) 11 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **12th Row:** * 7 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into d.p.l.) 12 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round.

13th Row: * 5 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into centre of d.p.l.) 13 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round.

14th Row: * 3 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into centre of d.p.l.) 14 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **15th Row:** * 1 tr. (d.p.l., d.c. into centre of d.p.l.) 15 times, d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **16th Row:** Sl. back to centre of last d.p.l., * d.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l. (t.p.l., miss 1 d.p.l., d.c into next) 3 times (d.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l.) 3 times (t.p.l., miss 1 d.p.l., d.c. into next) 3 times. Repeat from * all round. End off.



CROCHET work is doubly appealing—it looks well and lasts for years and years. Care in ironing is all that is asked of it. The directions for this original piece shown on left can be followed even by the amateur with ease.

Wattle and Desert Pea Transfer

This very attractive transfer has a score of uses. You may use it to decorate curtains, runners, cushions, tea-cloths, aprons, etc. Price 1/6.

In addition to the spray shown above, there are two attractive sprays of desert peas, which can, too, be utilised in many ways.

Needleworkers should specially note that this transfer is shown here in miniature form only. Transfer actually measures 12 x 12 inches.

SAME PRICE AS BEFORE

—but now in an attractive NEW carton!

YES, it's the same generous-sized cake of Wright's—the SAFE soap for skin and hair. But now each golden tablet comes to you in its own individual carton—attractively designed in brown, gold and cream. Look for this new carton next time you're buying Wright's — the price is the same as before.

10½d. per cake, at all chemists and stores.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

"Come on Gibbs fairies CLEAN UP MY IVORY CASTLES"

It's no trouble getting Roma to clean her teeth. She makes an exciting game of it. She is the mistress of the beautiful Ivory Castles and when she takes the lid off the silvery Gibbs tin, there are her servants, the Gibbs Fairies, waiting to polish up her Ivory Castles and chase off old Giant Decay.

Gibbs is best for all the Family.

Everyone likes the refreshing taste of Gibbs Dentifrice. The swirling, antiseptic foam removes food particles, dissolves film and brings up the natural polish of your teeth.

"Write your own name on your own tin."

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLET, 2/- at all Chemists.

G7.37.29

MEN DO NOTICE!

★ The slightest marring of your charms by unwanted hair; you add to your beauty and your grace by removing all traces of hair blemish swiftly and surely with Creme La-ne-ta.

A product of British women scientists Creme La-ne-ta is used by the society leaders of England. Something new and different—the perfect way at last. Obtain this genuine British Creme at Chemists and Leading Stores in trial size tube, 1/-, or four times quantity, 2/9.

Pat La-ne-ta on, complete your toilet, wash it off; hair completely removed in 4½ minutes. Your skin is left smooth and soft; no stiff re-growth, no unpleasant odour, no one can detect its use.

CREME La-ne-ta REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR

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BOYS WILL BE very dirty boys unless there's Solvol handy to keep their hands and knees looking civilised. SOLVOL stops the old argument about hard scrubbing that hurts. It's as gentle as fine toilet soap, yet it gets all the worn-in dirt . . . . . .

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 23-127-19

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

The Great Bond that Unites Mother and Child

By MARY TRUBY KING

The loss of one's mother in early childhood is always a tragedy, for, as the old French proverb puts it, "Nothing can replace the milk and the heart of a mother."

Every bit as necessary as her warm living milk is the warmth of her mother-love, her sacrificing devotion, and her careful guidance. Except in rare cases, no relative or friend can ever quite make up to a child for the loss of its own mother.

RIGHT from the start, breast-feeding constitutes a great bond between the two. We all realise the superiority of breast milk to all forms of artificial food, but sometimes, I think, the deeper side of this relationship is lost sight of.

Every mother who is able to nourish her baby before it is born is perfectly capable of producing sufficient of the living fluid which Nature intended for her child, unless her environment or mismanagement, by degrees, causes great difficulties.

Little details regarding the handling of the baby sometimes make all the difference between successful and unsuccessful natural feeding.

Later, when baby is weaned from the breast, it should be the mother who prepares the necessary semi-solid and solid foods, and the mother who feeds them to the child—at least till such time as the child has forgotten the need of the closer relationship which breast-feeding entails.

Full-time Profession

MOTHERHOOD is a full-time profession, and while not recommending mothers to be foolishly self-sacrificing to the detriment of their health and the upsetting of their own and their family's nerves, one realises the necessity for them to shoulder the responsibilities consequent upon being a young wife and mother.

One must make a protest against the growing habit of some well-to-do young mothers of leaving the upbringing and care of their children almost exclusively to servants.

Not, mark you, from the point of view that the servants are not capable of this work. They are. Often more so than the parents! But the affection of a child goes out first to its mother—which is right and natural—and after its mother to its father. They have the prior right to the child's love.

Why, then, jeopardise the happiness of home life by being so careless of one's children's affection? Why let them wander away, for when they are older it will be harder to get them back.

There is another aspect. Often the child's physical health suffers. Some nurse-girls have very little knowledge of the laws of health. For instance, they like to "air the room" while the children are out of it, shutting the windows when they return if there is the slightest sign of wind or the least feeling of nippiness in the air. They do not understand that a "well-aired room" contains only enough air for one person for half an hour.

Again, however often they are admonished, they cannot resist the temptation of gaining the child's affection by giving him sweets during the afternoon outings. "Just this one won't hurt him"—though why **this** one won't and all the rest will remains a mystery!

In like wise, unless the child's meals are strictly supervised, cakes and biscuits are slipped in and vegetables and fruit are allowed to slip out.

Force of Example

THEN there is the question of example. Little children imitate so quickly the wrong forms of speech, the wrong gestures, the wrong mannerisms. One must not forget that many maids are, unfortunately, less interested in the benefit of outings to the child than they are in the boy-friend who conspires to meet them in the park or gardens. The child is allowed to wander away—see things which he should not see—hear things which he should not hear.

Many children so treated grow up little nervous, restless, irritable little beings, simply because they are deprived of their mother's care and attention. Their mothers are strangers to them. But the time comes when the mother craves for the love she has turned aside, and who can say then which is the sadder—the almost motherless child or the almost childless mother?

Tauber Sued... By Former Wife

By Air Mail From Our London Office

RICHARD TAUBER'S former wife, Frau Charlotte Vanconti, who was divorced from him in Berlin in 1928, is suing the great Austrian singer for alimony.

At the time of the divorce Frau Vanconti received from Tauber a very generous settlement, including a villa and jewels stated to be worth £30,000, while he arranged to pay her a sum of £120 monthly until 1940.

When she refused, however, to agree to his request for a divorce in Austria (where the Berlin divorce is not legal) in order that he might marry again, Tauber stopped the payment of the allowance.

Tauber, who is 42 years old, is now engaged to Miss Diana Napier.

Now Is the Time to Prepare Your

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS and CHRISTMAS CAKES

They will then be nicely matured for Christmas

Put Sunshine into your Cooking with Currants Sultanas Raisins

Dried Apricots Nectarines Pears, Peaches and Prunes retain their Natural Flavor.

TRY THIS RECIPE

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6 oz. flour.
6 oz. breadcrumbs.
8 oz. suet (beef).
8 oz. sultanas.
8 oz. currants.
8 oz. raisins.
2 oz. almonds.
6 eggs.
6 oz. brown sugar.
½ lb. mixed peel.
½ packet spice.
1 teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon cinnamon.
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.
1 grated carrot.

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients, add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in floured cloth or greased basin for 4 hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for 6 weeks). Then boil another 2 hours and serve hot with sauce.

The above recipe is taken from

The NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK

which contains over 100 Tested Recipes and is obtainable FREE

Dried Fruits improve Home Cooking and make Food more Tasty.

FILL IN THE COUPON AND POST NOW!

THE VICTORIAN DRIED FRUITS BOARD
623 COLLINS STREET
MELBOURNE C.1

The Postage on this Coupon, if forwarded in an UNSEALED Envelope, is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mrs. or Miss) (BLOCK LETTERS) .....
ADDRESS ..... W. Weekly

He Fell in Love With Her

TEMPTING LIPS

Teasing, lovely, ripe, red lips. How easy it is to have them when you use Michel—the lipstick that emphasises your beauty. Michel lasts for hours, because it is truly indelible. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, fresh, inviting. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations.

Michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

BEAUTY AT MIDDLE AGE. The refining quality of middle age enhanced by beautiful hair. Unsightly traces of grey should be treated with Allen's Marian Walnut Stain. So easy, so private, so indetectable, and always so beautifying; many folk marvel at its perfection. No expensive equipment required, no moments of doubt. Ask your Chemist for Allen's Marian Walnut Stain. Brown or black shades, 4/- per bottle. Sole by Felton, Grimwade & Duerdin, Melbourne. ***

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OUR FASHION SERVICE ... and Free Pattern!

PLEASE NOTE!
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WW551A WW552A WW553A WW554A WW555A WW556A WW557A WW558A

NOTE CHIC CAPE

WW551A.—This is a very slimming style by reason of its smart, new-style cape, and its low-cut V on the skirt. Ideal for warm days and dressy occasions. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

THIS IS SNAPPY

WW552A.—This dress, simple but smart, shows a new and very cute fastening. Heavy stitchery also adds to the fascinating effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LOVELY FEATURES

WW553A.—You will love this frock, incorporating as it does so many of fashion's nicest whims. Note the sleeves, the neckline, and the little flared basque. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EXQUISITELY CUT

WW554A.—Here is an exquisitely-cut design for sports. Fastening is provided on the shoulder. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR A YOUNG GIRL

WW555A.—For the lass in her teens, here's a fetching style. Frock is in one from neck to hem, with a popular skirt fastening. Pattern for 16 to 18 years. Material (32-inch bust): 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BABY'S FIRST FROCK

WW556A.—Baby's first frock will have to be something very sweet and dainty—like this. Smocking is on yoke and sleeves, and an embroidered design is worked in the scallops round the base. Material: 1¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

THE LATEST STYLE

WW557A.—This pretty blouse style, gathered to the neck with a bow, has the new elbow-length and raglan-style sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

LOVELY EVENING GOWN

WW558A.—Many of the new season's evening frocks favor low flounces as in this fascinating model. Sleeves, too, are very graceful. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GATHERED CAPE

WW559A.—This very dashing cape style, in the latest Parisian fashion, is altogether desirable. Material is gathered on to a plain yoke under the large collar, which is cut with a slight flared effect in front. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.**

Our Free Pattern

THESE three bonny styles for the six-year-old are all made from the one free three-in-one pattern, and when you see them made up you will love them. Material: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Frock with gathered frills: 2 yards, 36 inches wide.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 258A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 609F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 105, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1151X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the Pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

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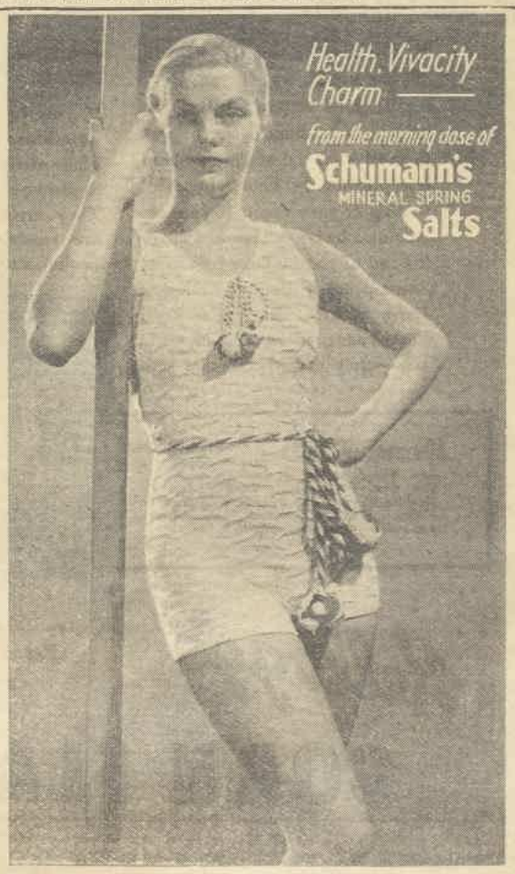
Pattern Coupon, 2/11/35.



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YOU may be the best wife in the world, but if you don't realise how important it is to help your husband start the day properly—you don't understand him thoroughly. That "sluggish" feeling is *your* fault, if you are serving a heavy hot cooked meal, instead of the modern breakfast—crisp, easily digested Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are modern in a scientific way—they quickly change into energy without over-taxing the digestive organs.

If you haven't tried Kellogg's Corn Flakes, order some at once. Their delicious flavour appeals to grown-ups and children alike. They save work, too, for they are ready-to-serve from the packet, and are most economical.

Read this: *Kellogg's will solve your breakfast problem. There's a Kellogg food for every taste. Try them all—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes, and Kellogg's All-Bran, the health cereal and natural cure for constipation.*

Eat a Kellogg Breakfast—you'll feel better!

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

HIPPOLYTA (Verree Teasdale), in the picturesque chain armor of the Queen of the Amazons in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a Warner Bros. picture to be shown in Sydney shortly.

HOW to be *Happy Though* MARRIED

New "Joy of Life" Culture

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Representative.

Happiness lies in the proper control of muscular actio If everyone learns to breathe, sit, stand, and walk propert the vast majority of the world's troubles will disappear.

This is the considered opinion of Dr. L. P. Jacks, the famo social thinker and philosopher.

MOST troubles exist, he says, only because people do not know the proper way to control their muscles. For instance, he says that most people breathe from the top of their lungs, when they should take each breath from the base. Also, he says, they waste two-thirds of their energy in unnecessary muscular movement.

This, he says, is one of the greatest causes of nerve troubles. Nervous strain, in its turn, causes most of the world's unhappiness. It kills the glorious joy of living experienced in childhood, it is the main cause of irritability and bad temper, and, worst of all, it hinders mental development.

A number of well-known scientists who are working on the same lines as Dr. Jacks, are compiling a table of simple exercises which, in a few weeks of practice, will make people hold themselves properly, walk properly, and correct any of the muscular defects from which they suffer.

Philadelphia, in the United States, is one of the centres for this new "joy of life" culture. Here, men and girls who have undergone a course of instruction are finding themselves utterly changed. They can do their work without effort and at the end of a hard day feel as bright and untired as when they went to their offices or shops in the morning. They are not worried by trifles, a they seem calmer and more able to m with emergencies.

Dr. Jacks' son, Mr. Maurice Jacks, w is headmaster of the famous but co paratively new public school, Mill H has introduced this much-consider system of physical training, and he s clares that the physical and intellectu tone of the school has improved 50 p cent.

Meanwhile two American scientis Drs. L. M. Terman and Paul Bu weiser—are investigating the old prob of how to be happy though mar They have reached the conclusion t age, and difference in age between h band and wife, have nothing to do w happiness. In several instances it found that among really happily m ried people the wife was from fi seven years older than the husband the husband was from fifteen to fif years older than the wife.

They do not agree with the old that children make for happy marr They declare that usually a marriag either made or marred before the ar of a family.

In their view the happiest marr are between people who have brought up in an affectionate amiable atmosphere, and as acco to the first group of scientists, this only be achieved through walking, sit ing, sitting, and breathing proper certainly behoves all of us to learn rect posture and deportment.

Women Talk Mostly about Me

(From Our London Office.)

Miss Margery Wilson, American expert of charm, says the modern wo does not gossip, does not scandalise, does not talk nearly as much as she u to do.

Perhaps that is true of America, but in England women are not so contro —according to psychological experts, who state that topics of conversation wo women of all classes average in this order:

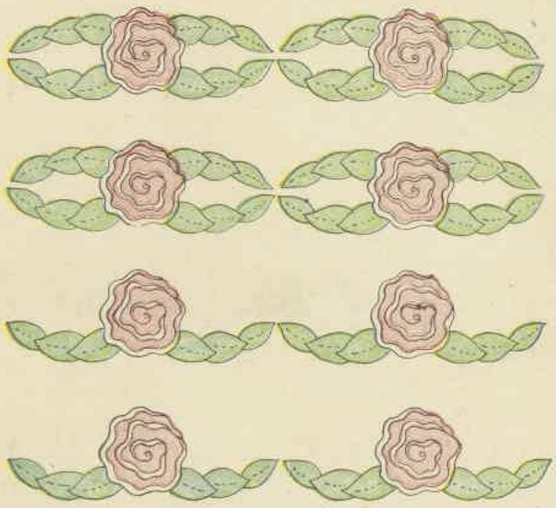
1. **The opposite sex.**
   Topic is everlasting, always stimulating Such conversations, one psychologist explained, usually end: "Oh, well. Men are selfish and not as important as they think they are."
2. **Conditions of work and money.**
   Most discussed are the features disliked. Housewives discuss maids, difficulties of financing the house. Women at work discuss their surroundings, how underpaid they are.
3. **Local gossip and scandal**
   Third in the list. "And," said one psychologist, "I am not sure that it ought not to be second."
4. **Clothes.**
   This conversation spurts according to seasons. Spring and autumn the st high.
5. **Local events.**
   A dignified form of gossip.
6. **Suicides, murders and accident**
   Enthusiastically discussed by wome all classes, who love to theorise on morbid details.
7. **Films, sports, theatre, the arts**
   Films usually usurp this branch of versation.

THEY EXPRESS SUMMER ... most Exquisitely!

These blouses fashioned of sheer fabrics, trimmed and made so lovely by hand

Simple hand-cut patterns, charming little transfer, and directions given in Bertha Maxwell's easily-followed, expert style will guide you happily in the making.

BLOUSES are used for every kind of occasion, but never are they so acceptable as when they are trimmed and made lovely for small party occasions, or informal theatre wear. They are a delightful form of pastime needlework, easily carried about as train-sewing, or to while away an hour or two with a friend, gradually becoming finished into a thoroughly useful and cherished possession.



MUCH CAN BE done with this unusually lovely transfer design. The transfer sheet, which measures 12 x 12 inches and costs 1/-, carries eight conventional rose motifs, with massed leaves in garland effect. The sketch above, however, shows how some of the leaves may be omitted. This design is suitable for needle outlining, dotting, beading, net applique or solid embroidery. See article.

THERE IS a classic simplicity about this adorable yoked blouse. And yet with pattern, costing 1/1, transfer and directions, anyone could make it with the greatest of ease.

THIS CHARMING short-sleeved blouse, exclusively designed for smart summer wear—for informal party or theatre jaunts—will certainly find many admirers. Hand-cut pattern costs 1/1, and fullest directions for making are given on this page.

THE two blouses on this page have been designed to suit different types of wearers. They are simple and up-to-date, quite easy to make by hand in one's spare time. Cool, washable materials like sheer linen, handkerchief linen, dimity, zephyr, and cambric may be used, as well as the more expensive crepe-de-chine, ninon, georgette, and washing satin. These are the prices of the patterns and the quantities of material required, with brief directions for making:

Exclusive, hand-cut patterns cost 1/1 each. When ordering, please state clearly whether you require yoked or short-sleeve blouse.

Sheet of transfers, 12 x 12 inches, giving eight conventional rose motifs for needle outlining, dotting, or beading; also suitable for applique and solid embroidery. Price, 1/-.

How To Make Them

TO make the yoked blouse you will need 2½yds. of 36-inch material and six buttons. There are six pattern pieces, half-back and front, yoke, half-back and front bodice, sleeve, and cuff. Try the pattern on and make any alterations necessary before cutting out. To cut and make the blouse, lay centre-front and back of yoke and bodice to the fold of the material, cut sleeve and cuff double, allowing for seams everywhere.

Iron the transfer to the blouse before making up. Turn under lower edge of front yoke and machine down on to front bodice, join back yoke the same, slit front yoke down for about four inches and bind round with a crossway strip of material.

Join shoulder seams, next join sleeve to yoke and armhole, lastly join side and sleeve seams. Seam each end of cuff, run a gathering thread at lower edge of sleeve, gather up to fit cuff, turn in raw edges of cuff and sew sleeve between. Hem lower edge of blouse, make a buttonhole at top of each side of slit; join two buttons together with a tiny piece of silk, and put through the buttonholes. Make two buttonholes on each cuff; sew on buttons. Face round neck with a crossway strip of material.

There are three pattern pieces for the short-sleeved blouse, half-back and front of bodice, and sleeve, and you will need 1½yds. of 36-inch material. Follow directions given for the yoked blouse as regards fitting the pattern before cutting out, and the ironing off of the transfer.

Lay centre-front and back of bodice to the fold of material, cut sleeve double, join shoulder and under-arm seams, join sleeve seams and sew in sleeves. Hem lower edge of blouse, and face neck and lower edge of sleeves with a crossway strip of material.

The Transfer

THIS measures 12 x 12 inches and costs 1/- as stated above. It gives eight conventional rose motifs, with massed leaves in garland style. In the drawing on this page the four lower motifs have single rows of leaves, but in the actual transfer all the motifs have the double rows of leaves; the single rows have been drawn to show you how you may clip away leaves you do not want, and so get a totally different effect from the one design.

The pattern follows a repeating curve, so that you may shape it round a yoke by clipping the motifs apart and placing them as you wish; or you may use the design on a straight piece of material.

You may also separate the motifs widely, and space them out, or use only one here and there; there are endless ways of arranging and rearranging the quaint little roses and their leaves.

Working the Design

ON cotton or linen materials the design is particularly lovely if the rose is made of a patch of pale pink applique stitched in white or deep rose. There are double lines curling round the rose form to indicate its petal arrangement; these lines can be buttonholed over, or satin-stitched, both kinds of stitchings being improved with an under-running thread. Then the wee leaves may be outlined in any shade of green.

On silk materials the same method of applique may be used, a silk patch or piece of satin being correct for the rose. If applique is not desired, work the double lines of the flower in buttonhole or satin-stitch, and then fill in the remainder of the rose with masses of fine dots, back-stitches, or light darning; but it is, of course, quite effective and pretty without these filling stitches.

Dotting the Design in french knots or satin spots all along the lines is a very charming method of imitating beading on washable materials, and has the advantage of being quick to do, and very simple for the amateur worker. It is very suitable for wearing needlework, as it has all the sweet beauty of real handwork without much labor.

Beading is best on dark silk materials. Use a special beading needle, and if the material is transparent enough stamp the design on the back of the cloth. Experiment with a small piece at first to make sure that the lines show through for working on the right side.

Net Applique

THIS design is perfect for net applique on underwear. Remove the row of upper or lower leaves—or use them all if you wish—and stamp the design on the material about half an inch from the edge. Tack folded net at the back with a sufficient margin standing up, and work all in satin-cording over one thread, removing surplus material just a little ahead of the needle when satin-stitching. The cut edges are thus well covered and the work is quite strong. For net applique most of the curved lines in the rose can be cut out, leaving only the outer rim and the centre dot, round which a few rows of stamen dots can easily be added without pattern.

A little piece of work of this kind kept handy for odd moments gets itself worked almost without effort: it is almost impossible to realise how much better our wardrobes could be with one hour's needlework a week, those odd hours we never miss. Why not make them work for us?

Look at Your Skin

Skin Specialists declare that 80 out of every 100 women suffer from skin outbreaks, spots, pimples, blotches, and 'muddy' complexions UNNECESSARILY!

Ugly complexion faults are woman's most common enemy. Few escape. Some resort to heavy powdering in an effort to hide them. Whilst others, due to consistent wrong treatment, cause the skin to become highly sensitive, coarse and blemished.

To make your skin clear and healthy, your complexion fresh and smooth, use Cuticura.

Cleanse the skin with Cuticura Soap twice a day. Its luxuriant and mildly antiseptic lather is soothing and softening; washes away pore-deep dirt which causes blackheads, enlarged pores and ugly complexion defects. And to rid the skin of pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations use Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected part before washing with the soap. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes and heals and quickly clears the skin.

Try Cuticura to-day. See how soon your skin improves, your complexion becomes smoother, more attractive than ever before.

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At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

TO MOTHERS. To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin — prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.

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Types that welcome Hedley's Beauty aids — No. 1

The Girl of Twenty

EVERY woman is young once — and the happiness of nearly every woman's life is in her own hands while she is still very young.

Though youth is proverbially carefree (and often careless) in many ways the modern girl of twenty gives more consideration to her future than her mother did.

Youth has more freedom to-day—and more responsibility. Life is more crowded, and, though there may be less time for caring for youth's great asset — a fresh, glowing complexion—there is greater need for care. Obviously three minutes of beauty care at twenty is worth more than hours of "repair work" at forty.

Beauty of skin can be preserved—even enhanced—in a few moments with the most modern methods—Hedley's Beauty Aids.

Each Hedley product — skin food, powder base, face powder, etc., is based on a formula arrived at after intense experimental research and contains ingredients formerly used only in the most expensive Continental and American Beauty Salons . . Rapidly replacing older (and now obsolete) cosmetics, there is a definite swing in favour of

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I ALWAYS TAKE
Beecham's PILLS

The QUEEN of the Cannibal ISLES

Continued from Page 7

CAPTAIN DESMOND stepped forward. He stepped forward as if this were a moment he mustn't waste, as if he were propelled by some inner force, some strange resolution.

"You know you don't like it," he said softly. "You know it bores you. Why do you bother?"

Permelia looked grateful, then doubtful, then cool.

"I . . . I like it very much," she replied. "Very much."

She repeated this as if to reassure herself, while Captain Desmond looked at her gravely.

"Piffle!" he said.

It was a new word. Lulu was delighted. It bore the faint flavor of derision. She must try it some time.

Then Hayes Tidmarsh brought over the proper club.

"Now, Permelia, watch carefully."

He stroked the ball as gently as if it were a lady's cheek, and it responded by describing a perfect half circle, and coming down one foot from the pin.

Just for a moment Permelia wished Hayes would go behind a tree and do a thorough job of choking himself to death. Then she was conscious that Captain Desmond was making an inferior effort to conceal his amusement, and all her chagrin rose up and turned upon him.

"Yes, Hayes, dear," she said in a loud, clear voice. "Yes, dear." And without looking back she strode with sturdy courage to the hole.

There was a long silence. Queen Lulu spoke first. "Pretty lady," croaked Lulu, "Pretty lady."

"Hmm," said Hennessey, "nothin' but a yes girl with feet like schooners."

He got down on the grass again, ready to dig another dandelion, but first he sat back on his heels and offered an imitation of Miss Permelia Polk.

"Yes, dear," he mimicked. "Yes, Hayes, dear. What that guy Tidmouse needs is a good sock in the . . ."

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah," said Captain Desmond. "Hennessey, I'm taking you off dandelions to-morrow."

Hennessey beamed. "Thank you, sir."

"Yes, I think we'd better do a little practising on our putting."

"On our what?"

"The word is putting, Hennessey. You can putt first, and when you see them coming, I'll putt."

"Not me," said Hennessey. "You mebbe, but not me."

"You're putting," declared Captain Desmond, "and what's more, Hennessey, hereafter you're keeping your shirt on."

Hennessey picked up his blue shirt, slipped his arms in the sleeves, and left the tails running in the wind.

"If you ask me," he muttered, "the bug has left your legs and settled in your head."

Jerry Desmond had picked up the tropical disease in Malaya. He had left Hongkong flat on his back in his own cabin, the first officer standing on the bridge bellowing orders through his megaphone.

The cabin was small but compact, possessing two shelves of excellent books, and complete sets of records for some of the better symphonies, but by the time the freighter had left Japan, the knuckles of Captain Desmond's hands were so bad he couldn't turn over a record or change a needle, and the joints in his toes ached so furiously he couldn't take even the one step necessary to reach a book.

Later in San Francisco, when he was well enough to hobble around on crutches, Dr. Buchan suggested that he go down to his Pebble Beach house, taking somebody along to build fires and cook.

Captain Desmond took Hennessey, and Hennessey took Lulu. It was all right at first, but presently Hennessey's conversational fonts went dry. Lulu developed a stubborn streak and wouldn't talk at all. Captain Desmond became less ambulatory and more restless. He threw away his crutches and took to a cane, and to shooting holes in books, and to making Hennessey dig dandelions.

Then Permelia walked into the patio. The minute he saw her—so slender and charming in her forest-green sweater suit—so tired in those great shoes that anybody could see were at least three sizes too big for her—so determined in the set of those sturdy little shoulders and that plucky little chin, so meek and willing with her, "Yes, Hayes, dear"—Captain Desmond knew that he was going to speak a few words to her.

Well, he had spoken, and he cursed himself now for ten kinds of an idiot.

"You know you don't like it. You know it bores you. Why do you bother?"

What conceit! What impudence! He had meant, "You know you don't like him. You know he bores you. Why do you bother with him?" Yes, that's what he had meant, and he could see now that it was entirely too precipitate.

"Hennessey," announced Captain Desmond, "if Miss Polk and Mr. Tidmarsh come around again to-morrow morning, by any chance, I want you to engage the gentleman in conversation, so I can do likewise by the girl."

"I'll be too busy and too hot," protested Hennessey, "I'll be putting with my shirt on."

"I don't care what you say to him," said Captain Desmond, "but talk."

"Maybe I could knock him down for you," suggested Hennessey hopefully.

"Certainly not. No violence, Hennessey."

THE next morning when Permelia prepared to drive her third shot towards the sixth green under Hayes' expert direction, she saw that two figures were there ahead of them.

Hayes saw them, too, and insisted upon waiting for them to finish putting, and move on.

The figures didn't move. Hayes called "Fore," but they only drew to one side and waited.

"Using the main course as a practice green," sputtered Hayes. "I ought to report them. Hmm."

"What is it, Hayes, dear?"

"It's the sea captain," said Hayes, "and that side-show freak he has with him."

It was indeed. Hayes was playing today, also, but Permelia shot first, landing, of course, in a sand trap just to the left of the green.

When she reached her ball, Captain Desmond was standing beside it.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," said Permelia.

"I'm glad you came along, because I wanted to tell you that I take it all back. About the game boring you, I mean. I'm taking it up myself. It's a great game."

"Isn't it?" agreed Permelia, without enthusiasm.

"You play often?"

"Only when I come down here on a visit to my aunt."

So she didn't live here. And she had an aunt. It was harder than Captain Desmond had expected. He hoped Hennessey would stall Mr. Tidmarsh along until he could get in a few more good licks.

Hennessey was doing his best. When Hayes Tidmarsh strolled up, expecting to find his ball waiting on the green, he found nothing but Hennessey with his shirt on, Lulu perched on his shoulder.

He ignored them, and began to look for his ball.

"Lost something?" asked Hennessey cheerfully.

"I could have sworn I dropped that ball on the green," said Hayes Tidmarsh.

He looked and looked. Presently he spied a suspicious bulge in Hennessey's pocket, and he said, "Did you pick up my ball by mistake?"

"Only Captain Desmond's ball," declared Hennessey positively. "He's been practising his puttin'."

"Let's see it."

Hennessey took it out.

"That's mine. Put it down, please, precisely where you found it."

Hennessey walked around the green.

"Well, I kinda think I picked it up right about here."

He shook his head. "No . . . come to think about it, I guess I picked it up over there."

"Put it down."

"I aim to, but I gotta think first, don't I?"

"Put it down."

By this time Hayes Tidmarsh's voice was so loud that Captain Desmond didn't have to worry about what words to say next to Permelia, because she couldn't have heard them anyway.

"Hennessey," he said, "I am surprised at you. I thought I told you to be very careful to pick up none but my balls."

"I'm sure he didn't mean to do it," said Permelia. "I'm sure it was an accident, Hayes."

Not Hayes, dear. Just Hayes.

"Hennessey," said Captain Desmond, "put that ball down precisely where you found it."

Hennessey dropped the ball kerplunk, but Hayes Tidmarsh made no attempt to play it.

"Come, Permelia," he ordered, and strode towards the next tee.

Permelia hesitated. "Yes, Hayes, dear." This time she looked back. "Good-bye," she called, and then spoiled it all by adding, "Good-bye, Lulu."

Hennessey took out a big red handkerchief and mopped his brow. "I'd rather nurse a hold full of eggs to China," said Hennessey.

The next day Captain Desmond received a note from the Greens Committee, requesting him to confine his practising to the practice green.

Captain Desmond did no putting that day. He lingered in the patio, waiting for Permelia Polk to trudge by in her huge shoes, but in this he was disappointed.

Please turn to Page 45

Friday Night is Amami Night

There's an Amami Shampoo especially for you: No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 Blondes, No. 7 for very fair hair; and for dull hair there's a Special Henna Application to restore lost colour and brighten dull hair.
After your Shampoo use Amami Wave-Set. Six settings in the smaller sized bottle!

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No need now for vexatious delay while dressing, waiting for the deodorant to dry. Perstik does away with all that; does away, too, with spreading on and rubbing in. Perstik is the new way. A lipstick in size, shape and convenience in use.
Just a few quick touches under the arms with Perstik removes all danger of perspiration odour for the rest of the day. Perstik is not greasy and does not irritate the skin or stain clothes. It can be used before or after dressing and before or after shaving. Carry Perstik in your bag for emergencies. Never be without it. 2/3 at all high-class Chemists and Stores.
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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

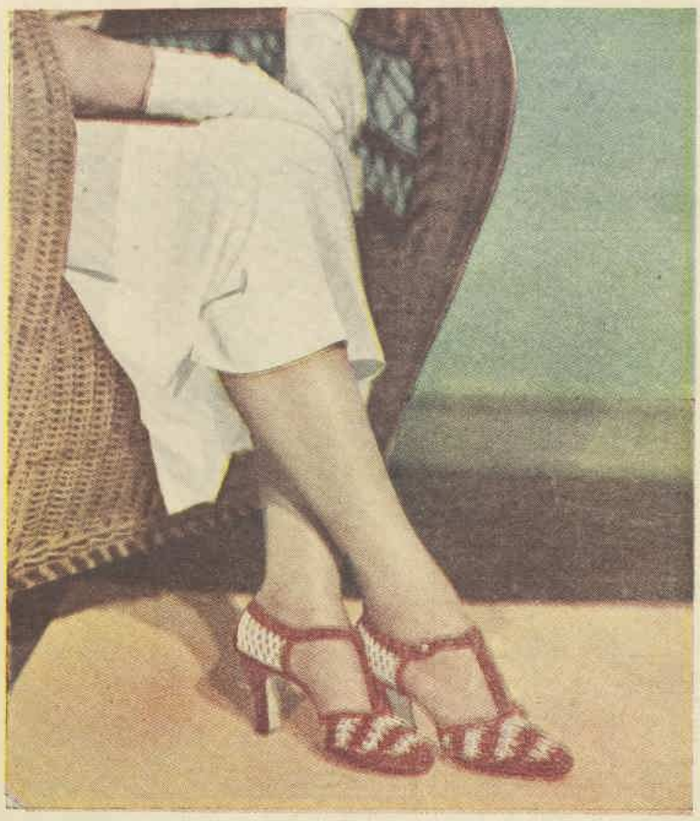
BY EVELYN

TIRED and *Aching* FEET

Mean Strained, Ageing Faces!

How to acquire those essentials to foot loveliness in summer — coolness and comfort.

MOST of us at some time or other have suffered agonies caused by neglected or ill-treated feet. Because of corns, callouses, bunions, fallen arches, or badly-fitting shoes — shoes that cramp and cripple—the pain becomes almost intolerable and walking a burden not to be borne. And what a tale our faces tell for all the world to see!



KEEP your feet happy and you will never know the miseries that beset all those who neglect and ill-treat them. The feet you see pictured above are happy, well-cared-for — they belong to Gail Patrick, of Paramount.

IN summer, our feet "play-up" given the slightest chance. So 'tis well at this time to remember that beauty care begins at the feet—no part of the body deserves more regular attention.

For foot coolness, the best aid is talc—boracic talc if you can get it, or some type of antiseptic talc. If your feet have not been ill-treated, are generally free of corns and callouses, you'll find that a warm, soapy bath, followed by a cold one, a rub over with toilet eau-de-cologne, and then a dusting with talc will carry you comfortably through the day.

If you have a spray, use it for the eau-de-cologne. Lift your foot from the ground and spray well beneath the instep, over the toes and at the backs of the heels. Dust on the talc and see that a certain proportion is tucked between the toes.

Methylated spirit could take the place of eau-de-cologne. Change your stockings daily. If you possess but two pairs only (don't neglect this hint), change about and wash overnight. Your stockings will last longer, too, treated this way.

Banish Those Corns

IF you are burdened with corns or callouses give your feet a good soaking for twenty minutes or so in a dish of hot water. Add two ounces of epsom salts to this. Generally after such a soaking you will find that you can wipe off most of the callouses with a coarse hand-towel. Follow with a good rinsing in warm water, dry, and then give the feet a five-minutes' massage with ordinary olive oil. Use one of those rubber nail-brushes, and you'll find that your feet will feel as good as new.

If you reach the stage (through neglect) where it is necessary to apply a corn cure, soak the feet in warm soda-water, otherwise the good effects of the corn cure will not be felt. And after applying the chosen preparation, see that it is kept on with a small bandage until morning.

Then again, rough bits of hard and thickened skin may be painlessly removed with pumice stone after the bath. Crooked toes and bunions are best treated by going barefoot or in toeless sandals as much as possible in the house.

TO help the large toe-joint to grow straight, place cotton wool between it and the next toe, or use one of the special appliances obtainable for this purpose. For toes curled in, make a roll of cotton wool and place it under them.

Both cotton wool treatments will be found most helpful even during the day.

For flat arches walk round the room on the outside edge of the feet, and as often as is possible cross the legs alternately and make as large a circle in the air as you can with the point of the toe.

In order to straighten the toes, to make or keep them supple, practise picking up things with them—drop a handkerchief or a match-box and try it.

Those Ingrown Nails

INGROWN toe-nails should be treated this way: After cutting the nail straight across and cleaning it well, place a tiny piece of cotton wool soaked in vaseline between the inside of the nail and the toe.

For general foot comfort try this: As soon as you slip out of bed in the morning, lift one foot from the floor and slowly rotate the foot, your toes pointing downwards, using your ankle as a pivot.

Three minutes of your time daily for this exercise will repay you handsomely and, coupled with the foot-bath, the eau-de-cologne, and talc treatment (given in the opening of this little talk), will save you misery and save you acquiring those fret and frown marks so ageing to the face.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Our home life is made very gloomy by the neurotic condition of my sister. My mother is very tolerant with her, and looks to the rest of the family to be likewise. I think that it would often be better if my mother took a firmer hand, and, without necessarily bullying, insisted that she did not give way to her nerves. What is your opinion?

* * *

VERY few people have respect for the sufferer from nerves. "It's only your imagination," says one friend. "Just forget it—exercise your will-power," says another.

The victim receives an abundance of gratuitous advice—sometimes advice from physicians for which she pays—but continues without improvement until, wearied and burdened with increasing feelings of self-accusation of being responsible and personally to blame for her condition, she loses all hope and slumps into abject despair.

If we gave up that vague term "nervousness" altogether, we would be making a start in the right direction.

To classify a person under an ambiguity leads to indefiniteness, obscurity, and, worst of all, lack of understanding. Nervousness is a waste-basket that holds all sorts of diagnostic trash.

The substitute word that has received scientific acceptance is "neurosis." A neurosis is a functional nervous disease. There is no organic basis for it—at least, none can be found.

* * *

NEUROSIS signifies an inability to co-ordinate. It is an abnormal action of the nervous system and not an abnormality of the nerves themselves.

If the city's telephone system were to get out of order, the cause might be worn-out equipment, or it might be lack of co-operation between the different switchboards. The former would be an organic defect; the latter a functional one.

If you take up the receiver, asking for a certain number, and find yourself connected with a different one, there is nothing wrong with the electrical equipment of the system, but there is something decidedly at fault in the transmission of the message. Right wires go to wrong places. The defect is functional.

Thwarted emotions of a distinctly primitive sort are often at the root of neurotic difficulties. Repressed desires and feelings of shame and guilt having to do with childhood experiences are often to blame. Disturbances in the love life of the individual may start a neurosis.

This does not mean that the rich are able to find satisfaction and conquer their world more easily than the poor. In fact, worldly goods and opportunities often crystallise refinements of appetite that cannot be fulfilled, thus creating new and additional demands which make adjustment for the individual still more complicated.

Anybody and everybody may develop a neurosis. And no neurosis is a thing to be taken lightly.

I have known people who poked fun at neurotics, but when they themselves came down with a nervous breakdown, they didn't think it was so funny; they all resented the implication that they were shamming.

We should all be charitable with our neurotic acquaintances. One really cannot tell who may be next.

"POWDERFEE" underthings... finished with beautiful French laces... perfect in fit! Five sizes are available in

Hand-cut Lingerie by Prestige

Color-Change PRINCIPLE MAKES TANGEE Part of Lips

NOT A SMEARY COATING!

OF COURSE, to be your loveliest you must use lipstick. And it's easy to color your lips beautifully without coating them with paint. Simply use the lipstick which isn't paint! This unusual lipstick called Tangee contains a color-change principle which enables it to intensify *your* natural color.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But on your lips it changes to blush-rose! It becomes part of your lips . . . not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens. Permanent—lasts all day.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade for evening use.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

FACE POWDER gives a soft under-glow. Contains the magic color-change principle. Never gives a "powdery" look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

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JUST IGNORANCE!

"NEVER again am I going to help anyone," said Fred decisively as he arrived home, hot and dusty, one Saturday morning.

"Why," smiled Wunderlust, "what's happened now?"

"Well, I was racing up the railway stairs to catch the 10.30 train, when I saw a lady carrying two suitcases. I stopped and asked her if I could help. She just said 'all right,' so I took one and quickly reached the top, but she was a slow walker and was only half-way up the stairs when my train arrived. I couldn't leave her bag so I had to wait for her, and, of course, I missed my train, and had to wait a quarter of an hour."

"And so, Fred," said Wunderlust, still smiling, "because of that little incident this morning you intend never to help anyone again. Fred, to live happily you must always help others—it is the only way. I know we often get annoyed when people don't seem to be as grateful as they should, but you must put that down to their ignorance. They don't know any better. Just look at Freckled Face. That little boy comes here every Saturday, and I give him a chocolate and a sixpenny bit. He hardly thanks me, but still I know he is grateful."

"Oh, him," sighed Fred. "I don't like him at all."

"Fred, Fred," said Wunderlust, shaking his head, "there you go again. You mustn't say those things."

"Well," went on Fred, "I'm sure if you asked him to do anything for his sixpence and chocolate, he wouldn't like it."

"All right, when he comes down this afternoon, we'll see," said Wunderlust. "There's a lot of wood cut up outside and I'd like it brought in to the woodhouse. He can do that when he comes."

They had hardly finished talking when along came Freckled Face. He always wheeled his barrow down to Wunderlust's home every Saturday, but very rarely had it been put into use, and so he was accustomed to leaving it near the front gate.

"Bill," cried Wunderlust (of course, he didn't call him Freckled Face in his presence), "bring your barrow up the drive. You're going to need it to-day."

BILL, or Freckled Face, was a bit hard of hearing, and Wunderlust repeated the sentence a couple of times before he understood properly, and came hurrying up the drive wheeling the barrow.

"I want all that pile of wood put in the wood-shed," said Wunderlust, pointing one finger at the large pile of wood. "Just throw it in anywhere. I think it's going to rain this week-end, so if you don't mind, Bill, you can do that."

Wunderlust then went inside.

"You know, Fred," he laughed, "I really think you're getting hard. I'm sure there's

BEST PAINTINGS

The Prize of 5/- for the best painting (October 15) goes to VIOLA LORKIN, 24 Bath St., Battery Point, Hobart, Tas.

Prize Cards are awarded for next best to NANETTE WILLIAMS, 14 Yarranabbe Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.; JOYCE KIRK LAURISTON, Cornwall Estate, Warwick; RUSSELL KINGSTON, Barnes Rd., Paynetram; JACK THOMAS, Fitzroy St., Mittagong, N.S.W.; JEAN JAMES, Bennett St., Dandenong, Vic.; and LENORE PLUMMER, Nelson St., Corinda, Brisbane.

nothing in the world Freckled Face wouldn't do for me. You know, he's out there working like a little Trojan. I feel really mean to let him do it."

"Oh, it won't hurt him," said Fred. "It's about time he did——"

A terrific noise stopped Fred from saying more, and he and Wunderlust quietly went along to the woodshed to see what was happening.

There a peculiar sight met them. Bill was leaning over, heaving the wood in with such force that the noise could be heard for yards around.

"Well," said Fred, "what did I tell you. That is gratitude for you."

"Don't misjudge the boy," said Wunderlust, almost in a whisper, "he only needs telling. I'm sure he doesn't mean to make such a row."

"I say, Bill," Wunderlust yelled, "not so much noise, you'll wake the dead if you keep on like that."

Bill started and looked up. "Sorry, Mr. Wunderlust," he began. "I didn't notice it. I won't do it any more."

And so Wunderlust and Fred went walking around the garden.

For the next quarter of an hour Bill was so quiet that Fred and Wunderlust thought he must have gone off to sleep. But not Bill. Not content with putting all the wood in the woodshed, he had found a box and had collected a nice lot of chips.

"That's very good," said Wunderlust, as he surveyed the good work, "here's your sixpence and your chocolate. Now you can run along home."

"I say, Fred," said Wunderlust, when he was quite sure Freckled Face was out of hearing, "come and look at Bill's good work."

Out Fred came and he was agreeably surprised to see such a neatly-arranged pile of wood.

"You were right, Wunderlust," said Fred. "Of course, Wunderlust, you're always right. I never thought Freckled Face could do it so nicely."

"That's gratitude, my boy," smiled Wunderlust. "Always do anything you can for anybody. You'll never regret it in the long run. Forget all about the lady at the station who forgot to thank you; there are lots of others who will."

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Do you know that more discomfort and illness are due to bad teeth than to anything else. With some people decay is caused by neglect, while others meet with accidents or possess teeth which seem to be naturally faulty. Unless you belong to the latter class there is no reason why every tooth in your head should not be perfectly sound.

The simplest way to ensure keeping your teeth sound is to clean them regularly night and morning.

And, by the way, visit the dentist every now and again. He isn't half so bad as he is painted, and nowadays does his work almost painlessly. But, anyhow, it is far better to have a short period of discomfort than a lifetime of misery owing to your teeth being a perpetual trouble, isn't it?

A delightful letter came this week from MARY CLEARY (1 Cargo Rd., Orange, N.S.W.), and Mary wins the 5/- for the best letter. Her letter was neatly written and was quite informative.

Good-bye for one short week,

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

About My Town

By GWEN TYLER

I LIVE in Buninyong, a small township situated seven miles out of Ballarat. To the east of the township is a mountain covered in huge gum trees and tall, bracken ferns.

Mount Buninyong owes its origin to a volcanic outburst many, many years ago.

Buninyong in the early days of settlement was a very prosperous gold-mining district. Although most of the wealth has been taken out of the ground there are several mines still working, one of which is fairly big.

Many small streams, which have their sources in the surrounding hills, flow through Buninyong to their outlet in the ocean.

Two Prize Cards to GWEN TYLER, Eyre St., Buninyong, Vic.

Fragrant Flowers

By DORIS CLARK

FLOWERS blooming in the garden,
Nodding graceful little heads,
Giving happy morning greetings,
To the other flower beds.

Flowers swaying in the breezes,
Shedding petals, one by one,
Pretty flowers, tall and slender,
Smiling up at Father Sun.

When the sunny day is over,
And the night begins to fall,
Then they close their dainty petals,
And so bid good-night to all.

Prize of 5/- to DORIS CLARK (13), Riverview Rd., Fairfield, N.S.W., for this original verse.

Just Chatter

LAURIE MONCRIEFF, of Hannock, via Coolamon, is fond of jokes; MICKEY O'CONNELL, of North Broken Hill (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening; MARIE MARSH, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), is a great admirer of beautiful flowers.

JUNE and ALLISTER ANDERSON, of Roma (Qld.), both do clever sketches; ANNIE MACMILLAN, of Lismore (N.S.W.), has pen friends in Vancouver, Ceylon, and South Africa; JAMES CROSS, of Granville (N.S.W.), is a good gardener.

JOAN OLDS, of Maryborough (Qld.), is fond of sketching; GWENNETH PAWNALL, of Footscray (Vic.), has a great many pets whom she loves; TOM PRESTON, of Brisbane (Qld.), is a keen stamp collector and has about 3000 stamps.

CHARLIE WILLIAMS, of Wollongong (N.S.W.), is fond of puzzles; CORAL BROWN, of Cessnock (N.S.W.), writes clever stories; LOTTIE SMITH, of Balmain (N.S.W.), has a dog called Bark for her pet.

MARGARET McGLASHAN, of Naracoorte (S.A.), has a puppy and two kittens for her pets; WILFRED GANGE, of Tallala, 193 Mercury St., Railway Town, Broken Hill (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a boy Pal about fourteen years of age, living in Sydney.

LAUREL BAILEY, who until recently was living at Liston, is now residing in West Tamworth; JEAN HENSHAW, of West Brunswick (Vic.), is interested in stamp collecting; MURIEL GIBSON, of Yethera, writes a delightful letter.

Here you see JOAN ALLATT, of Rose Bay.
—Falk.

NEW PALS

HEATHER and LESLEY HENDERSON, 28 Northwood Rd., Northwood; BETTY FRANCIS, Penshurst Rd., Hamilton; LENORE PLUMMER, Nelson St., Corinda, Brisbane; BETTY RUMBEL, The Lilacs, Weddin, Grenfell, N.S.W.; JOYCE BOOTH, Bulo St., Cowra, N.S.W.; EDNA CONNOLLY, 20 Gwynne St., Firle, Adelaide; MOLLIE MULLER, Box 19, Koolunga, S.A.; MARJORIE WARDROP, 99 Northcote St., Aberdare, Cessnock, N.S.W.; MARJORIE DANIELL, Snowtown, S.A.; MARGARET WATSON, 1 Moorhouse Ave., Glen Osmond, Adelaide, S.A.; PHYLLIS MANNERHEIMS, 396 White Horse Rd., Tunstall, Vic.; M. G. RANMENT, c/o C. G. Robertson, Wallaroo, Dunedoo, N.S.W.; RON PHELAN, 62 Farrand St., Forbes, N.S.W.; IRIS HORIG, Mundubbera, Qld.

WHERE TO POST

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie," Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

FUN FOR ALL

He surveyed the applicant for the post of office-boy with a critical eye.

"What are your credentials, my lad?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the youth brightly, "I haven't got any aunts, uncles, grandmothers, or grandfathers, and I don't like going to see football matches."

The other's face lit up.

"Well," he said enthusiastically, "you can start on Monday morning."

Prize Card to J. CROSS, 21 Allen St., Granville, N.S.W.

A county cricketer returning to the pavilion after making his second "duck" of the match was stopped by a small boy.

"Here you are, mister," said the lad sorrowfully, "you can have your autograph back."

Prize Card to KEN ELLIOTT, 17 Kenton St., Adelaide.

Daddy: How dare you make a bonfire. Fetch my cane at once.

Jimmy: That is one of the things we burnt.

Prize Card to STELLA DETTMER, 32 Kingsville St., West Footscray W12, Vic.

"Hello, Isaac, you vos looking bad this mornik—vat's wrong?"

"Oh, mine goot frient, it vos fear of going to sleep; I must keep avake! I dreamt I found a fortune in London and I'm afraid if I dream again I shall lose it."

Prize Card to Betty Hedson, 22 Ocean Rd., Manly.

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He told me I could look for another place."

Prize Card to MAY VERRALL, Aratula, via Kalbar, Qld.

A GOOD LESSON. Prize of 5/- to OLIVE WARNER, Cheddar St., Blakehurst, N.S.W., for this original sketch.

Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tricopherous. This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

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Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
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Soothed and healed by
REXONA

Miss Elsie Holford, McMahon's Point, writes:—"About a week ago I severely burnt my arm with boiling fat. I at once applied Rexona Ointment and am thankful to say it gave instant relief. My arm has now healed completely."

It is so easy to burn your hands and arms while you are busy in the kitchen. Always keep Rexona in the house and apply it instantly to relieve the painful stinging. It protects the burnt skin from the air and promotes the growth of a new skin over the burnt spot.

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona
OINTMENT
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

"I'd never realised that FLYWIRE could make so much difference!"

"Up to a year ago I hadn't thought of imagining what life would be like without flies and mosquitos in summer.

"But last spring my husband covered the windows, doors, chimneys, front verandah and back sleep-out with 'Cyclone' flywire—covered them all.

"What a difference it made . . . to have no flies in the kitchen or round the meal table, no blowflies hunting the meat, no mosquitos in the evening, no moths banging against the lights.

"Imagine it! The kitchen and dining table always clear of the horrible cloud! No need to cover anything. The milk safe from contamination. No dread of summer illness for baby.

"It was the best-tempered summer we've ever lived! With no worry while I was working, our evenings peaceful, able to sit in the breeze on the verandah and sleep without mosquito nets, our nerves stayed calm and rested.

"Fitting the flywire did it—such an obvious, simple, easy thing to do, and the cost is negligible compared with the tremendous benefit it brings you.

"We were careful to buy good flywire so our screens are as good to-day as when they were new."

"Cyclone" flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE — most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised) — standard weight, in widths from 10 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

The QUEEN *of the* *Cannibal* ISLES

Continued from Page 42

SHE passed by only at a distance. Hayes Tidmarsh had cut out the sixth hole. She went by the next morning and the next, as one of a foursome.

After she had passed, Captain Desmond strolled along the edge of the fairway, and he noticed that Permelia played only nine holes, and then walked back by herself to her aunt's big house. If she took the shortest way, she would pass Dr. Buchan's house, but she chose the long way around by the road.

The fourth morning threatened rain. From the doorway Captain Desmond watched Permelia on the sixth green. Fog had condensed in little drops on the brim of her hat, and when she bent her head over the ball, they rolled down upon her nose. Naturally she could not disengage her hands, so she would stick out her tongue and catch the drops neatly as they fell off her nose.

This amused Jerry Desmond very much, but he felt sorry for her out there in the cold with three determined male golfers. He built up a nice fire, left the patio doors open, so it could be seen from the fairway, and sent Hennessey into the kitchen to make coffee and cinnamon toast.

This time Permelia did not choose the long way home. The drizzle had turned into a light rain, and she tracked back alone through the trees.

Captain Desmond waited until she was near, then walked briskly into the yard as if he were looking for something he had left in the rain, and he saw Permelia with great surprise, and he said, "Good morning, I didn't expect to see you out in this rain, but I suppose that a real golfer does not stop for a drizzle."

"That's what Hayes—Mr. Tidmarsh—says," said Permelia.

"You're damp," said Captain Desmond, "and cold."

"I'm froz-z-z-z-zen."

"Come in and have a cup of Hennessey's coffee."

"Well . . . I really shouldn't . . ."

"Then I'll bring a cup out to you."

He disappeared into the house, as Permelia walked under a tree for shelter. But the fire looked very cheerful. And the door was open. She walked across the patio, and put one large, wet foot inside, and then another.

Queen Lulu sat on the back of the davenport, and when Permelia saw her she walked over and rubbed her head. Lulu was old and wise. She watched Captain Desmond bring in the coffee and the toast. She watched, and said nothing, pretending to be asleep.

But nothing happened. Captain Desmond smoked his pipe and asked Permelia how her golf game was progressing, and she told him it wasn't progressing very well, thank you, because Hayes—Mr. Tidmarsh—was playing somebody-or-other for the club championship on Saturday, and didn't have as much time to coach her. And presently Permelia said she really must go, and Captain Desmond said what was her hurry, and Permelia said that it looked as if the rain was going to stop and I—yes Mr. Tidmarsh—wanted her to practise chip shots. And Captain Desmond said yes, indeed, chip shots were very important, weren't they?

Lulu was disgusted with both of them, and especially with Captain Desmond. He might be pretty good at sea, but he was certainly a lubber on land. She hopped down from the davenport, walked across to the piano bench, up and across the keys. Still nothing happened.

PERMELIA said the piano had a nice tone, didn't it? Captain Desmond said he wouldn't know, because he only played chop-sticks, but did she play? She said, yes, a little, but only for her own amusement. He said she'd better play for him then, because even if she were good he wouldn't know it.

Permelia played. She played a valse romantique, and when she was done Captain Desmond put down his pipe and said, "Debussy reminds me of a roller-coaster. You just sail along, and all of a sudden there's a big swoop of feeling. I like the swoops."

For a moment Lulu thought this was going to start things. A peculiar little look passed over Permelia's face. She was thinking that if she had played that piece for Hayes he would have stopped her right in the middle of the best swoop with an "Ah-ah-ah-ah, you're forgetting something." Immediately she was ashamed of this thought. It was not worthy of her love.

She was thinking also that Captain Desmond looked less like a sea captain than any city stockbroker who spends his week-ends taking sunbaths on the roof. No, he didn't look like a sea captain. He looked like a gentleman. Immediately she was terribly ashamed of that thought. It was the sort of thing she might expect from Hayes. Just because she had never met a sea captain socially was no reason to believe that they were—that they weren't . . . She put down her coffee-cup.

"I must go," she said hastily, "I really must."

Still Captain Desmond did nothing. Lulu was so disgusted with him she would have enjoyed taking a nip out of his thumb. Well, if he wouldn't, she would. She began to recite——

"In fourteen hundred ninety-two
A dago named Columbo
Was strolling down the streets of Spain
A-selling chicken gumbo.

"Said Christo to the Queen of Spain,
'Oh, give me ships and cargo
And I will . . .'"

Captain Desmond became a man of action. He crossed the room in one leap, and grabbed Lulu.

"That's just about enough from you," said Captain Desmond, removing Lulu to the kitchen.

"Oh, do let her go on," begged Permelia.

"I'm afraid some of Hennessy's poetry hasn't been censored," he told her.

She laughed. They both laughed. In the kitchen Lulu could hear them. She could hear Captain Desmond placing another piece of wood on the fire. She could hear the tinkle of coffee cups, and the low happy murmur of voices. Hennessey was so pleased, he gave Lulu a sugar lump.

There was no sign of Permelia the next day or the next. Captain Desmond took to shooting holes in books again, and to sending Hennessey into the garden to dig dandelions. He was well enough to return to work, but still he lingered, and both Lulu and Hennessey knew why.

Friday night station waggons brought additional servants to the big houses on the Drive. The week-end rush had begun.

Saturday was the day of Hayes Tidmarsh's match for the club championship. Captain Desmond dressed up in his best shore clothes, and announced curtly that he was going to the club house to watch the start. Hennessey and Lulu knew it was to catch one last look at Permelia Polk. They sat out under the trees along the fairway until they saw Hayes and his opponent on the sixth tee. Then they retreated to the house. Lulu sat up in the pine that overlooked the sixth green, but Hennessey was content to look down from the upstairs balcony.

When the players drew near, Lulu saw Permelia right up in front of the gallery, surrounded by a throng of Tidmarsh admirers. Captain Desmond was trailing along in the rear, watching Permelia. Hayes was watching his ball. When he placed it neatly on the sixth green a little admiring sigh went up from the onlookers, and something like a groan from Hennessey.

Please turn to Page 46

The Australian Women's Weekly

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page.

Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every 6ozs.

"I am writing to tell you the effect your Clements Tonic had on me.

"I suffered with muscular Rheumatism in both arms for nearly twelve months. Some days I could not lift a cup of tea across the table, and to write a letter was a real effort, having to rest between the pages for my arms ached so.

"Have tried all sorts of Lotions and Salts, which seemed to have no effect. I have taken two bottles only of your tonic and feel a different person, and I am entirely free of pain.

"Am keeping a third bottle in the house and will recommend the tonic to my friends. It is a splendid thing for nerves."

(Mrs.) H.M.R.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Even one bottle of Clements Tonic can make a really amazing change. However tired, run - down and "nervy" you may be, you, too, will "feel a different person" after taking Clements Tonic—the natural nerve-feed.

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All entries, on being posted by competitors, shall become the property of The Pepsodent Company, and the copyright therein, and all rights to use the same for radio and printed and other advertising, together with the names and addresses of the competitors, shall absolutely belong to and be the property of the Company.

Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. Competition definitely closes 3rd November, and all entries must be postmarked before midnight on that day.

Anyone can enter this contest except employees (and their families) of The Pepsodent Co., and advertising agents.

The competition is not open to residents of Queensland.

Everybody has an equal chance in this easy contest, because literary ability and "fancy" writing are not the only considerations. It is helpful ideas that are required. Just your own reasons in your own words. And the very answer you jot down in a moment may be the big winner!

HURRY!

COMPETITION CLOSES 3rd NOVEMBER, 1935

ENTRIES MUST BE MAILED BEFORE MIDNIGHT ON THAT DATE

8764A

The QUEEN *of the* *Cannibal* ISLES

Continued from Page 45

HENNESSEY was acting very queerly. He had taken his shirt off again, and was sitting on the floor of the balcony hidden from view by a rose trellis and some potted plants along the railing, unable to see the green unless he stuck his head up over the flower pots, but with an uninterrupted view of Lulu perched in the tree slightly above him.

It was Hayes' turn to play. He was attempting a thirty-foot putt. Nobody spoke. Nobody coughed, or sneezed, or cleared his throat. There was a hushed and sacred silence, as Hayes bent over his ball.

Lulu's eyes were fixed upon him, but her ears caught the sound of Hennessey's hand tapping gently on the balcony. She turned her head. She could see Hennessey's face. She could hear his whisper.

Hayes had drawn back his club, and was bringing it carefully forward.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!" said Lulu loudly.

The ball rolled four feet to the right of the hole. The eyes of the gallery passed over Hayes and came to rest on Lulu. The back of Tidmarsh's neck grew a little pink, but he smiled with good-humored sportsmanship, walked to the ball, and tried again.

"Yes, Hayes, dear. No, Hayes, dear. Yes, Hayes, dear."

A titter went through the crowd. Permelia grew pink but laughed. Hayes Tidmarsh grew red, and stopped smiling. The ball passed the hole and stopped two feet on the other side. He walked over and tried again.

"Oh, piffle," said Lulu, "piffle, piffle, piffle, piffle."

The titter turned into a gale of laughter. Mr. Tidmarsh walked across the green to the patio.

"We'll remove this hazard right now," he announced with great politeness.

"Here you, come down out of that tree."

"No ladies allowed abaft this rail," croaked Lulu.

The gale of laughter turned into shouts. Hayes Tidmarsh had never been laughed at, and he didn't like it. His love was not greater than his humiliation. He picked up a club. He didn't see Permelia come forward. He didn't hear her say, "Hayes, don't. You'll hurt her. Hayes, please."

Now Lulu was too old to do much fancy dodging, so she just climbed over to another branch nearer the balcony, and appealed for aid from Hennessey.

"Blow the man down," begged Lulu. "Blow the man down."

The shouts became roars. Hayes Tidmarsh pulled back on the club. He didn't see Hennessey bob up from behind the trellis. He didn't hear the gasp of amazement that passed through the gallery. He didn't see Hennessey stick out one of his hands and push an empty flower-pot neatly off the railing. He didn't even hear Lulu screeching, "Man overboard. Man overboard."

While the gallery dusted him off and removed him to the hospital for repairs, Captain Desmond secluded himself in the house and scolded and congratulated Hennessey.

"You were inspired, Hennessey, but I think you'd better start running."

"I ain't running," declared Hennessey. "He was going to hurt Lulu, and if he wants to see me he knows just where he can find me."

"See you?" Captain Desmond just snorted. "Hennessey, you're naive. He wouldn't soil his hands on you, but he'll slap on a warrant the minute he can talk."

"You mean he'll put me in gaol?"

"He'll put you in, and if I know my Tidmarsh, he'll keep you in."

"I ain't running."

Pretty soon there was a knock at the door, and one of the caddies handed in a note from Permelia——

"Hayes is conscious, and mad as a hatter. He is going to have Hennessey arrested, and he wants Lulu shut up as a menace to public safety. Please go at once.—Permelia."

Not Permelia Polk. Just Permelia. "She wants us to go," said Captain Desmond slowly. "We're in the way. We've made her enough trouble."

Hennessey looked at his arm—the one with places on it—and he sighed heavily. "I ain't got room for another, anyway," he said philosophically.

ONE week later Captain Desmond was standing on the bridge looking out to sea, while Hennessey stood his watch at the wheel below.

He had been transferred to a larger ship, carrying some twenty passengers as well as freight, and he wore a new blue uniform with lovely gold braid. He felt terrible.

The ship was an hour out of the Golden Gate, headed west, and he didn't feel one bit better yet. He felt worse, if possible, owing to the fact that he had written to Miss Permelia Polk a letter of apology for all his past errors, to which he had received no reply.

On the captain's deck below sat Lulu in the sun. She was glad to be back at sea, and Captain Desmond could hear her chirping cheerfully. Presently she stopped chirping and began to scold.

"No ladies allowed on this deck," croaked Lulu.

It had begun. Already the more adventuresome of Captain Desmond's passengers were duregarding signs and poking noses where no traveller's nose has any business to be.

Captain Desmond started down the ladder, looking stern.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah."

It was Permelia standing on small trim feet.

"How do you do," said Permelia. "You're the captain, aren't you? I always think sea captains are so interesting. Don't you? Now I knew a sea captain once . . ."

"How did you get on this ship?" asked Captain Desmond.

"The usual way, and the usual reason. A sea voyage for a broken heart." She smiled at him. "Not that it's serious," she explained. "It hasn't been serious for a long time really. As a matter of fact, it's hardly cracked. I think I can mend it. That is to say, with a little help."

She held up a paper bag triumphantly. "Sugar lumps," she said, "for Queen Lulu."

(Copyright)

'TOINETTE

Continued from Page 13

"AFTER a few days, they loosed the bandages. 'Toinette began to see and to comprehend the things she saw. She asked constantly to see Emile, but he did not come. He only sent messages. He put her off from day to day, with first one excuse and then another.

"Finally, one morning early, he came. It was before she had arisen. She could hear his loved voice speaking in the next room. Her mother could hardly restrain her to a proper decorum. She could not wait to run to him, her adored one! She would now see at last the perfect lover, who had made her life so sweet!

"The agony of soul Emile was enduring while waiting was beyond description.

"The door opened. 'Toinette ran into the room. Where was he?

"Sitting in a blaze of morning sunshine was a small middle-aged man. Even when seated the terrible disfiguring crookedness of his back could be seen. His eyes were raised to the girl in agony of doubt and fear.

"With a cry of joy she ran forward and threw herself on his breast.

"'Emile! my adored! my beautiful lover!' she said.

"Yes, it is all true, madame. I knew them both, once, very well, long ago. What became of them?—Madame—It is not for me to leave a tale unfinished. But even you, a stranger here, must have heard of the fine old wholesale grocery firm, Duvalle and Sons, which do their own importing.

"And any afternoon one passes by a certain old home on Esplanade Avenue, one may see a little lovely white-haired old lady starting for a drive in her open old-fashioned carriage, surrounded by her many grandchildren.

"And this is your story of a perfect love, madame, a story told and retold for many years in the Quartier, for 'Toinette loves as only the blind can love in this world, who see not the outward things of life. She loved the inner man, and she loved him with her whole soul."

The old gentleman arose and smiling faintly at my thanks moved slowly away; while I, forgetting my weariness, saw with misted eyes that even the elegant cape which he wore was inadequate to conceal the lines of the twisted little back.

I closed my eyes and let the sweet mingled fragrance of olive and myrtle, verbena and rose, magnolia and cape jasmine, speak to me of those half-forgotten days of charm and romance, when this great modern city had been the small French village of Nouvelle Orleans.

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WOMEN'S TENNIS TEAM *Should Be Sent* ABROAD!

Formidable Combination Could Be Built Up

By JOAN HARTIGAN

"Our Davis Cup team has been a great advertisement for Australia, and I am sure a representative girls' team would be none the less so," says Joan Hartigan in a letter to The Australian Women's Weekly sent just prior to her departure for Australia.

During her tour abroad Miss Hartigan has written exclusive articles for The Australian Women's Weekly regarding her impressions of tennis players overseas, and of the performances of the players at Wimbledon.

This story contains an account of the Wightman Cup played between England and America, and the American National Championships played at Forest Hills.

THE defeat of the English girls in the Wightman Cup must have been a great blow to the English critics, who anticipated a win for England. The Cup has been in the possession of the American girls for the last five years.

One leading player in summing up the English team prior to their departure for the United States was very definite in his view that the Cup would be transferred to England. He could see nothing at victory for England, which was represented by its strongest team, and although America had Helen Jacobs, they were without the services of Helen Wills-Moody.

After the first day's play, when England had two singles matches to her credit, and Kay Stammers had defeated Helen Jacobs, it looked as if his judgment would prove correct.

However, the second day showed a different Kay Stammers, and she was easily defeated by the tiny Californian champion, Mrs. Arnold. The result was staggering to tennis followers.

There is a great deal of interest taken in this contest in both countries, and one cannot help reflecting what a great pity it is that Australia cannot take part in such an important event.

It would be a wonderful experience for our Australian girls, who could in time build up a very formidable team. Distance should be the only factor against Australia competing, but the powers-that-be may consider the possibility of sending a girls' team abroad in the near future. Our Davis Cup team is a great advertisement for Australia, and I am sure a representative girls' team would be none the less so. Contests such as these would give us the experience we sadly need, as the players get more practice playing in these games than is usually got from tournaments, where defeat means elimination.

I was sorry I was unable to take part in the United States National championships, but was very pleased at the opportunity afforded me of witnessing some very high-class tennis during a few days of the tournament.

The committee encountered bad luck, and for five days the matches had to be abandoned on account of rain. The courts for this reason were below the standard of former years. Another unfortunate incident happened when Fred Perry, the world's champion, slipped and injured his side during his match against Wilmer Allison, the captain and manager of the last American team to visit Australia.

Without detracting from Allison's fine play, the injury Perry received undoubtedly affected his play, and it will prevent his playing tennis for some time.

The courts and the surroundings are entirely different to Wimbledon. The two centre courts, which are in a stadium, are surrounded by uncovered stands, very similar to Kooyong, in Melbourne.

A very amusing incident took place at the close of every day's play. The players unfortunate enough to take part in the last set of the day would have to run for shelter immediately after the last ball was played, as the cushions on which the spectators had been sitting were thrown into the court from all directions.

The explanation of this was that it saved the boys time in collecting the cushions from the court, instead of having to gather them up from each row in the stands. This might have been an excellent idea for boys and the management committee, but it proved a problem for the players about to leave the court.

N.Z. Tennis Team

A TEAM of New Zealand women tennis players arrived in Sydney during the week to take part in the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Championships, which commence on November 1.

The players are: Miss N. Beverley (Waikato), Miss D. Nicholls (Wellington), Miss D. Miller (Otago), Miss T. Poole (Canterbury), Miss I. Poole (her sister), Miss Rankin (Canterbury), and Miss R. Taylor (Auckland).

Thirteen years have elapsed since the visit to Australia of the last New Zealand women's tennis team.

AN INTERESTING study of Miss Helen Hull Jacobs, taken wearing her Court presentation dress. She is American tennis champion.

GIRL GOLF CHAMPIONS

By RUTH PREDDEY

While the golf season in Australia is drawing to a close, enthusiasts in England are preparing for a strenuous time during the next few months.

It is little short of miraculous how the younger players are making their presence felt in England, and how whole teams of prospective Pam Bartons are being coached and encouraged with their golf.

THIS year's English girl champion is Miss Peggy Falkner, of Worpleston, who is just 18 years old. She astounded the gallery that followed the finals when she played one hole of 420 yards and reached the green with the use of only a driver and a spoon. She played some extraordinarily long and powerful shots during her game.

Her opponent was Joan Pemberton, of Bramell Park, who is three years younger. She is said to have a perfect swing and times her shots perfectly. Unfortunately, her putting is weak, and incidentally lost her the match. However, it was a great performance to be beaten only one down.

Last year the winner of this championship was even younger. Miss Nancy Jupp, who hails from Longniddry, near Edinburgh, was only thirteen years of age. She caused an absolute sensation when she walked on to the tee wearing socks.

This tiny, shy, and frail-looking little girl first commenced her golf when she was four. She has never had any special training, but from the beginning her swing and technique were excellent. Yet she is so small that she has to have special clubs made for her.

It will be remembered that Miss Pam Barton sprang into the limelight when she won the girls' championship, and now, at the age of 18, she is one of the foremost players in the senior events in Britain, and the holder of the French championship.

Every year more juniors in Australia are taking to golf as a sports game, but, unfortunately, they do not seem to reach championship class. However, next season there is likely to be a big revival in golf, and it would not be surprising to find some of our juiors breaking the course records in many of the States.

MISS NANCY JUPP, who, at the age of 13, won the English Girls' golf championship. A brilliant future is predicted for this youthful player.

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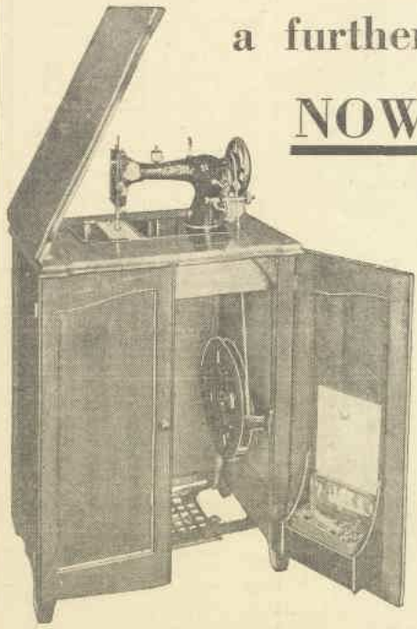

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MODERN LIFE...

Has it Made Children Too Sophisticated?

Imitation Movie Prodigies Create Wrong Impression

It is an old trick of the flapper to live, move, and have her being in the glamor of the stars — the movie stars. Which accounts for the bewildering succession of counterfeit Garbos and Hepburns that pass under notice in tram and ferry.

The disease has now spread to the younger children, and imitation Shirley Temples, Baby Le Roys, and Freddie Bartholemews trip with blase sophistication in the wake of fond parents.

This suggests the questions: "Are our youngsters too precocious and sophisticated?" "Has naturalness gone with pigtails and pinafores?"

IT is no use the critical adult recalling the model children "when he was a boy." This is a sophisticated age for young and old—and, after all, the children of to-day are not so different from those of 30 years ago.

It might be said that the child is the discovery of the last decade. Hitherto it belonged to the home. Now it belongs to the world. The parental admonition of pre-war years to be "seen but not heard" is so hopelessly time-worn that not even a juvenile and derisive "Oh, yeah!" is nowadays flung in its direction.

The modern child basks in collective publicity from the cradle to adolescence. Science and medical skill are called into action for its arrival into the world, and mothercraft guilds and baby clinics have an eye for its subsequent welfare. Its schooldays are watched over by a jealous and competent authority, and while it plays the psychologist puts exploratory fingers on the processes of its mind.

Amazing Generation

AND so it goes on. The thoughts of youth are broken in upon all the time. And in the face of good, bad, and indifferent exploitation the child has behaved very well indeed. To-day's event cannot be glimpsed through yesterday's glasses, and, having regard to existing conditions, the modern child is not only as wholesome as the child of yesterday, but also healthier—vital statistics prove this—and more frank, too, since it is allowed a mind of its own.

The youngsters of to-day constitute a surprising and amazing generation. In scholarship and athletics great things are being done, and the artistry of the child movie-stars provides serious food for thought. Of course, there have always been prodigies, but these children are so supremely and vitally natural, such consummate little artists, that, even allowing for the skill of the director, the glory of the work is theirs.

Coming nearer home there is the flawless performance of juvenile musician Philip Hargrave, with his adult technique at the piano, his poise and his love of a young maestro! There is nothing of pose in it; just the inward light.

Not Pampered

THEN there is the finished artistry of young Farrell, whose work has been commented on in The Australian Women's Weekly, and a bright future is predicted for him. And who can forget the sprite from the North Coast who played the violin with the subtle witchery of another Mozart at the recent Sydney Eisteddfod? She plays, improvises, and composes, and is only seven years of age.

Precocious! Sophisticated! These phrases are not for such as they.

No, it cannot be said that the percentage of spoilt and pampered children is greater than before. Rather the contrary. As a fact the normal child delights in his normality, and endures agonies when dressed up by a misguided parent as a meretricious imitation of a screen celebrity whose name is a household word.

Anyway, there is a corrective influence against this sort of thing in the school if not at home, and the majority of parents are too sane to make their children appear ridiculous.

Still, despite everything, there is nothing blase or sophisticated about modern children generally. It is a wider world, and the youngsters are entering earlier into their inheritance.

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St. Margaret's Hospital Cup Day Bridge Party, Hordern Bros., Florentine Room, November 5. Reservations by ringing BW 2091.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Angel Merling" produced by Scott Alexander at The Kursaal Theatre, 420 Kent Street, November 2, and a series of Saturday night performances.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Dalwood Cabaret, New State Ballroom, November 8, to augment funds for a ball to be held on New Holland in December for Dalwood.

☆ ☆ ☆

Annual Ball of Sam Lands and Happy Hour staffs, New Dungeon, Martin Place, November 2, in aid of Children's Hospital Cot Fund. Ring M 4197 for tickets.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Christmas cake competition in aid of the Sydney Day Nurseries. For further information ring general secretary. Entries close December 4.

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St. Margaret's Hospital Cup Day bridge party at Hordern Bros., November 9, 3.30 p.m. For reservations ring BW2091.

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The Columbia's ball, Pompadour Ballroom, Nock and Kirby's, in honor of Grace Moore, November 1. Tickets obtainable by ringing M2233.

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The tennis tournament arranged by Mrs. E. Larsen, November 14, in aid of funds for the Canterbury District Memorial Hospital.

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The bush garden party, at Willis' Castle, Middle Harbor, in aid of the Girls' Realm Guild of Service and Good Fellowship. Transport by launch from the Spit from 1.30 p.m., or cars from corner of Victoria Avenue and Penshurst St., Chatswood, from 1.30 p.m.

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CHAPTER 1

NANCY frowned.

Circumstances can justify anything, and she believed herself to be [illegible] than justified. [illegible] a flash. Not legal [illegible] then everyone kn[illegible] that the Law is a soulless machine, taking too little account of the human factor that makes all the difference.

Forced into it, Nancy considered herself to be—compelled by the pity and affection of a heart of whose warmness she was not herself aware.

Thoughtfully she drew at the cigarette-holder between her bright red lips. A tall girl with a very attractive personality of her own, she looked charming in an orchid-purple afternoon frock that brightened the gold in her hair and deepened the blue in her most striking feature, her lovely, clear eyes.

Usually there was a twinkle in them, for Nancy was accustomed to confront life with a smile.

Care was a word of which she hardly knew the meaning. She had not to work for her living. David Lucas, her father, was a jobber on the Stock Exchange who even in times of depression contrived to make a very respectable income.

There were two cars in the garage—a family saloon and a little runabout which Nancy was allowed to use. She lived with her people in a fairly large house at Streatham, with four servants, a tennis court, and that very latest signpost of domestic prosperity, an electric refrigerating machine.

Tennis, dancing driving, rinking; the pictures, theatres, music; her existence was very pleasant—very full or very empty, according to the epithet one chose.

Though not exactly in Society, she was on its fringe. It is because the suburbs are its fringe that Society sneers at them: the fringe of any garment is always rather a nuisance.

She had a sweetheart, too—almost a fiance, Raymond Dawson—a good dancer, an excellent companion, a useful man at the net in tennis, and with a very promising business career before him. Nothing was settled between them, but both Mr. and Mrs. Lucas had come to take it for granted.

Nevertheless, to-day Nancy was distressed—worried. The bold, beautiful blue eyes were clouded, and her white teeth gripped hard on the stem of her long cigarette-holder.

She did not want to do it—but she must, she told herself. She had promised, and there could be no going back on her word.

That poor, frightened man whose sin had found him out after all these years! . . . His one slip in an otherwise blameless life. Right or wrong, he must be saved. . . . It was too pitiful, the way he had pleaded with her. What else could she do but give in?

Her frown deepened.

Yes, she must do it. But she would have to have someone to help her. Dad, mother, Raymond—dust must be thrown in their eyes. They were the people that mattered.

To whom should she turn? Rapidly she thought of several names and dismissed them with a shake of her golden head. No. No. None of them would do because of their people.

Lord, what a lot one had to think of, and how hateful it all was! Still, if one had to be a conspirator one might as well be a good conspirator. It must be someone without any people—ah, what about Sylvia?

—By—

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

SYLVIA had a bachelor-girl's flat in town. A modern, independent girl who had cut herself off from her respectable and very dull Devonshire family, Sylvia!

Nancy fished the end out of her cigarette-holder and threw it away. Yes, it must be Sylvia—her old schoolmate and now her dearest friend. Surely Sylvia could be depended on to do what was required, ask no questions, and never give her away?

She frowned again. Sylvie, of course, would think—but what did that matter so long as Sylvie did not talk? And, anyway, even if Sylvie did think that, she would not be too shocked to play up: nothing could shock Sylvia.

With a decisive little nod, Nancy went to the telephone. It was in her father's study, and she carefully closed the door before asking for the number.

"Miss Lucas speaking. I want Miss Waring, please."

"Very good, miss. Hold on, please."

ONE telephone served all the tenants, and there was a wait while Sylvia was fetched. Presently her voice came through:

"Hallo, old thing!"

"Hallo, Sylvie." Nancy hesitated a moment. "I say, I want you to do me a favor."

"Name it, beautiful."

In spite of the fact that she had already closed the door, Nancy looked cautiously round before answering, and when she did speak it was in a lowered tone.

"Sylvia, I want you to say, if anyone asks you, that you and I have spent the week-end in your flat as we did once before. I don't expect anyone will ask you, but if they do—if mother or dad happen to say anything some time when you are here just back me up and make out that I have been staying with you."

"Nancy! You bad, bad lad! Who is it? Raymond?"

"Sylvia! Of course not!" The fierce indignation in her voice was as convincing as it was gratifying to the listener.

For all the lightness of her words, into the features that Nancy could not see there had come a tense, ugly look, temporarily very spoiling to a pretty face.

"Sorry, old dear." The look disappeared. "It's somebody else, is it, you dark old gee-gee?"

"It's nothing like that at all. Of course it isn't. There just happens to be a reason why I must go away and nobody must know where I have gone. And I want a pal to back me up without asking a lot of questions I cannot answer—or—or thinking things. And as you are my best pal—"

"All right, ducky-daddles!" Sylvia broke in. "Mum's the word. I understand. Naturally I feel a bit pipped that you won't tell me any more—"

"I can't, darling, or I would."

"Does that mean that he is married Nancy?"

"Sylvia, I tell you it is nothing like that—nothing like that at all. It's not a love affair . . . What do you take me for? You know quite well that Raymond is the only

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man I care about. Oh, do trust me and believe me, old thing!"

"Right O, angel. How long are you supposed to be staying with me?"

"From Friday night till Sunday evening."

"Good. All serene. Have a good time. Best of luck, Nancy."

Sylvia rang off. Her bushy eyebrows were drawn very close together as she returned to her own quarters.

"Well!" she murmured to herself as she lit a cigarette.

"Well!" she murmured again. A tinge of color stole into her pale cheeks. Her dark eyes glowed with excitement.

Nancy off for a week-end, and depending on her to keep it dark, to be her stalking-horse. She wasn't born yesterday. Nancy might swear till she was black in the face that there was no man in it, but she knew better. And what would Raymond Dawson say if ever he got to know?

Raymond. Nancy never seemed to remember that it was she who had first introduced her to Raymond Dawson. Until then Raymond had been her friend, but once he and Nancy met . . . A shrug of Sylvia's slim shoulders finished the thought.

She flopped into an easy chair, and crossed her legs. Two dark smouldering eyes stared at the smouldering end of her cigarette.

While this friendship between Nancy and Raymond had been growing, she had said never a word and showed not a single sign of what she felt about it. What was the good? But this business put an entirely different complexion on affairs. Here was an opportunity too good to be thrown away.

"All's fair in love and war," she told herself, and, puffing hard at her cigarette, sought for a plan.

Yes, yes. That would do, she thought. A postcard, asking Nancy to come to tea on Sunday afternoon. To-day was Friday. Nancy was going off to-night. The card would reach Nancy's house to-morrow, Saturday.

Postcards were public property. Her father or mother would be sure to look at it, and then the fat would be properly in the fire. A postcard from Sylvia asking Nancy to tea, on Sunday, when Nancy was supposed to be spending the week-end with her. That would take a lot of explaining away.

She started as the plan suddenly perfected itself. Oh, good, good! She would not only ask Nancy. "Bring Raymond," she would say, and "Phone me at once whether or not you are both coming." That would bring him into it. Yes, yes, that would do the trick!

And to Nancy, after the row, she would explain that the card was already in the post, but Nancy's request had so taken her breath away that she had forgotten all about it.

Frightfully upset she would be to Nancy. "My dear, I could kick myself! I never gave that wretched invitation another thought. As if I would knowingly give a pal away! I just can't tell you how sorry I am!"

All that sort of thing. Easy as easy it would be. Nobody could ever bowl her out.

THE Stock Exchange does not open on Saturdays. It was in plus fours, therefore, and not the striped trousers and dark coat that he wore in the House, that David Lucas arrayed himself after a noisy, leisurely bath.

He was tall, thin, and clean-shaven; quick to make up his mind, and rather authoritative in his manner. A good husband, father, and business man, fond of a joke, and proud of his wife, his daughter, and his home. He had had a good week, and, whistling cheerfully, he went down to breakfast.

The morning-room at the Acacias was a very pleasant apartment. It got plenty of early sun, and looked out over a stretch of well-kept lawn to a bright herbaceous border.

Mrs. Lucas was already at the table, reading letters while she waited for her husband—a well-preserved, middle-aged woman, with shingled chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. Nancy had inherited her blue eyes from her father, whose hair, however, was dark.

"Ring, dear," she said in a deep, pleasant voice as he came in.

Lucas touched the bell, looked out of the window, and then sat down. A parlormaid appeared with the coffee and the eggs and bacon, placed the coffee in front of the mistress, and the eggs and bacon before the master and departed.

Lucas served his wife and took a cup of coffee from her.

"No letters for you," she said. "Only these for me, and a card for Nancy. You might look at it before you open your paper."

"Oh, why?" asked Lucas, mildly surprised.

Instead of explaining, Mrs. Lucas handed him the post card.

He read it, and looked at her.

"But Nancy has gone to stay with Sylvia," he remarked, slightly stressing the word "stay."

"That is certainly what she told us," replied Mrs. Lucas without any stress at all.

Their eyes met.

"There must be some mistake," observed Lucas.

"Perhaps Sylvia wrote before it was fixed up?" he suggested. "It was arranged rather suddenly, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Lucas' expression brightened.

"I never thought of that," she exclaimed with an air of relief. "Yes, of course, that's what it is. She sent the card, and then either she rang Nancy up, or Nancy rang her and they fixed up this visit instead. Of course. Of course."

THE subject dropped. Breakfast finished, he went off for a round of golf.

He had a bad morning. Golf is a single-minded pastime, and he was not single-minded. Something kept coming back into his thoughts, with the result that his opponent utterly routed him.

Lunch was rather a silent meal. Husband and wife were both very worried and trying to hide it. All the morning, while she shopped, and picked and arranged the flowers, Mrs. Lucas had been worrying.

At last she could bear it no longer. With the clearing away of lunch her endurance snapped.

"David!" she exclaimed abruptly, "Don't you think we ought to do something about that card?"

Lucas started.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"It says that Nancy is to bring Raymond with her and phone if they can come." Mrs. Lucas faltered. "Oughtn't we perhaps to ring up, in case—in case there's a muddle?" She carefully looked away while she was speaking.

Her husband took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Perhaps we ought," he agreed, masking his eagerness to fall in with the suggestion. If they did they would know for certain that everything was all right.

"I'll do it at once," he announced . . .

Briskly he looked up the number.

"I want to speak to Miss Lucas—staying with Miss Waring," he said when he got through.

"Miss Waring is out," a voice informed him. "And there is nobody staying with her in her flat."

A moment Lucas hesitated. Then:

"Are you sure?" he rapped out.

"Quite sure, sir."

He rang off.

"She's not there, Hilda," he burst out. "David!"

MRS. LUCAS clutched at his arm. Her face had gone white.

"We must know—we must know where she is," she sighed. "Ring up Raymond, dear. He always knows Nancy's movements, and he'll be back from his office by now. Please, please ring him up at once."

Without a word Lucas turned to the telephone. If young Dawson was out—or away . . . He snapped out a number . . .

"Is that you, Raymond?" he asked. "Lucas speaking."

Mrs. Lucas clasped her hands together.

Raymond was there—thank goodness. But, of course, Raymond was there. As if Raymond . . . With a tremendous effort she steadied her thoughts and listened.

"No, no, of course everything's all right," she heard her husand saying. "Some mistake—some misunderstanding. A silly muddle, that's all, no doubt. . . We thought Nancy had gone off to stay with Sylvia, but apparently she hadn't, and so we wondered if perhaps you knew where she was. . . . There's a card here from Sylvia asking you to ferry to tea to-morrow . . . No, no, don't think that is necessary. Oh, very well, if you feel you must. See you later then."

He rang off.

"Raymond is coming round," he explained briefly. "He insists upon it."

Half an hour later a taxi stopped outside. A young man got out—a tall, athletic-looking young man with dark hair and very clear brown eyes.

He hurried over his greetings.

"I can't understand it, can't make head or tail of it," he brought them both to the point. "Why should Nancy say she was going to stay with Sylvia, and then go somewhere else?"

He thrust his hands into his pockets and stared at them bewilderedly.

"What do you think it can mean?"

Neither of them answered, not caring to say what they feared it must mean.

"She told me, as well as you, that she was going to Sylvia—so she must have meant to go there," said Raymond.

Nancy's father and mother looked at each other, both regretting now that Raymond had been told of the matter at all. But it was too late.

"Something must have happened to her—an accident on the way," Raymond suggested.

Mrs. Lucas shook her head.

"We should have heard. We must have heard by now," she objected.

Raymond stared intently at the carpet.

"I wonder if it would be any good ringing up Sylvia again?" he murmured. "She may be in by now and she might be able to throw some light on the mystery."

"No harm in trying," said Lucas. "You know where the phone is."

They waited in silence till Raymond came back.

He eyed them gravely.

"No use beating about the bush or trying to hide it from you," he said slowly. "Sylvia admits that Nancy rang her up on Friday and asked her to say she was spending the week-end there, though she had no intention of doing anything of the sort."

"Raymond!" gasped Nancy's mother.

"The card?" said Lucas curtly.

"That was a mistake. Sylvia had already posted it, and forgot all about it. Naturally she is very upset now to think that she has given Nancy away."

All three looked at each other—anxious and startled.

It was Raymond who spoke first.

"There is nothing to be done but to

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wait for Nancy's return to-morrow night," he said slowly, "when, no doubt, she will be able to explain everything quite satisfactorily to us all."

He moved towards the door.

"I'll buzz off," he said with a gravity that made the slang word sound very strange. "But I should like to be here to-morrow when she returns, if you wouldn't mind."

"By all means," said Lucas, as his wife did not speak.

"THERE she is!" exclaimed Lucas as they heard a taxi pull up.

Impetuously the mother rose to go to her daughter, but the father held up a restraining hand.

"Wait. Let her come here," he said sternly.

And so they waited, in a further strained silence, while the suitcase and hat-box were taken upstairs and the taxi-man dismissed.

Then the door opened, and Nancy came in, a little pale, and a little puzzled that nobody had come out to greet her, but with a resolute smile on her lips.

"Hallo, folks," she cried. "Raymond, you, too! Didn't anyone hear me drive up?"

Her eyes swept from one to the other, from the two men on their feet to her mother, and then back to the two men again—and her heart sank. In a flash she knew that something had happened, and she was found out. Those tense, anxious faces told their own tale.

"Where have you been?" her father inquired.

She did not answer, and he repeated the question.

Her color deepened. A hunted look came into her eyes.

"We know, through a little accident about a postcard, that you have not been staying with Sylvia, Nancy," said Raymond quickly.

She looked at him. "Kind of him, that," she thought. He didn't want to see her trapped—forced into unnecessary fibbing. "Yes. Very kind of him, that."

With the tip of her tongue she moistened the lips that had suddenly gone dry and parched.

What was she to say to them, she wondered? This was something for which she was entirely unprepared. Heavens, this was awful! How had they found out? What had happened exactly? What postcard . . . ?

"Well?" said her mother.

With a tremendous effort she pulled herself together. This was not the time for wondering how the disaster had come about. What was she going to say to them? That was what she must think of. Raymond, mother, dad . . . what was she going to say to them?

The graceful little figure stiffened.

There was only one thing to say, she thought, and, moistening her lips once more, she said it.

"I'm sorry I can't tell you where I have been," she said slowly. "I wish I could, but I can't. But it's all right—quite all right. Really it is. You must just trust me."

"Nancy, don't be childish!" It was her father speaking. "You must tell us everything now."

She drew a deep breath.

"I can tell you no more than this: It is true that I have not been to Sylvia's flat. I have been somewhere else, somewhere that I don't want any of you to know about . . . for—for reasons of my own. Won't it do if I give you my word that I have done nothing of which I am ashamed?"

"No," said her father, "that will not do. I want to know where you have been—and who with!"

Raymond half-started forward, half opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it, and subsided. A gleam of fire flashed into Nancy's blue eyes.

"That's just what I cannot tell you," she cried. "That's my secret!"

"Your . . . secret!" Her mother made an impatient movement—her shoulders heaved and dropped, her hands rose and fell, and her eyebrows arched themselves angrily.

Raymond felt very sorry for them . . . Raymond, whom circumstances had dragged into this painful scene, and who felt an intruder and yet could not bring himself to go.

He shared their anxiety. He understood them. Waiting, with judgment suspended, he, also, passionately desired to know what it all meant—and where he stood.

"To go away, after all that plotting and lying, and then to come back and expect us to be content to know nothing of where you have been—it's not reasonable, Nancy," Mrs. Lucas protested.

The girl with her back to the wall sighed.

"Oh, I know what you are all thinking," she cried. "But you are wrong—utterly wrong. I have not been to a lover. I swear it. I tell you again that I have done nothing of which I am ashamed—only what I had to do, only what I could not help doing! Raymond, won't you believe that?" she challenged him directly.

As she spoke she stretched out her hands—and Raymond seized them impulsively in both of his.

"Of course I do, Nancy!" he cried. "If you say that, that's good enough for me."

He was convinced, won over, carried away: glad now that he had asked to be allowed to be present, and had remained. The mystery was unsolved, but it was not the mystery he had feared. Judgment was no longer suspended: it had been delivered in her favor.

WITH her hands still held in his Nancy turned to her father.

"There—one person trusts me," she said with a wistful, appealing smile. "Now you trust me as well, daddy. Please, please don't be so tragic about it, darling. I am sorry about the lie, but I had to tell it. Daddy, daddy, please forgive me and believe in me as Raymond does."

Sternly her father regarded her, and slowly shook his head from side to side.

"But does he believe in you?" he asked remorselessly. "Hold a pistol to any young man's head like that, and what else can he say? You forced his hand——"

Hurriedly Nancy released herself.

"Raymond, is this true?" she demanded.

But before he could answer, her father began to speak again.

"It is no good, Nancy," he said firmly. "No good being obstinate or theatrical, or appealing to Raymond's or anyone's chivalry in a case like this. You must own up, and perhaps, when we know everything——"

"I can say no more than I have said already!" Nancy interrupted spiritedly. "If that won't do, father—if you feel that you would like me to go—want to turn me out——"

"No, no. Of course I don't mean that!" Lucas broke in. "Don't be so absurd. Whatever you have done, you are still my daughter. But, all the same, I am going to get to the bottom of this business for all our sakes——"

"I am satisfied, Mr. Lucas, honestly I am," Raymond struck in protectively, feeling that it was time someone stood up for her.

"Well, I am not!"

"If Nancy says that everything is all right—if Nancy assures us——"

"I want to know more! I refuse to be kept in the dark like this. It is not fair to put us off with an appeal to trust her. I want to know what she is hiding. If I knew all, perhaps I could forgive all, or understand all, but until I know——"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. So sharply and suddenly was it flung open that his voice died away and they all turned to stare at—Mrs. Lucas. How long she had left them nobody knew: nobody had missed her till—there she was in the doorway, with something in her hand.

"Nancy!" There was a look of horror in her eyes, and her deep voice was rather shrill. "I could see you had made up your mind not to tell, and I knew I should never have a moment's peace till I had found out everything. So I slipped away to search your luggage, and see what I could discover there. And this is what I found!"

CHAPTER 2

NANCY — her father — Raymond—three pairs of startled eyes shifted themselves from Mrs. Lucas' face and stared tensely at the object she was holding up for their inspection.

"Mother, how dare you . . . ?" Nancy began, but was allowed to say no more.

"A man's handkerchief!" Mrs. Lucas cried, and in a flash the significance of the discovery was made clear to the two puzzled men.

A man's handkerchief! What was a man's handkerchief doing in Nancy's luggage?

"I borrowed it." There was a half-defiant ring in Nancy's voice. "Because I wanted one and found I had lost mine."

"It was from a man that you borrowed it?" exclaimed her father.

"Yes."

"What man?"

"I cannot tell you," she said.

Once more Raymond intervened.

"Nancy, you know you can trust us," he said, earnestly. "I've told you that I am willing to take your word that everything is all right—and I mean that. But wouldn't it be better to—to let us share your secret, if we all promise faithfully not to give it away?"

"Yes, yes," cried Lucas eagerly. "Come, Nancy, you know you can depend on us!"

She shook her head.

For a moment Raymond regarded her disappointedly. Then:

"Tell your mother and father, even if you don't care to tell me," he pleaded with her. "I'll go away——"

As he spoke he began to move towards the door, but Nancy stopped him with another shake of her head.

"Nancy, you can't leave it like this, really you can't," Raymond tried once more to move her.

"I must."

Lucas frowned.

"We must know—we will know," he cried forcibly. "If you won't tell, we must find out for ourselves."

"Unfortunately, there is no name on the handkerchief, David," interposed Mrs. Lucas with a sigh. "Not even initials. Naturally, that was the first thing I looked for."

Nancy rose from her chair, with all three of them watching her and waiting breathlessly to hear what she had to say.

She looked at her father, and then at her mother, still holding the handkerchief in her hand. And then, suddenly, swiftly, before any of them realised her intention,

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the handkerchief was snatched from her mother's hand, and was in hers.

A few quick, running steps, and it was in the fire.

With the only clue as to where she had been reduced to ashes before their eyes she turned and faced them.

"I am sorry I had to do that," she said in a queerly untriumphant voice. "But it was the only way.

"I asked you to trust me—and you must trust me," she went on. "There is no more to say. I am going to bed."

And with that she walked out of the room.

Raymond, who was feeling very uncomfortable, cleared his throat.

"I think I'd better be moving," he said.

Lucas turned to him.

"I must say you have behaved very well Raymond," he exclaimed warmly. "Very well indeed. It's all most unpleasant—a great blow to her mother and me—and you, too, I suppose. Of course, you won't let the story go any further?"

"Rather not. I believe in her, you know, Mr. Lucas." The young man paused for a moment. "I am positive there is nothing wrong, and that whatever the reason is why Nancy cannot explain, it is all to her credit," he added quietly.

"I am sure I hope you are right," Lucas answered. "I was afraid you might be going to give her up. It's a relief to know that you are still her friend.

"Dreadfully worrying," he murmured. "I would never have believed that a daughter of mine . . ."

Mrs. Lucas touched Raymond lightly on the arm.

"You are quite good friends with Sylvia, too, are you not?" she asked.

Raymond nodded.

"I wonder if there is anything you could do about her?" she hinted.

"Sylvia?"

"Yes. I don't quite like to say anything to her myself—it is too embarrassing. But naturally we don't want such a story to get about."

"Oh Sylvia is all right," he broke in. "Don't worry about Sylvia, Mrs. Lucas. Leave her to me. I'll have a word with her. Sylvia won't talk."

He left, feeling very sorry for them both, and very glad to get away . . .

What Nancy had been up to, he could not imagine. He felt utterly bewildered, but since Nancy stuck to it that she had done nothing wrong, all one could do was to leave it at that, he told himself.

Still, one way and another, it was rather a facer, all round. If it had been Sylvia, now, but Nancy . . . Nancy to go off like that . . . .

So mused Raymond, who loved her, as he made his way home—while the other two people—who also loved her—took counsel together, her worried parents.

"I have made up my mind what to do, mother," said Mr. Lucas. "If Nancy does not adopt a more reasonable tone in the morning, I shall appeal to your brother. Talk to him about it, and get him to talk to her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lucas, warmly approving of the idea at once. "Her Uncle Harry can do more with Nancy than anyone. Of course, I hope it won't be necessary to tell him about it, dear, but if it is, is she is still obstinate——"

"He'll soon get the truth out of her and see that nothing like it ever occurs again," Lucas took her up. "Or, if there's any question of making anyone marry her, well, he's our man," he added.

"Don't, David, don't," said Mrs. Lucas, piteously.

THE sun was streaming into the morning-room, and the garden outside looked very bright and gay as Nancy came in to breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas already seated, looked up as she entered.

Fresh and smiling in a deep-blue morning frock, Nancy hurried up to her mother and kissed her.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Lucas with unusual formality.

A slight frown appeared on Nancy's forehead as she turned to kiss her father.

"Well?" he said.

Nancy made no pretence of not understanding.

"I thought we settled that last night," she said.

"You mean you have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing." She forced another smile.

"That is your last word, Nancy?" asked her father.

She nodded, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucas exchanged another glance, the meaning of which was "Uncle Harry it must be!"

Conversation was rather forced for the rest of the meal, and Lucas went off to town by an earlier train than usual.

Later on the phone rang, and Nancy answered it.

"Sir Henry Sanston wishes to speak to Miss Lucas," said a voice.

"Miss Lucas speaking," said Nancy.

"One moment, please," said Sir Henry's butler.

"Is that you, Nancy?"

"Yes, Uncle Harry."

"My dear, your father has been in to see me on his way to town. He is terribly upset about you——"

"Uncle!" she exclaimed. "What a shame to bother you when you are so worried already!"

"It's you, and your father and mother, I'm thinking about," said the voice at the other end. "It's all most distressing. I assured him you were the best girl in the world, but it was no good. He declares that he and your mother will never have a moment's peace until they know where you have been——"

"Uncle Harry! You didn't tell him, did you?" Nancy broke in nervously.

"No, my dear. No." The voice shook a little. "But I am not sure I shall not have to tell him."

"No, uncle, no!"

"You had better come up and see me at the office. I shall be there by eleven. Don't be later than half-past."

CHAPTER 3

AN impressive-looking man, Sir Henry Sanston, fifty-something years of age, with authority and prosperity written all over him.

He had a high, domed forehead, silver-grey hair, keen, dark eyes, firm, clean-shaven, lawyer's lips, and a golden voice.

He was the head of one of the most profitable legal firms in the country, built up by himself from the smallest of beginnings.

One of the best speakers in the House, his interests were widely varied, and he was an unpaid, shining light on the board of all sorts of charitable institutions. It was for this "public service" that he had been knighted.

Dressed in a smart, dark-grey lounge suit, with well-creased trousers, and a white slip showing above the waistcoat opening, he took his hat, stick and gloves from the butler and left his house in Eaton Square for the office.

His offices were on a par with the man—impressive without being loud. A smart commissionaire saluted and flung open the door for him—the lift boy smiled and touched his cap—and a second later Sir Henry was in his private room.

The secretary retired to her own room while he took a preliminary look through his letters.

A sigh escaped him. He leant back and lit a cigar, and the hand that held the match trembled ever so slightly. Then the door opened, and his secretary appeared.

"Miss Lucas," she reported.

"Bring her in." The little clock on the mantelpiece showed that it was ten minutes past eleven.

Nancy entered, and the secretary retired.

Uncle and niece smiled and nodded to each other. Then Nancy came and stood by his side, and flung an affectionate arm about his neck.

"You are not to tell dad and mother anything!" In a breathless, determined little voice she came straight to the point. "I won't have it."

"I must," said Uncle Harry, putting down his cigar and reaching up and clasping the hand of the arm that was about his neck.

"If I had dreamed anything like this—" he continued, and then stopped and started again. "They are unhappy. They are frightened. It was a big shock to me when your father came to see me this morning. If you could have heard him . . ."

"You are unhappy and frightened, too," Nancy broke in.

"I am. I wish to heaven I had never—" he burst out, and was allowed to say no more.

"Uncle Harry! None of that! It is all right, I tell you. Cheer up! In a day or two all this will blow over. Dad and mother will forget all about it. Please, please leave things alone."

She smiled good-bye, and left the room. But as the door closed behind her, her face became suddenly grave, very grave and sad.

"Poor old dear," she thought.

Sir Henry reached for the phone. His face was also grave. Almost broken, he looked.

Three minutes later David Lucas rang off, frowning gloomily as he replaced his receiver.

Sir Henry had failed. Nancy had been too much for him as well. For once Sir Oracle had disappointed the family that had learned to lean upon him.

"How can he be sure that everything is all right when she won't tell him any more than she has told us?" the troubled father wondered.

"SYLVIA!"

"Raymond!"

The two people who had met by chance in the street smiled and shook hands.

"What a bit of luck," exclaimed Raymond. "The very person I wanted to see."

"I've been having tea with a couple of old cats who know my people in Devonshire," Sylvia volunteered. "Couldn't put them off any longer."

"I'm on my way home from the office," Raymond explained. "And I was going to call on you on the chance of finding you in. That's why I am so glad I've run across you."

Sylvia's dark, bright eyes glanced at him sideways.

"Very unlucky for poor old Nancy, that postcard muddle," she remarked coolly. "Makes me feel a most awful sweep for forgetting that I had posted the thing. I hate letting a pal down. A proper old mess I made of things, didn't I, lugging you in and all? I told Nancy to-day that I should never forgive myself.

"I'm glad we haven't parted brass-rags about it," Sylvia chattered on. "I'm fond of Nancy, you know. But, my word, what a dark horse. Weren't you surprised? It was because I was so surprised when she rang me up that all thought of that

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wretched postcard was driven out of my head. Have you any idea who it is? Even to-day, when it has all come out, I couldn't get a word out of her about him!"

"It is not that sort of affair at all," Raymond frowned. Sylvia must be stopped made to believe, and also bound into promising to hold her tongue. That was his job. "It is something quite different, just some little mystery that she does not wish to talk about," he added firmly.

The dark eyes widened.

"You believe her?" asked a mocking voice, with a slight pause between each word.

"I do!"

"My dear man!"

Their eyes met.

"You're not going to drop her?"

"Certainly not. This is the time when she needs her friends more than ever!"

"Raymond! You're infatuated!" she burst out.

"What I was coming to ask you, was not to spread the story any more than it is spread already, not to make a joke or a scandal of it, Sylvia," he said sternly. "I never thought for a moment that you would be on the other side."

She began to walk on again, and he followed.

"All right," she said sullenly. "I won't talk."

"Good. That's a promise, Sylvia." He touched her arm. "It is always easy to think the worst; try to think the best, for a change," he pleaded.

They turned into the street in which her flat was situated.

"I'll say good-bye now," he exclaimed, halting at the entrance.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"No, thanks. I've got what I wanted—your promise—and now I must hurry to Streatham to see Nancy."

"Right. Au revoir."

She left him in a fury. What had she done? At the time she had thought she was being very clever, but—hang it!—it looked as if instead of parting them she had merely driven them more closely together!

"You wait, you wait, Nancy Lucas," she thought viciously. "If you have done it once, you will do it again, and next time—next time we'll see if he will be such a holy little angel about it!"

NEARLY two weeks saw a great slackening of the tension at the Acacias. Things had become almost normal again.

Very pleased, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were, with Raymond for the way he had stood by their daughter, and, among other good deeds, persuaded Sylvia to hush the matter up.

And then came the Friday, a fortnight after the Friday on which Nancy had first begun to flutter the dovecote.

Dinner at the Acacias was always at seven-thirty prompt. The gong rang as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucas entered the dining-room. But there was no Nancy.

"Ring the gong again," Mrs. Lucas instructed the parlormaid. "Perhaps Miss Nancy did not hear it."

The gong was rung, but no Nancy appeared.

"I had better go up and see what is keeping her," said Mrs. Lucas.

"Let Jessie go," said Mr. Lucas, indicating the parlormaid.

But his wife had already started.

In a minute or two she was back again, with a white face, and carrying an opened note in her hand.

"She's not there. Read that," she said, and held it out to her husband.

"Darlings," Mr. Lucas read, "I'm so sorry, but I have had to go away again, just as I did before, and do it like this because of the fuss you would have made if I had told you. Please don't worry. Do trust me. Back Sunday night or early Monday morning. Love. Nancy."

FRIDAY was usually rather a pleasant evening in the Lucas household. Mr. Lucas had finished work for the week. Saturday was his golf day. Generally, therefore, there was something of a holiday air about the evening meal. But not on this Friday.

He looked at his wife's white, worried face.

"This is too much," he said. The note shook in his hand. "To do it again—in this cool, defiant way—really, this is too much," he repeated, at a loss to know what else to say.

Uneasily they glanced at each other.

"It must be an affair—whatever she says," Lucas jerked out. "What other possible explanation can there be of her going off like this a second time? I don't want to be an out-of-date heavy father or anything like that, but what on earth does a man do in a case like this?"

Mrs. Lucas sighed. It must be a man—it must, it must! That handkerchief. . . .

"Of course I can turn her out when she comes back," he said.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Lucas shakily, and suddenly she found her tongue.

"What good would that be?" she cried. "That would only make things worse. She's our daughter—whatever she has done she is still our Nancy. If—if we turned her out, we should only be worrying about her all the time—you know we should. You're not the sort and I'm not the sort to—to do a thing like that," she gulped.

Lucas nodded. It was true.

"There is only one thing for us to do," he announced. "And that is, to forgive her, when she comes back, and see that there's no more of it."

Mrs. Lucas sipped her coffee.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully—sighed yet once more, and then added: "And keep it quiet. See that not a word of this second time leaks out to anyone—particularly Raymond."

Lucas looked at her; searchingly his eyes regarded her.

"You mean that Raymond has stuck to her once, but is hardly likely still to stick to her if he knows that it has happened again?" he asked a little tactlessly.

There was a touch of impatience in Mrs. Lucas' nod, for there are some things which are better not put into words.

"Let's go to the pictures," she suggested, rising. "I don't know what's on, but whatever it is it will take our minds off things. We can't sit here all the evening, talking and worrying . . ."

Lucas rose, too.

CHAPTER 4

THE young man seated opposite to Nancy in the restaurant of the Empire Hotel looked across the little table at her with appreciative, admiring eyes.

How charming she was in that nile-green evening dress, he thought. Bluer than ever it made her eyes seem, and more golden still her hair; and the electric light gleaming on her white shoulders—delightful!

Cyril Foster was his name, and, feeling his scrutiny, Nancy raised her eyes to his. Steadily, if a little apprehensively, she looked into his bronzed, clean-shaven face—the face of one accustomed to a warmer sun than London's.

It was a clever face, with firm lips, a square chin, and clear, very dark eyes, with a crop of neatly-brushed blue-black hair above. His shoulders were square, and his figure that of one accustomed to take plenty of exercise.

He smiled as her eyes met his, and his smile was as attractive as the rest of him.

She looked away, thinking to herself that it strained her manners to the utmost to be even polite to him, when all the time she was secretly resenting the fact that she and he were dining alone and were afterwards going on to a theatre. . . . But that could not be helped, as Uncle Harry had explained.

"I'm very sorry, my dear, but I shall have to leave you alone with him for the Saturday evening. I have been booked for this particular Saturday for a long time. It is a charity dinner at which I am making a speech. I cannot possibly back out, or I would. And it really will be the last time, Nancy. He is going back to India next week."

If only he were not so friendly! Ah, well, one would not have to talk much at the theatre, and once this week-end was over. . .

ANOTHER remark from her companion roused her from her reverie.

He began to talk to her about India, telling her of the elephants and what wonderfully intelligent workers they were.

Nancy, who loved animals, became really interested, and was surprised when Foster suddenly caught sight of a clock and declared that they must fly or they would arrive after the curtain had gone up.

Nancy dashed up to her room for her wrap and the final powdering of the nose without which no girl in these days is ever ready to start for anything.

They were not late. The driver had been told to see to it. One minute before the curtain rose they reached their seats, and Foster had just time to buy chocolates from the attendant and drop them in Nancy's lap.

"Go and have a drink if you want to," she said at the end of the first act.

"I don't want to. I'd sooner stay here and eat chocolates with you—and talk," was her companion's reply.

They talked about the play. Nancy seemed to have quite a lot to say about it.

The same thing happened at the end of the second act. Then came the third and the final fall of the curtain.

Foster took her arm, to steer her through the crowd.

"It's raining!" she exclaimed as they caught a glimpse of the street.

"Wait here," said Foster manfully. "I'll get you a taxi or perish in the attempt."

"Don't bother," began Nancy. "A bus or the tube——" But he was already gone.

She saw him push his way out, and settled down to wait for his return.

Then she became aware of Foster springing out of a taxi and hurrying towards her.

"Come along! I've got one!" he cried with an air of triumph.

"Good work," smiled Nancy, gathered her wrap about her, and crossed the pavement.

But already there was somebody else at the door of the taxi—another man in evening dress—and as Nancy made as if to get in, he roughly pushed her aside and got in himself.

Nancy, surprised and indignant, turned to look at Foster.

But Foster was not looking at her. Foster had seen what had happened, seen his taxi coolly appropriated and Nancy pushed

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brutally out of the way. Foster was seeing red.

"Come out of that!" he snapped to the man inside. "That's my taxi—not yours!"

"You go to blazes!" was the answer. "It's mine now."

Foster took a step forward.

"Get out—quick!" he flashed.

The other did not move.

But Foster did. Half his body and two strong arms went into the taxi. The man inside was much bigger than he, but out he came, struggling and cursing.

Foster flung him off with such force that his unknown rival found himself sprawling on the muddy pavement and wondering if it were the end of the world.

Nancy thrilled. The swift efficiency of it took her breath away. Nothing could have been more neatly and speedily done—or more just. And it was for her that it had happened! There was a flush in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes as she looked at the young man who had been so quick to act on her behalf.

"Jump in," Foster said to her calmly. "You're getting very wet."

His victim scrambled to his feet and hurried off.

Nancy turned to enter the taxi, and her heart missed a beat. Coming towards her, in a raincoat with the collar turned up, she saw, only a yard or two away—Raymond!

Raymond! If he recognised her—if he stopped and spoke. . . .

Hurriedly she sprang into the taxi.

"Quick, quick!" she called to Foster.

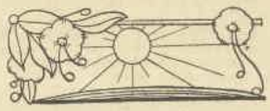
IT was the taxi-driver who saved the situation by getting slowly under way, taking it for granted that his fare, who had just disposed of a rival so neatly, would have no wish to discuss the matter with a policeman.

Foster scrambled in and slammed the door as the taxi moved off, and Nancy, sitting well back in her corner, with her face buried in the white fur collar of her evening wrap, gave a gasp of relief.

What a narrow escape! If Raymond had come up to her, and she had had to introduce the two men . . . The thought made her shudder. Had Raymond seen her? she wondered. She had seen him, but perhaps he had not seen her: she had been very quick . . . Not that that mattered so much, so long as the two men had not met.

Silence prevailed till the taxi stopped.

"Here we are, back at our hotel," Foster said.



CHAPTER 5

BUT walking home to his rooms after dining with some friends in the West End, Raymond had seen Nancy and a young man get into a taxi outside a theatre!

He quickened his pace, to match his thoughts. It looked as if Nancy were doing again what had made such a flutter once before!

Arriving at his rooms, he peeled off his wet raincoat, and lit a pipe. Late though it was he felt no desire to go to bed. Somehow or other he must get to the bottom of this, first.

Where was Nancy now?

With his hands thrust into his pockets, he began to walk up and down, blowing great clouds of smoke.

A thought flashed into his mind.

"I believe—I believe they knew she had gone off again, and couldn't bring themselves to give her away to me," he told himself.

He did not blame the Lucas'. He felt very sorry for them. Was that not what he would have done in their place? Of course they had to stand by her! During the whole of the last affair, hadn't he felt absolutely rotten about the way he had been dragged into it?

What about Nancy? What about Nancy? After all, that was the crux of his problem. What about Nancy—and him?

EVERYBODY knows that there are two points of view everything.

But Nancy's point of view when she returned home on Sunday evening was a downright astonishment to her long-suffering father and mother.

She was angry with them, really angry with them, for the way they had lied to Raymond on her behalf! Silly, she called it—humiliating. What did she care what Raymond Dawson thought? she demanded.

"What I do is my affair, not his," she declared heatedly. "I am certainly not going to tell him any fibs! Oh, I see you meant well, and in a way I suppose it was very sporting of you, but you ought not to have done it!"

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas glanced at each other bewilderedly.

Was there ever such ingratitude and brazenness before? What had they done, they wondered helplessly, to be given such a daughter?

That was Sunday evening. On Monday evening Raymond presented himself—a perturbed young man, who had at last made up his mind what to do, and was determined to do it.

Nancy took him straight out into the garden.

"I want to talk to you," she said, and led the way to a secluded little lawn.

"Look here, that was all rot what mother and dad said about my being with Aunt Emily at Southsea. I'd gone off again, and the poor dears were trying to protect my character."

"I know," said Raymond.

"What do you mean—you know?" asked Nancy crisply.

"I guessed it. Guessed why they said it, I mean. You see, I saw you outside a theatre with some man."

"I thought you did," she said calmly, "but even if you hadn't seen me, I should still have told you it was all eyewash about Southsea."

"Nancy," he said gravely, "I don't know what the dickens you are up to . . ." Then he paused.

"You're not going to know," she remarked, neither snubbingly nor defiantly, but merely as one stating a fact.

"You can say, if you like, that it is no concern of mine," he began again.

"Well, is it?" she challenged.

"Yes!" He looked her squarely in the eyes. "Nancy, who was he?"

"You know quite well that I am not going to tell you." She took a swift draw at her cigarette. "And you are not to try to find out, though, as a matter of fact, it would be no good your trying," she added.

He got up and stood over her.

"We are pals, aren't we?" he faltered.

She nodded.

"We have been pals for a long time, Nancy. Your friendship means a lot to me—more, much more, than I can say."

"Raymond!" She flung up a hand and pressed the hand of his that was resting on her chair with an impulsive warmth that made him flush.

"Can't we make a 'do' of it, Nancy?" he pleaded shyly. "I love you frightfully. It's been growing and growing. You're everything to me. I'm not much good at saying things, but there's nobody in all the world for me like you."

He paused for the fraction of a second and then asked all in a breath, "Nancy, will you marry me?"

The glow that had come into her blue eyes faded a little. Inquiringly they looked up into his, and slowly and sadly she shook her head.

"You don't care for me like that?" he gasped.

She answered him indirectly.

"Aren't you asking me to marry you to rescue me—to get me away from the other man you are afraid I am carrying on with?" she asked, with a sigh. "That may be very chivalrous, very sporting and very touching, Raymond, but, but——"

"No, no," he broke in. "I admit that I thought of it—that was why I came here to-night. But it is all different now—quite different.

"You have told me you don't care for him and he doesn't care for you—and that means he does not count. I know it's difficult, but do, do try to understand, darling. It's for yourself I want you—for myself I want you—because I love you, and you matter to me more than all the rest of the world put together."

The blue eyes began to glow again.

"You are sure, Raymond?" she breathed.

"Quite, quite sure, Nancy," he cried. "My dear, my dear, I swear it! I love you—and—and that's all. I just love you!"

"Then—then—'yes,'" she said softly.

He bent down and kissed her. Tempestuously he drew her up from her chair and kissed her again, and suddenly that garden seemed a very splendid place.

"It seems too good to be true, but it is true, isn't it, Nancy?" he whispered.

"Quite true, dear."

"Say it in words, darling—say 'I love you, and we're engaged.'"

"I love you, and we are engaged," she whispered obediently.

Once more he hugged her, and still holding her in his arms looked down into her flushed, happy face, bent back to look up into his.

"And now—now that we are in love and engaged, we can have no secrets from each other," he said tenderly. "Now we can tell each other everything, can't we, dearest?"

THE graceful young form in Raymond's arms stiffened. A pair of blue eyes looked into his with a sudden air of resolution in their glance.

"What do you mean?" asked a voice not quite so thrilled as it had been a moment ago.

"Now we belong to each other we can have no secrets from each other," he answered affectionately. "I want to tell you everything about myself—"

"Raymond, I don't want to hear!" Nancy interrupted, releasing herself from his embrace.

"My dear, you ought to know, you have a right to know—"

She shook her head.

"I should prefer to get it over, Nancy." She forced a nervous little laugh.

"Isn't this sort of thing very much out of date, Raymond? Much better keep your murky past to yourself," she said, her words much lighter than her manner.

Raymond looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"I thought it was usual to—to make a clean breast of everything," he faltered.

Again Nancy laughed.

"Our grandfathers and grandmothers did it, but we don't," she cried with an attempt at flippancy.

"Nancy!" Raymond eyed her reproachfully as suddenly the truth dawned upon him. "I believe—I believe you think that this is a trick to worm out of you your secret about that man!" he challenged her.

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Somehow the Streatham garden was no longer the splendid place it had seemed a little while ago. There was something sinister now about the glory of the sunset seen through the trees that surrounded them.

"Yes," said Nancy quietly, "I did think that."

"Then you were wrong. I'd forgotten!" Her forehead puckered.

"Raymond!" her voice shook a little. "Don't let us tell each other anything. What is the good of raking up things that are over and done with? I don't want to know about any other girl you've thought you loved. I just want you to love me, and forget that there was ever anyone else. And I want you to do the same."

"Yes, it's a bargain, dear," he answered.

The gong rang.

"Goodness," exclaimed Nancy. "It's dinner-time. You'll stay, of course?"

"Rather," he laughed.

There was joy at the Acacias that night. Nancy was settled and safe. Nancy and Raymond were going to be married. Nancy was through with that other mysterious, disconcerting affair. All was well. Neither scandal nor tragedy would tarnish her name.

BUT if certain things were not mentioned, they were not entirely dismissed from everyone's mind. Mrs. Lucas took the first opportunity to whisper in Raymond's ear:

"Has she told you all about . . .?" She allowed the rest of the question to finish itself.

Raymond shook his head.

"By jove!" exclaimed Lucas. "We must ring up Sanston. He ought to know the good news at once.

"I'll go and do it immediately," he announced.

"Oh, let me, Dad. I'd rather," said Nancy, and hurried into her father's study to the phone.

"It is Nancy, Uncle Harry," she said when she got through.

"Well, my dear?"

"I've rung up to tell you that Raymond and I are engaged."

"Good. I am not expected to be overcome with astonishment, am I?" he laughed. He had a nice laugh. It has to be a very nice laugh that sounds well over the wire. "Heartiest congratulations to you both!"

"Thank you very much, Uncle Harry."

"Happy, my dear?"

"Very."

"You deserve to be!" He paused for a moment. "And what is a very, very grateful old uncle to give you for a wedding present—and when is it to be?"

"It's too early to talk about that yet, darling. We only got engaged an hour or two ago."

"I see." Again there was a slight pause. "And everything is all right at home?"

"Right as rain," she laughed. "The brand has been plucked from the burning, and all is forgiven and forgotten."

"Foster sails on Saturday," he said, gravely. "Shall I tell him when I see him off?"

"Why not? Tell him by all means," Nancy answered. "It would be a good move, wouldn't it? Good-bye. Here's Raymond."

CHAPTER 6

TO Uncle Harry, to all the inhabitants of the Acacias, and to Raymond's people, the engagement of Nancy and Raymond had come as anything but a surprise. But there was one person who was absolutely thunderstruck by it: Sylvia Waring, that pretty, dark-eyed, red-lipped intriguer, who had done her utmost to prevent it from coming about.

A note from Nancy, which Sylvia received on the Wednesday morning, brought her the news, and ruined her breakfast.

They were engaged! Her cunning machinations had failed. It was incredible.

Oh, well. She shrugged her shoulders. Engagements weren't everything. It was all the fashion to break them nowadays. Nancy had not really got him yet, and if she could help it, Nancy was not going to have him!

Nancy would have to be congratulated, she thought. A letter would not do. Nancy would expect an immediate visit. Obviously on receipt of such news a best friend should rush around at once to hear all about it. Very well.

Nancy had only just finished doing the flowers when Sylvia was shown into the drawing-room—a gay, smiling, powdered and lip-sticked Sylvia who apparently could hardly contain her delight.

"Beautifullest!" she cried. "How topping. So you and Raymond have been and gone and done it at last!"

She pecked at Nancy's cheek and then seized her left hand.

"What! No ring yet?" she cried.

"Raymond is bringing it to-night," Nancy explained. "He made me go with him to choose it yesterday, and the one I fancied was a little too big, so they're making it smaller to-day."

Sylvia laughed. "Now it's all over, dearest, are you going to tell me about that week-end? You know it won't go any further, and I confess I'm just eaten up with curiosity."

"There is nothing to tell," said Nancy, frowning. "It wasn't that sort of affair at all."

"Right-o, beloved. Only I must say you have managed your parents and Raymond jolly well. Wish I had half your nerve. Never, never have I known anyone get away with it as easily as you have, darling."

A FROST in Nancy's blue eyes warned her that she must stop.

"Well, good luck, old dear," she added, squeezing Nancy's waist, which was still encircled by her arm. "You know I wish you well."

Gently Nancy released herself, too happy really to resent her friend's attitude, but at the same time rather hurt with her. Was not Sylvia just the least bit vulgar, not to say coarse, she wondered? It was all very well to be bright and up to date, but surely Sylvia went rather far?

Still, a friend was a friend, and Nancy, whose nature it was to be utterly unsuspicious, and who always thought the best of everybody, never parted lightly with any friend.

"Sit down and I'll tell you all about it," she said—and Sylvia crossed her legs and listened to the story of how Raymond had proposed—the story which Nancy believed she had come there to hear.

"Romance, with a capital 'R,' lovey," Sylvia commented, carefully keeping the mockery out of her voice. "Look here, I must see you together, now you're engaged. How about bringing him along to-morrow night? With the ring, of course," she laughed. "I'm giving a little party that ought to be great fun."

"I'll ask him," said Nancy without any great enthusiasm.

"Oh, you must make him come. I'm dying for you to meet my latest conquest. Promise you'll be there, Nancy, promise faithfully."

"Very well," Nancy surrendered. "I promise."

"That's fine. He's one of the best-looking young men I've ever seen. Dark and bronzed. I met him on Monday at a dance, and lo! and behold we ran into each other at another dance on Tuesday. Two nights running—that was Fate, eh ducky-daddles? So, on the spur of the moment I fixed up this party for to-morrow night for him—and—well, you'll see how sweet he is for yourself. It's a pity he's going away—I'm really rather keen on him, but there it is. My luck, as usual. He's off to India at the end of the week."

A slight frown puckered Nancy's forehead.

"What is his name?" she asked in a voice that trembled in spite of all her efforts to steady it.

"His name? Foster—Cyril Foster!" Sylvia answered.

"I KNEW it!" thought Nancy, as the name she dreaded to hear fell from Sylvia's bright red lips. It was Cyril Foster—it would be Cyril Foster!—and she had promised faithfully to go to Sylvia's party to meet him!

Talk about walking blindfold into a trap—oh, thank goodness, she had scented the danger and asked his name! But even so the narrowness of her escape made her shudder.

Go she could not and would not. She had seen that bronzed, handsome face for the last time, she told herself.

"Sorry, Sylvia, but I have changed my mind," she said firmly. "I shan't be able to come to your kick-up, after all."

"Nancy! Why ever not?"

"Just don't want to—that's all," Nancy answered. Had diplomacy been necessary there were many ways by which she could have got out of it; remembering a mythical engagement, or persuading Raymond not to want to go, or ringing up at the last moment and pleading a headache.

But it seemed to her that no tact was needed with one she had known so intimately for so many years.

"All right," said Sylvia, pleased rather than offended. "Just as you like, dear."

"She is afraid of me!" she thought. "Jealous. Now she has hooked him she can't even bear the idea of Raymond dancing with me. Yes, that's it! She wants him all to herself."

Smilingly she uncrossed her legs and rose.

"Well, I must be off, darling," she gushed. "Bye-bye, and once more best wishes and so on and so forth!"

All day, on and off, Nancy's supposed jealousy haunted her mind. But when she woke on the following morning a new thought flashed into her dark head.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly, as thoughts do come to one, Sylvia found herself wondering if there were not, perhaps, another reason why Nancy had backed out of coming to her party.

She sat up in bed.

It was to meet Cyril Foster that Nancy had been asked, and she had been willing enough to come till she had heard his name. Harking back it seemed to Sylvia that there had been something strange about Nancy's manner, when she came to think about it.

Good heavens! Was Foster the Man?

Sylvia sipped her morning tea, the bringing of which had awakened her.

Goodness! This was most thrilling! If she were right—oh, somehow she must discover if she were right or wrong!

She would ask Nancy to lunch with her, and, without telling Nancy that he was coming, ask Foster as well! And their meeting would tell her all she wanted to know.

So delighted was she with the little drama she had planned that she could

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hardly wait till after breakfast to ring up Nancy.

"Beautifullest, 'is that you?"

"Yes, Sylvie."

"Got the ring?"

"Yes."

"I must see it. I'm dying to see it. Can't you lunch with me and show it to me? Now, don't say you're engaged, darling. If you are, you must break it. You wouldn't come to my party to-night to show it to me, so you just must come to lunch."

"Very well, dear, I will," Nancy answered, touched by Sylvia's interest and feeling rather guilty about yesterday's thoughts of her friend.

"Lovely! See you about one, then."

Sylvia rang off.

Good. Splendid. Now for Foster.

CHAPTER 7

IDLING in the lounge of his hotel, Cyril Foster was reading that Thursday morning's paper; that is to say, he had lit his pipe and was apparently looking at the printed page.

But it was not the newsprint that he was seeing. A picture had intervened—a vision of a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, with a queer, half-friendly, half-aloof manner that both puzzled and attracted him.

Strangely interesting and unforgettable he found her.

Again and again, since he had said good-bye to her on Sunday, he had found himself thinking about her, wishing he could find some excuse to see her again, and wishing that in a day or two he had not to embark on a journey that would put half the world between them.

But that had to be. Duty called him back, and there was no possible reason why he could demand that she should meet him. . . . Oh, well, that was that!

Rousing himself from his reverie he really began to read.

A headline caught his eye. "Fighting in Bombay." At once the paper had all his attention.

In the disturbance the handsome Indian premises of the Sunstar Motor Company had been completely burned out . . .

He put the paper down.

This was serious, very serious, he thought—for he was the manager of the Indian branch of the Sunstar Motor Company, home on leave.

He rose. Obviously he must go to the head office at once and see the managing director. It was surprising, indeed, that he had not already been phoned for . . .

The hall-porter came up to him.

"You're wanted on the phone, sir."

Foster nodded.

The head office, of course!

He hurried to the telephone-box and shut himself in.

"Is that Mr. Foster?" asked a woman's voice.

"Speaking," he answered, thinking it was the managing director's secretary.

"This is Miss Waring. You remember me, don't you?" the voice at the other end went on. "You are coming to my party to-night."

"Yes." He remembered her—a dark, pretty little thing—one of those very modern girls, very rapid and rather amusing. By pure chance he had met her twice running and accepted a rush invitation for this evening. But he did not want to be bothered with her now.

"I was wondering if you would lunch with me, Mr. Foster?" Sylvia rattled on. "Could you possibly bear to?"

"I say, I'm afraid I——" he tried to interrupt her. But it was no good.

"I've got one or two rather amusing stunts on for to-night, and I thought if you wouldn't mind talking them over with me it would help to make things go."

"Sorry. I can't possibly manage," he cut in. More serious matters were afoot. He had no time for such nonsense now, neither time nor inclination.

"Mr. Foster, don't be so unkind," she tried again. "I must see you, to tell you what I want you to do to-night. It won't take long—do—do."

"Sorry," he broke in impatiently. "I can't. See you this evening. Good-bye."

He rang off.

Frowningly Sylvia replaced the receiver.

"Brute! Pig!" she snapped.

But intriguers can't expect to have it all their own way.

Evening found Foster rather reluctant to go to Miss Waring's party. He was worried and hardly felt in the mood for the sort of affair he suspected it would be. He had seen the managing director and had not got very much out of him.

Foster was to call again at the head office in the morning. An important question of policy had to be decided, he was informed, and the full Board had been summoned for a conference at eleven-thirty.

"Oh, well, I accepted, and I may as well go," he told himself as he dressed. It would at least take his mind off things . . . things being what had happened in Bombay and a certain blue-eyed, golden-haired girl whom he could find no reason for seeing again and from whom he would be sailing far, far away on Saturday.

As he anticipated, he found the big sitting-room of Sylvia's flat crowded with Bright Young Things of both sexes—the girls all in fashionably long frocks.

Sylvia, with her bare shoulders made to look dazzlingly white by a black georgette dress, and her lips more vividly red than ever, offered him a cocktail.

"I've forgiven you for not coming to lunch," she announced.

"Honestly, I could not help it."

"Chin-chin." She clinked glasses with him, and drifted away.

Foster felt rather out of it. Apart from her he knew nobody there—and cared very little for the look of most of her guests. They were not his sort.

THE cocktail glasses were collected, and Sylvia announced that they were "off."

"Off" consisted of all the men being shepherded to one side of the room and all the women to the other. Then the lights went out, and in the pitch darkness every man had to find a partner and be ready to dance with her when the lights came on again and the gramophone began to play.

Rather silly Foster found it, but judging from the squeals and the laughter the others thought it very amusing and enjoyable.

He found a partner, since when in Rome one must conform to the customs of the country.

"Guess who it is?" she giggled.

"Sorry—I only know Miss Waring," he answered—and then the lights went up, and he discovered that it was Sylvia, who appeared to consider that she had made a great score over him.

"After this we are all going to have our fortunes told," she informed him while they danced.

"I've got a crystal gazer in the next room who is a positive terror. She'll make your hair stand on end, you see if she doesn't. Nothing is hidden from her—it's perfectly thrilling the way she can read the past and foretell the future."

"Well, let's hope she will give me a good one," said Foster lightly.

Sylvia looked away, with a queer, excited light in her dark eyes. She had to know; now she had thought of it, she just had to know. The lunch party plan had been a fiasco, but there were other ways, lots of other ways, of finding out!

"You shall be the first to go in to her and see how wonderful she is," she said with a significance that was lost upon him.

He felt bored. Fortune-telling—crystal-reading—how silly!

"OH, let someone else be the first victim," suggested Foster with a laugh. "I'm shy. Put me through it later when I have seen what happens to the others."

Sylvia hesitated for a moment, and then shrugged.

"Very well," she gave in. "Listen, everybody!" she cried. "You are now going to have your pasts laid bare and your futures foretold by Madame Merveilleux of Bond Street."

She explained the rules. One by one the fortune-teller would hold their hands and look into the crystal, while the rest of the company stood round and listened to all that passed. That, said Sylvia, was part of the fun, and she prophesied all sorts of startling revelations.

They all trooped into the next room, in the centre of which a cage of black velvet had been erected.

"I suppose that's what I was wanted for—to help put that up," thought Foster.

The cage was open at the front, and inside was seated a buxom, rather impressive-looking woman dressed in Oriental costume and with her face very well made-up. Her eyes were small and very bright, her nose was slightly hooked, and she wore several rings on each of her plump, white hands.

She was seated at a little table that was covered by a black velvet cloth on which stood a gleaming crystal ball.

There was some argument as to who should be the first to enter and take the chair in front of her. Nobody seemed to want to begin. The point was finally settled by one of the young men forcibly pushing one of the girls into the open cage.

Madame took both her hands and gazed intently into the crystal.

In a breathless silence the rest of the assembly waited to hear the inmost secrets of their fellow guest revealed. That, as Sylvia had said, was part of the fun.

And so the show went on.

Then Sylvia touched Foster on the arm. "Your turn now," she said firmly.

"Very well." He moved forward resignedly. He had come to this stup'd party and must see the tomfoolery through.

He took his seat before the soothsayer. She smiled at him as she grasped his hands . . . and Sylvia moved her position so that every expression of his face could be seen by her dark eyes.

"I see—the East," said Madame in her slow, deep voice.

"Quite," said Foster. "My sort of sunburn takes a long time to wear off. In Cairo—"

"It is India I see, not Egypt," madame interrupted. She raised her small, bright eyes to his. "You are a sceptic?" she inquired.

"Absolutely."

"And you would throw me off the scent?"

"If I can."

"We shall see." She looked into the crystal again.

"It is not the East I see now," she an-

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nounced. "You are with a girl—a very charming girl—fair, with blue eyes."

Sylvia leant forward.

"Most fair girls have blue eyes, haven't they?" smiled Foster.

"You and she are in a—a hotel," said madame dreamily. She paused for a moment. "A hotel bedroom."

"Censor! Censor!" cried one of the frivolous listeners.

"Hush," said Sylvia sharply, her eyes on Foster's face.

"No," said Foster, very quietly and firmly.

"I am sorry. That was a mistake. It was a big couch that I mistook for a bed. It is a hotel apartment—lounge or drawing-room—is that right?"

"Well, that's more possible," Foster smiled. "I have spoken to several fair girls in my hotel during the last two months."

"This girl loves you very dearly. Much, much more than you love her. For your sake she has done something daring, something very daring, and now she is very unhappy."

Sylvia frowned. The man's face was a mask. It told her nothing, nothing at all!

Foster waited for the seer to go on. Just for a moment he had wondered if it could possibly be Nancy to whom she was referring, but every word she had said since had made that right out of the question.

"She is so unhappy that she has turned to someone else, for whom she does not really care. I see her in his arms—wishing that they were yours. All the time her heart is calling to you!"

"Bad lad!" said a mocking voice from the background.

Foster moved impatiently in his chair. What rot it all was! What rubbish the woman was talking, he thought. He looked away. His eyes met the absorbedly interested eyes of Sylvia, and he smiled at her scornfully.

"I suppose you can't tell me this poor young lady's name?" he said to the crystal-gazer.

"Her name? No." She peered into the crystal's depths. "Wait! Wait," she cried. "Just a moment, please. It is not very clear—rather hard to make out."

Her brows furrowed with the intentness of her gaze, and Sylvia's lips parted, and she leant forward a little more.

"She is wearing a pin—being a man I suppose you would call it a brooch," the deep, slow voice went on. "There is an initial on it in tiny seed pearls. It's—It's an N. Yes, an N. Does that convey anything to you?"

Foster did not answer. He was not going to give anything away. He did not believe—most decidedly he did not believe—in this crystal-gazing nonsense, but, nevertheless, he was rather startled.

NANCY had a pin with an N in pearls on it! Each time they had met she had worn it. He had noticed it and commented on it, and she had told him that it was a birthday present from somebody, and she always wore it in the day-time.

"You must answer, please," said Madame—and Sylvia held her breath.

Foster shrugged.

"I prefer to listen to you and say nothing," he smiled.

"Does that mean that you admit—?" Madame began, only to be interrupted with a firm:

"Certainly not. I admit nothing, except what I have already admitted, that I am a sceptic!"

The crystal-gazer's eyes strayed to Sylvia's frowning face. The presence of Foster and the fortune-teller at her party had seemed to Sylvia, disappointed about the lunch, an excellent opportunity to find out what she so dearly wanted to know.

It was she who had primed the woman with what she was to say, imagining it certain that Foster must betray himself. But neither his face, nor his manner, nor his speech had betrayed anything at all, one way or the other.

IT was impossible to be sure or not whether he knew a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl who wore a brooch with an N in pearls on it. The results of her scheming were, therefore, entirely negative—another failure.

She nodded to her confederate, who was clearly as uncertain and puzzled as she, and Madame dropped her eyes to the crystal again.

"One other thing I see," she resumed. "You do not go back to India. You stay here in England on account of that girl."

A suggestion of Sylvia's, that. The idea was to put the thought into his mind—after they had bowled him out and were sure that he was the man.

It might be possible for him to remain. Sylvia had thought, and as she wanted Nancy and Raymond parted, it was worth trying! And Madame had taken her nod to mean that she was to carry out the full programme.

"Her love is too much for you. You remain to fight for her, and you win; you take her away from the other man," she prophesied. "I see you coming out of church, man and wife—and then—and then. . . . I see no more!"

"Thanks very much," said Foster, rising. "But I am afraid you're a bit off the track. I am definitely sailing for India on Saturday, the day after to-morrow!"

CHAPTER 8

BACK in his hotel, Foster was undressing, and he frowned as he removed his collar.

With his mind drifting from one subject to another he got into bed.

Waking, Nancy and that N in pearls were the first things he thought of. And then he forgot them as he remembered the interview before him. It might be a good thing to have a scheme all cut and dried—a rough plan of the new place and an advertising campaign worked out. . . .

Bathing, shaving, and dressing quickly, he busied himself with that during breakfast and till it was time to present himself at the head office.

The managing director received him at once. He shook hands and waved him into a chair.

"Well, Foster," he said cheerfully. "The conference is over, and we have made up our minds. The Bombay branch is to remain dead. By the time we are ready to start again it would cost too much to win our connection back, and it has always been rather a disappointment to us.

"That, and the general uncertainty in India now, have decided us. We are going to transfer you to our Piccadilly showrooms. You won't lose by it, of course. In fact you'll gain. Come in and see me to-morrow and we'll go into things. I've no time to-day."

Foster found himself in the street again in a very bewildered frame of mind. In some ways he was sorry, in some ways glad, but in one way he was absolutely astounded.

The change in his plans took on a new and brighter aspect. Staying in London meant that he would be near Nancy—able to see her again and again. Why not? Yes—why not?

Impulsively he signalled to a taxi and told the driver to take him to Sir Henry Sanston's office. He sent in his card, and was shown at once into the great man's presence.

They shook hands.

"There won't be any need for you to see me off on Saturday, Sir Henry," Foster said. "I'm not going."

The lawyer's eyebrows arched themselves.

"Our Indian branch has been burned down and the firm have transferred me to Piccadilly," Foster explained.

Sir Henry nodded—non-committally.

"I want you to give me Nancy's address," Foster went on cheerfully.

"Why?" Sir Henry's tone was sharp and startled.

THE two men looked at each other. "You sound rather fierce about it," Foster remarked, surprised at the other's warmth. Sir Henry's eyes dropped to his desk.

"Why shouldn't I have her address?" inquired Foster. "What right have you to refuse it, and to forbid me to see her again now I am remaining in England?"

Sir Henry frowned.

"It is her happiness, her peace of mind that I am thinking of," he said quietly. "I have already stretched a point in your favor."

"Quite. Well, stretch another," said Foster impatiently.

The lawyer shook his head.

"The arrangement I made with you when you first came to see me——" he began.

"I know," Foster interrupted. "And I repeat, I shall keep my word. You can depend on me not to give away the secret. Miss Lucas shall go on believing what she believes at present. Surely you can trust me?" he demanded.

"Things have an awkward way of coming out," said Sir Henry slowly. "And once Nancy knew, think what a terrible disturbance it would make in her life! Try to see it from her point of view. These things matter very much to a girl—and there are others who must also be thought about, don't forget that."

"I tell you, she shall never know from me!"

Sir Henry pulled a document towards him as a hint that the interview was nearing its end.

"Come, be reasonable," he said in a more conciliatory tone. "You have seen her: that was all you asked. Twice you have seen her——"

"And now I want to see her again, and for the life of me I can't see why I shouldn't," declared Foster obstinately.

Sir Henry picked up his document.

"Nancy has just become engaged to be married." His tone was crisp. "So you see," he added, as Foster did not speak, "if this desire on your part for her society means that you find yourself very attracted—well, you had better keep out of the way. For your own sake, for your own sake. Nancy is settled, and very happy; she told me so herself."

"All the same, I should like to have her address to ask her what I want to ask her, and to congratulate her," said Foster steadily.

The other touched a bell, and a clerk appeared while Foster was still seeking for a reply.

"Good-bye," said Sir Henry.

"Good-bye," said Foster, it being clear that there was nothing else to say.

All the firmness faded from Sir Henry as the door closed. He dropped the document he had so significantly taken up. A look of utter misery came into his keen, intellectual face, and he rose and paced up and down his room with his hands clasped behind his back.

A sigh escaped him—a heavy sigh—and then he shook himself as if to free himself from the burden of his thoughts. Usually

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a very decided man, he put his hand on the telephone, and then drew it back.

Twice he did that, evidently unable to decide whether or not to ring somebody up. Then at last he made up his mind, and asked for a number.

"That's you, Nancy, isn't it?" he said, recognising her voice when he got through.

"Yes, Uncle." She recognised him, too.

"Foster has just been in. He wanted your address—said he must see you again, as he wanted to ask you something."

"Uncle Harry! You haven't given it to him?" cried a startled, anxious voice. "He isn't coming here?"

"No, no. I refused point blank."

"Oh, good! You frightened me awfully for a moment."

"I told him about your engagement—I did my utmost to make him keep away, my dear. Of course I did. But he is a very persistent young man, and I suppose the truth is that he is more than half in love with you——"

"Flatterer! But go on about Mr. Foster. Did he say what it was that he wanted to see me about?"

"No."

"I wonder what it can be?"

"I haven't the least idea, but it was that that gave me the opportunity to tell him about your engagement."

"I see." The voice at the other end sounded rather puzzled. "But why, if you have put him off, have you rung up, darling?"

"To warn you. I am afraid of that young man, Nancy. I want you to be on your guard in case he gets your address some other way."

"He hasn't much time, has he, Uncle Harry?" Nancy laughed. "He sails on Saturday."

"No. He doesn't! I was coming to that. He is not going back to India after all."

"Not going back?" Nancy echoed on a note of surprise. "Why not?"

"Some change of policy his firm have decided on. The Bombay branch has been burned down, and Foster has been transferred to their Piccadilly showrooms."

"Oh, has he?" exclaimed Nancy, rather startled. Foster in England! What about her uncle—and her father and mother—and herself? This was serious—serious and dangerous. She remained silent, unable for the moment to think of anything to say.

"I can't tell you how much I regret ever having dragged you into this," her uncle's voice went on. "Even now I am more than half inclined——"

"No," Nancy interrupted, suddenly finding her tongue. "No, Uncle Harry. Certainly not. Don't worry, darling. It will be quite all right." She forced a laugh. "There, cheer up. Don't you worry, Uncle Harry," she repeated. "It will be all right. I'm sure it will."

She rang off.

"I do wonder what Mr. Foster wanted to see me about?" she speculated. "Poor Uncle Harry! It must have been a great shock when he came in for my address . . . What it can be, I can't think!"

She hurried upstairs for her things. When the phone rang she had been on the point of going out to get her hair cut—that engagement, once almost exclusively masculine, but now of common gender.

CHAPTER 9

FOSTER felt very annoyed with Sir Henry as he left the lawyer's office. Pig-headed old man. Refusing Nancy's address, and turning him out like that!

Did Sir Henry really think he would be content to leave the matter there? Didn't Sir Henry realise that he could easily get Nancy's address from some other source if he really wanted it? Of course he could!

Foster lit a cigarette.

Unless he were very much mistaken, he could get it, for instance, from Miss Waring!

Last night, Sylvia considered, had been a frost; it was the way she had failed to find out anything one way or the other, about Foster and Nancy that had made it such an utter failure in her eyes.

All her trouble and her scheming had gone for nothing, and what to do next she could not decide. Find out definitely, she would and must. But how? To-day was Friday. Mr. Foster was leaving England to-morrow . . .

The bell rang. She heard the door opened and the sound of voices. Her maid appeared.

"Mr. Foster, miss."

Sylvia nodded, and a minute later he was in the room with her.

"Do tell me—all that crystal-gazing stuff was a fake, was it not?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Sylvia sounded very innocent.

Foster laughed. "Own up!" he said.

"Own up to what?"

"That you put the lady wise!"

"Me?" said Sylvia more innocently than ever.

"Yes. In my case, for instance, you know Nancy Lucas—she has happened to mention that she has seen me lately—and—and you worked up that little stunt last night for a joke. That's correct, is it not?" he demanded.

Excitedly Sylvia clenched her little fists. What was she to make of this challenge and this admission, she asked herself? What could she make of it, except that he was the man, and at last she had found out what she so dearly wanted to know? Oh, this was thrilling, this was a scream! He had given himself and Nancy away at last!

"Yes. Of course it was all a plant," she said. "You have bowled me out." She laughed again, and then went on recklessly:

"You want her address? I can do better for you than that, Mr. Foster. I'll take you to see her. I was just thinking of visiting her myself. You are free?"

Foster nodded.

"Good. Then we will take her by surprise together. It is Streatham we have to go to—that's where she lives. I won't be a minute getting ready."

She hurried away for her things. What fun, what gorgeous fun the meeting would be!

"IT was all rather silly, you know, if you don't mind my saying so," said Foster as they set out.

Sylvia laughed. She was very excited. Her eyes were dancing.

"Pooh, it was only a rag," she scoffed.

"Playing with fire is a risky business," Foster answered.

They had taken a taxi to Victoria and were now in the train.

For some time he studied her, wondering what she was thinking about so absorbedly. He liked her better to-day—much better—because she was taking him to Nancy.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that I am not going back to India to-morrow after all," he remarked casually.

Sylvia—enjoying in advance the thunderbolt which she was about to launch on her best friend—came out of her reverie with a startled mental and physical jerk.

"What?" she gasped, sitting bolt upright and staring at him with widened eyes.

She did not want him to go back—she wanted him to stay and make trouble between Nancy and Raymond. It was for that reason that she had instructed the fortune-teller to put the idea into his mind.

But all the same, she was frightened—for she was superstitious, and to find the false prophecy made true in this unexpected way terrified her. It was ridiculous and illogical, of course—but there it was.

She moistened her very red lips with the tip of her tongue, and looked out of the carriage window. A premonition of evil, a dread of future disaster swept over her. She was tempted to draw back—not to take him to the Acacias after all.

But it was too late.

The train stopped.

"Here we are," said Foster, reading the name of the station.

They got out.

CHAPTER 10

TO be forewarned is to be forearmed. Nancy knew that Sylvia and Foster had become acquainted. Had she not been forced back out of going to Sylvia's party to avoid meeting him?

She knew, also—from Uncle Harry—that Foster was seeking her. And she was not, therefore, altogether unprepared for Foster's appearance at the Acacias.

"Beautifullest," cried Sylvia as Nancy came into the drawing-room, where they were waiting. "I've brought my new friend, Mr. Foster, to see you, but I understand you don't need to be introduced as you know each other already."

All Nancy's attention was given to Foster, with whom she was both angry and curious at the same time. Foster, as her mind swiftly put it to herself, had "forced his way into the house in defiance of Uncle Harry." Very well!

"Oh, yes," she acknowledged the acquaintance to Sylvia—gave Foster a cool little bow and a "how-do-you-do?"—And then addressed herself to Sylvia again.

"How did the party go?" she asked, as if all her interest was in Sylvia and her affairs.

Sylvia looked bewilderedly from Nancy to Foster, and then back to Nancy again.

Determined to make them betray themselves, she began to talk about her party, under the belief that Nancy and Foster had quarrelled and parted, the only way she could read the situation.

"Fancy!" she cried, leaving out the brooch incident so as not to arouse Nancy's suspicions. I had a crystal-gazing stunt—Madame Merveilleux, from Bond Street, and she prophesied that Mr. Foster was not going back to India. Of course he laughed at her, but to-day, this morning, he found she was right. He is not going back, though she could not possibly have known it. Isn't that wonderful, beautifullest?"

But again she was disappointed, for Nancy had already had the news from her uncle, and was consequently not taken by surprise.

"Really? How curious," she exclaimed politely, as if the matter were not of the slightest importance or interest to her.

"I'm glad to see that you don't think any more of that sort of rubbish than I do," observed Foster.

Nancy gave him a polite but rather distant little smile.

"Well, of all the cool hands!" thought her best friend. "Talk about two for a pair!"

They were guilty—they must be guilty

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—they were guilty and bowled out—and yet they were both behaving as if there were nothing wrong and they hardly knew each other!

Unquestionably he was the man with whom Nancy had spent those two mysterious week-ends, but to look at them and to listen to them you would never have thought it!

"All right!" Sylvia's thoughts ran on. "You wait—both of you!"

She knew!—she knew the man Nancy had gone off with, which was something—a very great deal . . . a piece of extremely valuable knowledge which she could keep up her sleeve, ready to reveal to Raymond when the right moment arrived.

She began to talk about him. A good move she thought that, born intriguer that she was. Foster, obviously attracted, would hate to hear about his rival. Jealousy would spur him on as nothing else would.

"How's the fiance?" she began.

Nancy, remembering what Uncle Harry had said, was very ready to make it clear that she was in love with someone else—for Nancy, with the hardest and deepest game to play, was only too anxious to make Cyril Foster go away—and never come back.

But Sylvia, of course, believed that Nancy was trying to make him jealous, or to hurt him because their affair was finished; she could not quite decide which.

And Foster just regretted the whole business. He disapproved of that new, shining ring on the third finger of Nancy's left hand; and he disliked having to hear Nancy tell Sylvia how happy she was, and how Raymond had said this or done that . . . and how glad her father and mother were about the engagement.

While tea was being brought in, Nancy looked at Foster, and her curiosity began to revive. What was it that he wanted to ask her, she wondered?

SYLVIA, a very restless person, always darting about, had gone off to the other end of the big drawing-room, when the maid came in with the tea.

"Tell mother," said Nancy.

"I have, miss."

As the maid spoke, Mrs. Lucas entered and Foster was introduced.

Mrs. Lucas, however, did not take much notice of him. To her he was merely a friend of Nancy's friend—Sylvia's friend—one of the many young people who were always dashing in and out.

Gaily she talked to the young people.

"Tell me, my dear," she said to Sylvia. "Is this the latest—and are you serious this time?"

Sylvia felt what she called tickled to death! If only Mrs. Lucas knew . . . !

"They say one match makes many. Now Nancy and Raymond are engaged, are you going to follow suit?" inquired the friendly, motherly voice.

Sylvia's eyes sparkled mischievously as she shook her head.

"He looks a very nice young man, my dear. I am sure you might do worse, and it is time you settled down . . . ."

Meanwhile, Foster, tete-a-tete with Nancy, found himself eager to make the most of his opportunity. He wanted to make friends with her—real friends—even though she was engaged. To be able to see her often—very often—was his chief desire.

But somehow he felt strangely tongue-tied, and very annoyed with himself.

Frantically he racked his brains, and at last he did think of something. Out it came in his clear, deep voice, during an unlucky lull in Mrs. Lucas' and Sylvia's conversation.

"I say! You know that handkerchief I lent you? Could you let me have it back? I rather treasure it, you know, because you borrowed it!"

The tea that Mrs. Lucas was pouring spilled on to the tray; her face went white, and her eyes seemed to be starting out of her head.

CHAPTER 11

IT was for thrills that Sylvia had brought Foster to Streatham—yet by the irony of Fate it was her luck to miss the greatest thrill of that afternoon.

What "fun" she would have thought it had she been aware of the dramatic breathlessness of that moment!

But she knew nothing about the handkerchief that Nancy had thrust into the fire: nobody had told her, and so all she noticed was that Mrs. Lucas had rather clumsily spilled some tea in the tray!

And Foster, so oddly embarrassed in the presence of the girl he was so anxious to stand well with, had not noticed even that!

It was between mother and daughter that the drama was played. Their eyes met, and with a tremendous effort Mrs. Lucas, startled and horrified, pulled herself together.

"Sylvia, my dear, there's a duster in the top drawer of the bureau. Would you mind . . .?" she murmured bravely as if nothing were the matter but the tea she had spilt . . . an heroic, maternal effort.

Nancy drew a quick breath. Very, very sorry for her mother, she felt, and very frightened for someone else. This was ghastly!

Hurriedly she rose. Desperately she bluffed.

"Your handkerchief?" she said, ignoring the rest of his remark. "Of course you can have it back. I am sorry I haven't sent it to you before."

Was it all right—was mother beginning to believe what she wanted her to believe? Nancy stole a glance at her mother's face, and then turned to Foster again.

"Mother says I ought to have someone to follow me about and do nothing but pick up the hankies I drop," she laughed. "I'll get it for you at once."

"Oh, don't bother," said Foster. "It really does not matter. Another time will do." He was feeling rather distressed. It was only half jocularly, half for the sake of something to say, that he had asked for the thing. He did not really want it.

Another time! Nancy ignored him—made for the door too quickly for him to open it for her . . . and gave a gasping sigh as she closed it behind her.

Would it work? Would mother swallow it— that there were two men and two handkerchiefs? Oh, it must work—mother must be made to swallow it!

And Mr. Foster.

The blue eyes hardened.

Mr. Foster would have to play up!

She raced up the stairs to her room, and frowned as she opened a drawer. No, no. No one of those would do—all too small—mother would see at once that it was a ladies' handkerchief!

Gritting her teeth she dashed into her father's room, took one of his handkerchiefs, and ran downstairs again.

She went in—walked up to Foster, and handed him the little square of white linen she was carrying.

"Here you are, all nicely washed and ironed," she said cheerfully.

"Thanks awfully." Foster seemed more embarrassed than ever. "Really you shouldn't have bothered. It was just a silly thought of mine. . . ."

He stopped as his eyes spotted something on the little folded square he was shyly turning over in his hand: "D. Lucas," in marking ink. "I say, this——" he began, but was allowed to say no more.

Hastily Nancy interrupted in a lowered voice.

"It isn't yours, but please pretend it is. I can't explain now. Some other time . . ."

"I am ashamed to have kept it so long, and glad you reminded me of it," she added for her mother's benefit.

Foster put it in his pocket.

Never, it seemed to her, had she known a visit drag so intolerably. It was ages before Sylvia and Foster went.

After Nancy had seen the guests off the premises she halted in the hall before returning to the drawing-room where Mrs. Lucas was awaiting her.

WAS mother satisfied? she wondered.

The blue eyes clouded. How she hated it—all this lying and deceiving and throwing dust in people's eyes! But it had to be—it had to be! It was too late to draw back now. To the bitter end she must see it through.

She turned the handle and went in.

Mother and daughter looked at each other, and Nancy felt her heart leap in her breast, and her eyes smarted at the back as Mrs. Lucas . . . smiled.

"Oh, my dear," she said wistfully, "I had a dreadful fright when that young man asked for his handkerchief! You know what I thought?" She left the rest unsaid.

Nancy nodded and looked away.

Mother was satisfied—mother was completely taken in! . . . But how it hurt, how it burnt and bit and stung!

The sound of a man in the hall disturbed them.

"There's your father," said Mrs. Lucas, and a moment later Lucas entered the drawing-room. Apparently things had gone very well with him that day on the Stock Exchange, if his cheerful expression could be taken as a guide to the state of his business.

He kissed them both.

"Well, how's everything and everybody?" he asked briskly.

Nancy fled. She knew he would have to be told—mother always told father everything—and she preferred the telling to be done when she was not there.

Lucas, first smilingly and then gravely, listened to his wife's story.

"H'm," he commented. "Seems a bit steep to me. Two men—two handkerchiefs! I don't like it, mother. It strikes me as—"

Hurriedly Mrs. Lucas stopped him.

"Nonsense, father. You'll make me wish I hadn't told you if you talk like that," she cried. "Of course it is all right. I thought you would laugh at me for having been so silly as to think for a minute that—that he was the man and it was still going on. As if he could be—as if Nancy could possibly be so—so brazen as all that! If you had seen the way she fetched it for him at once—"

"All right, all right," Lucas broke in. "But all the same I can't see that any harm will be done by making a few inquiries about that young man—and there won't be any need to encourage him to come to the house, either. What did you say his name was? Foster?"

"Yes. Cyril Foster."

"Know what he does for a living or where he lives?"

Mrs. Lucas shook her head.

"Well, find out what you can from Nancy—and then we will get Sir Henry to have a few investigations made on the strict q-t."

Mrs. Lucas stared.

"Father! What do you mean?" she

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gasped. "I tell you I am certain that everything is all right."

"Then no harm will be done by finding out all we can about him," said Lucas. "When you have a solicitor in the family, why not make use of him?"

Sir Henry, secretly interviewed by the anxious father, scoffed at Lucas' suspicions. All was well, he declared. Nancy was one of the best girls in the world, and he was positive that she could be trusted; Cyril Foster was a thoroughly respectable young man, whom, as a matter of fact, Sir Henry had himself introduced to his niece.

Forget it—trust Nancy—leave her alone, the family oracle advised, and was so convincing that he sent Lucas away satisfied and rather ashamed.

Raymond called every evening. Nothing, of course, had been said to him. He seemed very happy.

On Monday he and Nancy played tennis. Tuesday was wet, and they all played bridge—contract, of course, for they were all very up to date. On Wednesday he took Nancy to a theatre; on Thursday they went dancing till two in the morning.

And on Friday, just before Raymond arrived for a knock-up on the tennis court till dinner-time, there was a telephone call for Nancy. Raymond appeared as she rang off.

She greeted him smilingly, and they kissed. He was already dressed for the fray, and arm in arm they went into the garden. A good game followed. He beat her, but with not too much to spare. Six-four was the score.

Raymond put his arm round her waist when the set ended, and led her to a seat to rest before they had a [illegible] game.

He lit a cigarette and playfully popped it into her mouth, and then lit another for himself.

"I say," exclaimed Raymond, "I'm free for the week-end after all. That business trip I told you about has been put off. Let's go on the river to-morrow afternoon."

Nancy blew a cloud of smoke.

"Can't," she said. "I thought you were fixed up, and now I'm fixed for Saturday and Sunday, too. Unfortunately," she added, putting the cigarette back in her mouth.

"Can't you get out of it?" he suggested.

"Not very well. If I'd only known earlier—but I've promised now."

"Break it—make up some excuse," he pleaded.

Nancy frowned.

"I don't see how I can," she murmured. "It's a pity, but there it is. No, I'm afraid you will have to play by yourself, old thing."

It seemed to Raymond that there was something significant in her manner and her words. A thought shot into his mind. Something that had been lurking there in the dark for many days suddenly flashed into the open.

"Nancy!" he cried. "Not another of your mysterious week-ends, is it?"

IN an instant their relationship was changed. Gone was their gay friendliness. Suspicion shone in his eyes—anger in hers. "Raymond!" she gasped.

He faced her defiantly. "Is it one of your mysterious week-ends?" he demanded.

She did not answer.

"Tell me where you are going!" His face was white.

"Why should I?" She, too, had paled. "I have a right to know, Nancy!"

"What right?" she countered.

"Being engaged to you gives me a right to know——"

"Not at all," she interrupted. "I told you at the time, and you agreed that——"

"Oh, I know all that," he broke in. "But there are limits. I don't want to interfere with you, but—but twice before you have been off with—with someone, and refused to say anything about it—and now you want to do it again!"

"Who says so?" she flashed.

"I say so! And I say also that I am not going to have it. You shall not, Nancy!"

"Raymond, I shall do whatever I please!"

"You shall not!" He glared down at her masterfully. "You belong to me, now, and I tell you I won't have it."

Her eyes strayed to his ring. Her fingers touched it as if they were about to take it off . . .

"Nancy, Nancy," he cried. "Forgive me. Keep the ring—don't, don't part brass-rags with me, darling. I do trust you. I was a fool. I lost my head. You're right. It has been a shadow at the back of my mind, but it shan't be any more."

He took both of her hands in his.

"I don't want to make excuses—there aren't any excuses," he went on. "Just forgive me, and forget that I let myself be carried away. It was just a stupid misunderstanding. I—I ought to be kicked! How I could have let myself imagine for a moment—oh, what's the sense of talking about it?"

He tried to draw her to him, but gently she resisted.

"If you love me, Raymond, it ought not to be so very hard to believe in me," she said wistfully. "You—you are sure you do, aren't you, Raymond?"

"Dead sure!"

He began to swing her hands to and fro—his eyes and her eyes all happy again. The storm was over, the cloud had passed, and the sun was shining for them once more.

"Go off for your week-end, and I hope you will enjoy it," he said. "There, is that proof enough for you? I don't ask you where you are going or with whom you are going. I just trust you, and leave it at that."

Nancy's eyes shone as she looked at him thoughtfully.

A quarter of an hour ago a monstrous suspicion had filled his mind. Then it had been impossible to tell him anything—quite impossible. But now that he no longer doubted her, there was no reason why she should not tell him.

"Raymond, listen!" she cried. "I am going to Brighton with Sylvia for the week-end. She rang up just before you arrived and begged and bothered me so much that I said 'Yes.' Someone had let her down, and she was one short to make a car-full, and the rooms had already been booked.

"And as I thought you were going away anyhow, I promised to be the stop-gap—and in the circumstances, once I had promised, I could not very well back out, could I, darling?"

Raymond did not answer her question. He was too busy thinking to himself: "So that's all it was?" Just a week-end at Brighton with Sylvia! What a storm in a teacup!

WITH a sudden, impulsive ferocity he flung his arms round her.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "To think that I nearly lost you for a little thing like that—a week-end with Sylvia!"

"Don't talk about it," said Nancy, shuddering in his arms.

He kissed her.

"Oh, my dear, what a fool I should have felt when I found out where you had been!" he gasped.

"Perhaps I should have taken you back," she whispered.

Again he kissed her.

Gently she drew herself out of his arms.

"Pull your socks up!" she smiled at him. "Here's mother."

Mrs. Lucas came up to them, beaming. She had been out to tea, and on her return home had come straight out into the garden to greet him . . . her son-in-law-to-be, the man who had saved the situation and Nancy's reputation, which was how she secretly thought of him.

"Well, Raymond," she said warmly, and they both smiled at each other. Raymond because he was so glad that the trouble with Nancy was over, and Mrs. Lucas because she was so delighted that he was engaged to her daughter.

"Oh, mother," said Nancy. "Sylvia has asked me to go down to Brighton with her for the week-end—and I accepted before I knew that Raymond was going to be free after all. His trip has been put off . . . Come on, Raymond, we shan't have time for that second set if we don't start at once."

A week-end with Sylvia! Surely, surely . . .? No. Of course, it must be all right. Raymond seemed quite easy in his mind about it.

Mrs. Lucas sighed. That was the worst of such a thing as had happened to her and her husband and Nancy, she thought. You could not forget it. Always you were on the watch.

CHAPTER 12

RAYMOND woke on Sunday morning to find the sun streaming into his bedroom.

Rather at a loose end, he felt, as he breakfasted.

Why not slip down to Brighton and join her? Nobody could object. He could not be said to be barging in. After all, he and Nancy were in love and engaged.

And Nancy could hardly take it as anything but a compliment—the fact that he could not keep away from her. He wanted to do something to acquire merit in Nancy's eyes, and surely this was the very thing?

"By Jove, I will," he said to himself.

Half an hour later he was on the road in his little two-seater, with every hope of being in Brighton before lunch-time.

He knew the hotel at which Sylvia and her friends were staying. After lunch, he told himself, he and Nancy would go for a swim. Nancy would not mind a second dip on such a glorious day. Nor would Sylvia mind his turning up, he was sure.

Sylvia would only pull his leg about being such a devoted lover—and he didn't mind that. A devoted lover was exactly what he wanted Nancy to think him—after Friday night . . .

It was exactly a quarter to one when he drew up outside the hotel.

He entered the lounge and stood looking about.

A laugh he knew and loved smote his ears—Nancy's laugh—and, in a little alcove, half-surrounded by palm trees in tubs, he saw her, with a cocktail glass in front of her, and a dark, good-looking man by her side.

They could not see him. To be seen he must move forward. He did not move forward.

Good heavens! What did this mean? What did this mean?

Astounded and horrified, Raymond clenched his fists, and stood rigidly still.

He had recognised the man! It was the fellow he had seen get into the taxi with her on the night, when her people had tried to make out that she was in Southsea!

Good heavens! This was the man with

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whom Nancy had spent those two mysterious week-ends—and here she was doing it again! . . . He had been told that she was going to Brighton with Sylvia and a party!

Yet here she was—alone with this fellow—Nancy, who was engaged to him—Nancy, who had been so scornful of his suspicions on the tennis-court—oh, this was too much!

What should he do? Raymond asked himself savagely. Go up to them and confront them? Let Nancy see how he had bowled her out? Punch that other fellow's head? Take her away from him, drive her back to town there and then?

He drew a quick, angry breath—and Nancy laughed again at something that her companion said.

She seemed to find him very amusing, thought Raymond bitterly. Obviously she was very much enjoying her week-end.

He found himself trembling. A red mist rose before his eyes. To smash his fist in the fellow's face—again and again and again—became an almost overwhelming desire. He gritted his teeth. Sick and cold with fury, he felt, and redder and redder grew that ghastly mist.

Steady. Steady. Desperately he fought with himself for his self-control. Keep cool. Keep cool. With a mighty effort he quelled that murderous rage.

What was the use—what was the use of making a row? It was Nancy who was to blame. Nancy who was the traitress and the deceiver. Nancy who had lied and tricked him!

He turned on his heel and walked out of the hotel. Then, getting into his car, pressed the self-starter, and drove away, broken-hearted and indignant.

"HAVE another?" Foster smiled at his companion.

Nancy shook her head.

Foster leant back in his chair and regarded her approvingly. He was enjoying himself very much, and at the moment was feeling particularly pleased with himself for the way he had given the slip to Sylvia and Ted Morton, the other two members of the party.

It was the first time he had really had Nancy to himself during the week-end, and he meant to make the most of it.

To-day he was not feeling shy and embarrassed in her presence. Their roles seemed to have changed, he reflected, as he watched her toying with her empty cocktail glass. It was Nancy who was shy and constrained, he who was confident and cool.

A good sign, he wondered? Did it mean that she was beginning to—well, to be interested in him? It might—yes, it might be that. But he must be very careful—go very slow, he warned himself.

Officially she was engaged to someone else, and though he was quite sure now that he was in love with her, and all was fair in love and war, and he meant to win her away from the other man if he could—still, Nancy was not the sort to treat an engagement lightly.

Quite frankly he did not see why he should bother much about the man whose ring she was wearing. If this Raymond Dawson could not hold her and keep her, that was his look out.

Let the best man win—let the man who could make her love him most have her! Anyway, the handicap was all in Dawson's favor. He had had a long start and had won the first round—and Foster had many other difficulties to contend with of which only he knew . . . .

There would be a fine old rumpus if things ever got to the stage he wanted them to get to! . . .

Oh, well, sufficient for the day . . . and it was a very nice day and things were going well.

So he mused swiftly while Nancy fidgeted with her cocktail-glass and wished the others would come in.

Mr. Foster was a very amusing companion, and he had made her laugh several times while she was sipping the cocktail he insisted on ordering for her.

But she wanted Sylvia and Morton to come back: it was so dangerous and uncomfortable being alone with him. All the time she was frightened of putting her foot in it in some way.

Most decidedly, if she had known that he was to be a member of the party she would never have accepted Sylvia's invitation. But Sylvia had not told her that.

On the phone, Sylvia, always so sketchy in her conversation, had spoken about one more being wanted to fill up the car, and Nancy had assumed that the party was to be a feminine one and the car Sylvia's.

But it wasn't. It was Mr. Foster's—a big Sunstar that had been placed at his disposal now that he was transferred to the firm's Piccadilly showrooms. Sylvia ought to have made that clear, but Sylvia hadn't, and when Nancy had reproached her Sylvia had only laughed.

"He was wild for you to join us, Beautifullest. The poor dear is really gone on you—and there's no harm in having two strings to your bow, old thing," said Sylvia in her flippant way.

Which was just like Sylvia, and one really hadn't any justification for being angry with her; but all the same it made Nancy feel trapped.

The hotel gong rang. Lunch was ready, but Sylvia and her companion had not returned.

Nancy and Foster sat on in the lounge, talking spasmodically. All the other guests had gone to the dining-room. They had the place to themselves, and some minutes later Nancy was startled to realise that the conversation was becoming personal.

"Do you mind my saying that I shall be very proud if I may count myself among your friends now I am staying in England?" Foster asked.

"Not at all." Nancy tried to smile. "One can't have too many friends, can one?" she fenced.

"I am hoping that we shall be able to see quite a lot of each other," was his answer.

Nancy looked at the entrance. No sign of the missing pair.

"I'm rather occupied, you know, Raymond—it fills up your time being engaged," she explained.

"Quite. Quite. But the fiance is busy all day in an office, isn't he? I was thinking about the afternoons. I have to do a lot of driving about, and I thought perhaps we might join up some afternoons and have tea in the country. Mix business with pleasure, so far as I am concerned."

"That would be very nice," said Nancy non-committally.

"Shall we go in and start feeding?" Foster suggested.

NANCY looked at the entrance again.

"I wonder if anything could have happened?" she exclaimed. "Sylvia and Mr. Morton are both rather mad; I hope they are all right."

"Of course they are. Perhaps they have taken a sudden fancy to go off somewhere by themselves?" said Foster hopefully—for in that case he would have Nancy all to himself till they chose to return.

Nancy frowned. Sylvia was certainly equal to it: one never knew what Sylvia would do. It was five-and-twenty to two now.

"Perhaps we had better lunch," she said resignedly. . . .

"It really is too bad of Sylvia to have gone off like this," Nancy remarked when they returned to the lounge for coffee.

Foster smiled and offered her a cigarette. He was glad. It meant that he would be able to take Nancy somewhere for the afternoon, and perhaps for the evening too!

"She's an unconventional little person," he said tolerantly. "Don't be offended with her about it, I feel that I know you much better as a result."

Thoughtfully, Nancy bent her eyes on the coffee she was stirring.

"I believe I am making a mistake," she mused. "Instead of being friendly with him, I ought to be more and more unfriendly—make him dislike me. Then he would never want to see me again. Oh, dear, why didn't I take that line with him from the first?"

Satisfied that the sugar was now dissolved, she lifted the coffee-cup to her lips.

Was it too late, she wondered as she sipped? How should she begin?

Someone came hurrying into the lounge. "Hallo, there's Morton," exclaimed Foster.

Where was Sylvia?

Morton, a tall, thin, young man, clad in super-elegant plus-fours, came up to them. Nancy noticed that his face was unusually pale.

"Ah, here you are," he exclaimed. "I say—a dreadful thing has happened.

"SYLVIA'S been knocked down by a car! We were crossing the road, and suddenly there it was, coming right at us. I made a grab at her, to stop where she was, but there wasn't really time to do anything. She didn't understand—she took another step, and then—and then it got her!"

Nancy's eyes were wide with horror.

"Is she—is she . . .?" she faltered.

"No, no," cried Morton hastily. "It's not so bad as that, thank heaven. She's not killed, and she isn't going to die. But she's pretty badly hurt. I stayed with her while they took her up to the hospital and then waited to hear how she was."

"And all the time we've been thinking you had both gone off somewhere, and saying things about you, and stuffing ourselves like pigs!" cried Nancy self-reproachfully.

It seemed horrible to her warm heart that she and Foster should have been eating that magnificent lunch in blissful unconsciousness of Sylvia's suffering and Morton's distress.

"There wasn't anything else for us to do," said Foster comfortingly.

He looked at Morton.

"Tell us about her injuries, and then get something to eat yourself. You'll feel all the better for it, old man."

"Bruises, shock and a head injury, the doctor said. No bones broken. She was very brave while they were attending to her," he said.

"Sylvie would be!" Nancy commented. "Will there be a scar?" Sylvia would mind a scar terribly.

Morton shook his head.

"Don't know—didn't think to ask," he confessed.

"Can we see her?"

"No. I thought you would want to, and asked. But they said nobody could see her for forty-eight hours, unless, perhaps, it was her mother. Absolute rest and quiet she must have, they said."

Nancy looked at Foster.

"Her people are in Devonshire," she said. "I suppose we ought to let them know."

"The hospital is doing that," interposed Morton. "They are putting through a long-distance call."

"It doesn't seem to me that there is anything we can do at present, then," said Foster. "Come on, Morton. I am going to see that you have something to eat and drink at once."

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CHAPTER 13

THE Sunday evening church bells were ringing as Raymond tore up his fourth attempt to write to Nancy, breaking off their engagement.

He was finding it a very difficult letter. How much or how little to say was the problem.

The first draft had poured in bitter eloquence from his pen, telling her bluntly how he had found her out in her lies about Sylvia's party, seen her alone in a Brighton hotel, and wanted to have no more to do with her—the hypocrite who had pleaded with him to trust her and believe in her.

Reading that over it had struck him as undignified and violent, and he had torn it up. The same fate had overtaken three other efforts. He was just beginning a fifth when the phone rang.

"Is that you, Raymond?" asked Nancy's voice.

"Yes," he answered, too surprised even to be cold.

"Are you doing anything?" The paper on which the fifth attempt had been begun was right in front of him. "If you're not, do come round and spend the rest of the evening with me."

Raymond started.

"I thought you were at Brighton!" he exclaimed.

"I've just got back—and I've heaps to tell you," Nancy answered. "Can you come, darling?"

Darling!

Raymond's eyes glittered.

Darling! Oh, little she dreamed how much he knew! Just got back, had she—with lots to tell him?

Very well. He would go round and listen to it—listen to her lies—let her believe she was fooling him once more, and then, when she had walked into the trap—strike! . . . It would be easier to break it off by word of mouth than in a letter.

"All right," he said into the mouthpiece. "I'll come at once."

The Lucas family were in the drawing-room when Raymond was shown in. All three ceased their occupations as he entered. Lucas nodded, Mrs. Lucas smiled, and Nancy—that whited sepulchre—sprang up so quickly that the book she had placed face downwards on the arm of the chair fell to the floor.

Raymond picked it up for her while she was greeting him.

"Very sad about Sylvia and the way they had to leave her at Brighton and cut their week-end short, isn't it, Raymond?" said Mrs. Lucas conversationally.

"I do hope she will soon get over it, and that there won't be any ill-effects left behind. It's dreadful how dangerous the streets are becoming."

Raymond started. A look of bewilderment came into his face. Sylvia . . .? Brighton . . .?

"I haven't told him yet, mother," said Nancy. "On the phone I just asked him to come round."

She turned to Raymond.

"Sylvia met with an accident," she explained. "She was knocked down by a car and had to be taken to hospital. We couldn't think what had become of her, and why she did not return to the hotel for lunch. And when we knew, there was nothing to do but come home. We didn't feel like staying there any longer, and they would not let us see her."

"Oh!" said Raymond, jerkily. "I'm sorry." As a comment it was rather inadequate and clumsy—but his mind was in a ferment.

Sylvia . . . accident . . . hospital . . . That could not be a lie—that must be true, he was thinking. And, therefore, Nancy had not been lying when she said that Sylvia was a member of the party.

Good heavens! Had he been jumping to conclusions again? he asked himself.

Waiting at the hotel for her . . . couldn't understand why she did not return for lunch . . . Didn't that explain how he had come to see Nancy and that fellow drinking cocktails in the lounge?

It did, he told himself—even though it didn't explain how the man he had seen Nancy with at the theatre . . . unless Sylvia was in the secret, and had made up the party for him and Nancy on purpose. Was that it?

For all the way she talked Sylvia wouldn't, well, go too far, or let Nancy go too far, knowing she was engaged to another pal . . . And even if Sylvia did not know, Nancy being down there with three others was a very different thing from Nancy being down there with only one other

That cold fury in which he had arrived at the house was as completely gone as the hot fury in which he had driven off from the hotel. The doubts of Nancy had become doubts of himself. He had misjudged her again. Failed her once more.

True, things had looked very black, but all the same . . . Lord, if only he had not been so hasty, but had gone up to them in the hotel!

"Come into the garden," said Nancy.

He nodded and followed.

Sometime I must talk to Sylvia about this, and find out how much she really knows, Raymond thought as they went outside. But in the meantime all seemed well, or well enough—and he had been luckily saved from putting his foot right into it!

"Bad luck having your week-end spoiled like that," he said.

Nancy pressed his arm to her side . . . an affectionate little movement that stung him guiltily.

SHOULD he confess—tell her of his journey to Brighton and back, and the hateful things he had been thinking of her, he wondered? No. Better not. Much better and much wiser not, he decided.

"Poor Sylvie! Ted Morton was with her at the time. You know him, don't you, Raymond? He was terribly upset when he got back and told us about it. He tried to save her, but couldn't."

"She's not really seriously hurt, is she?"

"No. I don't think so. But I haven't seen her. I hated coming away and leaving her, but her people have been telephoned to, and I shouldn't have been allowed to visit her.

"Anyway, it was impossible to stay. You see, when I accepted I thought it was to be a hen party. But it wasn't—it was a half and half affair. If I had known that I should not have gone. You and I could have gone on the river instead."

"Who was the other man besides Morton?" he asked.

"Someone named Cyril Foster," Nancy answered. "I don't think you know him, but I've met him several times before."

Again Raymond hesitated, tempted to ask another question, but finally he decided against it. He had had enough of being suspicious, he thought; see what it had nearly led him into! He was going to trust her and believe in her, as he had promised to do.

This time he had really learned his lesson, he told himself. The frankness with which she had referred to this fellow, Foster, and the firmness with which she had explained how impossible it was for her to remain in Brighton after Sylvia had been taken to hospital, completely cleared her, he considered.

"Anyway, darling, if you've had a rotten time, I've scored; I've got an evening with you that I didn't expect," said the man who had come to demand the return of his ring, and to tell her exactly what he thought of her, after five vain attempts to write it.

"Mr. Foster is going to run me down in his car to-morrow afternoon to see Sylvia, but I shall be back by dinner-time," Nancy remarked.

CHAPTER 14

"HALLO, beautifullest!" cried Sylvia as Nancy came up to her bed in the hospital ward. "Good of you to come." There was a bandage round her head. "This is my mother." She called Nancy's attention to a middle-aged figure sitting beside her on a wooden hospital chair.

"Mother—Nancy Lucas, one of my pals who was down here with me when I got biffed."

Nancy shook hands—an operation which it struck her was performed rather chillily on Mrs. Waring's part. Though Nancy and Sylvia had been at school together, she had not met Sylvia's mother before.

"I was asking her when you blew in if she doesn't think my bandage rather suits me," Sylvia laughed.

"It does," smiled Nancy. "Very much. Well, how are you?"

"Not too bad. A bit stiff and sore, but my head doesn't really hurt much . . . Who brought you down? Raymond?"

"No. He couldn't. Mr. Foster."

"Isn't he coming in?"

Nancy shook her head.

"I am the only other visitor you are to be allowed to see to-day besides your mother. He is waiting outside in his car."

Mrs. Waring betrayed a sudden interest in the conversation. She was a plump, motherly person, very well dressed in a conventional sort of way.

Her eyes were grey, and kind, and her appearance was very unlike her daughter's. Nancy liked her on sight—in spite of a feeling that it was not reciprocated.

"Is that the other man who was with you at the hotel?" Mrs. Waring asked her daughter.

Sylvia nodded.

"Then I think I'll go and talk to him, and leave you and Miss Lucas alone." She rose, with a queer little air of determination. "What kind of car is this Mr. Foster's?" she inquired of Nancy.

"A Sunstar."

"Thank you. Don't trouble to come with me. I will make myself known to him. You stay and talk to Sylvia—and don't let her get too excited, please."

With a sort of gentle, aloof dignity, Mrs. Waring walked down the ward.

There were only three cars waiting outside, so it did not take Mrs. Waring long to discover which was the Sunstar she was seeking, and go up to the young man seated behind the steering-wheel.

"You are Mr. Foster?"

"Yes." Foster raised his hat and looked at her inquiringly.

"I am Sylvia's mother."

"Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Waring."

"I believe you were one of the party down here with her when she met with this accident, Mr. Foster?"

"Yes." Foster got out of the car and

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came and stood beside her on the pavement.

A pair of grey eyes scrutinised him searchingly. He noticed how worried they looked. Mrs. Waring's air, he saw, was that of one laboring under a great anxiety.

"Your daughter is going on all right, isn't she?" he asked, puzzled, and a little anxious himself.

"Yes. Sylvia, they tell me, is really doing very well."

"Good. I thought you seemed worried about her."

"I am worried about her, Mr. Foster—very worried—and it is in the hope that you can help me that I have ventured to make myself known to you."

"Anything I can do . . ." Foster murmured, more puzzled than ever.

"Thank you . . . I am most distressed about this affair, and as to what her father will say when he knows . . . He is just recovering from influenza—that is what made me come alone.

"I suppose I am old-fashioned, Mr. Foster, but I was shocked—terribly shocked—to hear that my daughter and a girl friend and two young men——"

"Oh, I see!" Foster broke in as light dawned. It was their all going to an hotel for a week-end that was troubling her—genuinely troubling her, as her eyes revealed. "I don't think you need worry about that," he said comfortingly. "That sort of thing is very much done nowadays, and there is safety in numbers, you know."

MRS. WARING sighed.

"Please don't make a joke about it," she pleaded.

"I assure you I did not mean to. I quite see your point of view. I was only trying to——"

"Frankly, Sylvia has always been rather a worry to us, and—and, when she grew up, a—a disappointment. When she insisted on going off to London on her own we were very upset, most upset. And now this—this . . ."

Her faltering speech died away, and Foster was horrified to see that there were tears in her eyes.

"Honestly, I don't think you need be unhappy about her," he tried his best to relieve her mind, suddenly full of sympathy for the older generation, who must find his generation so trying and so alarming.

Mrs. Waring seemed to be aware of his sympathy, but at the same time neither rallied nor comforted.

"I can get nothing out of Sylvia," she said sadly. "She only laughs at me. That was what made me come to you—though I feared you would laugh at me, too——"

"I am not laughing, Mrs. Waring—word of honor I am not."

"What I feel is that after this Sylvia and this Mr. Morton ought to get married!"

Foster's eyebrows arched themselves. So that was what she was after. Good Lord!

"I hope you won't regard that as a reflection on you and your friend, Mr. Foster," she said, coloring a little. "Naturally that is no business of mine . . . But Sylvia is."

"Quite. As a matter of fact, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to marry Miss Lucas, but I am afraid the time is not yet ripe, and I doubt if it ever will be."

"I want you to tell me all you can about this Mr. Morton, whose name has got coupled with Sylvia's, please." Mrs. Waring brought him back to the point.

"I am afraid I can tell you hardly anything. I have only met him twice—once at a party at your daughter's flat, and again during this unfortunate week-end."

"I am sorry you cannot tell me any more about him; I hoped you could," she said. "Please give me Mr. Morton's address. I will go to see him myself!"

"I can't. I don't know it."

"But you could find it out for me?"

Foster shook his head.

"I don't think that would be quite playing the game," he answered.

"The game!" she burst out in sudden indignation. "It is a mother's feelings and Sylvia's future that I am asking you to consider, Mr. Foster! As a result of this accident she is very seriously compromised, and unless there is anything against this young man, it is their duty to get married!"

"Ah! Here's Miss Lucas!" exclaimed Foster, as Nancy appeared in the hospital doorway.

Nancy came up to them. "I'm turned out," she announced cheerfully. "Sylvia told me to be sure to give you her love, Mr. Foster."

Mrs. Waring's manner stiffened. Even Foster, a mere man, became aware of the fact that she did not like the girl who had accompanied her daughter on the week-end that had broken up so disastrously . . . and very bad taste on Mrs. Waring's part, Foster thought it.

He opened the door for Nancy to enter the car.

"Well, good-bye," said Mrs. Waring, holding out her hand. "You'll come to see me, won't you—and let me talk with you about this again? I shall stay with Sylvia for a while, as soon as she is well enough to return to her flat."

It was a command rather than an invitation.

Foster took her hand—murmured something—raised his hat—got into the car. And Mrs. Waring gave a stiff little bow in Nancy's direction, just so much, and no more, than politeness demanded in the matter of acknowledgment and farewell.

"She loathes me," remarked Nancy, as she and Foster drove off. "I suppose she blames me for all that has happened—looks on me as having led Sylvia astray."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Foster. "So that's the reason? How very foolish of her!"

Nancy smiled.

"You don't seem to mind?" he commented.

"I don't. Why should I? Poor thing, she must blame someone, and she is very unhappy. I am sorry for her."

"So am I—in a way," said Foster. "Very sorry for her—and rather afraid of her, too."

"Oh, why?"

He drove along for a few yards without speaking. There was no reason why he should not tell Nancy, was there? Mrs. Waring had said nothing about treating her conversation as confidential.

"It is very ridiculous, but she wants to make Sylvia and Morton get married: and she is trying to use me to get into touch with him," he explained.

"That's what she is after, is it?" Nancy looked thoughtful.

"I'M not sure it would not be a good thing. It's time Sylvia put on the brakes and settled down . . . But, of course, it is no good anyone attempting to interfere. That's fatal. To try to make her marry Morton, or anyone, is the surest way to choke her off. And I expect it will be the same with him," said Nancy.

Foster nodded.

"Quite. That sort of thing—you've-compromised-my-daughter-and-you-must marry-her—is completely out of date. Besides, it wasn't Morton's fault, and she isn't really compromised at all."

"You had better point all this out to her when you see her again," said Nancy. "I am afraid you will have a hard job. Parents and children seem born to worry each other. Making mothers and fathers see our point of view is no end of a business. But still, you must try. You've got dragged into this——"

"Worse luck!"

SITTING beside him, with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand she toyed frowningly with her engagement ring.

"I have been making my old mistake again," she thought. "Talking seriously to him, being nice to him! That's not the way to treat him."

His desire to see her so often would soon disappear if they never agreed about anything, but were apparently jarring on each other all the time they were together! . . . Oh, what a relief it would be if she could make him drop her! How peaceful everything would be again, at home and everywhere!

"Thinking it over," remarked Foster, "I shall decline to see Mrs. Waring again. The affair is not my business, and no good ever comes of interfering in other people's messes. What you said about leaving Sylvia alone applies just as much to me as to her mother."

"Oh, come," said Nancy quickly. "Isn't that rather selfish?" She had begun!

"Is it?" exclaimed Foster, startled.

"Of course! You can't go through the world without getting mixed up with other people—and to back out, just because it's uncomfortable and embarrassing——"

"You're right!" he interrupted. "Quite right. I was being a funk. I'll see the old lady and tell her all that you were saying just now."

Nancy bit her lip. The first attempt did not appear to have succeeded very well.

"Please don't, on my account," she said coldly. "Don't let me make you do anything you don't want to do, Mr. Foster."

"Miss Lucas, you mustn't be too hard on me," he pleaded. "We can't all be as warmhearted and as understanding and as self-sacrificing as you are, you know!"

Nancy half-turned in her seat to stare at him.

"Would you mind not saying that sort of thing to me?" she asked frostily.

"Sorry, it slipped out!" he apologised hastily. Then he laughed. "No, I'm not sorry," he went on. "Even if you are engaged and all that, why shouldn't you know what I think of you? That lucky young man of yours cannot be the only one to have the privilege of admiring you—and haven't I heard you say yourself that nobody can have too many friends, in this world, or the next either?"

Nancy frowned. The scheme was clearly going to be more difficult to work than she had imagined! What did you do to offend a man who would not be offended?

"I wasn't making love to you," he went on. "How can I while you have that ring on your finger? I was just telling you a solid fact—that I think a great deal of you in every way. And for the life of me I can't see that there is any harm in your knowing it."

He paused, but Nancy did not speak.

"Is there any harm in it?" he challenged.

"No. It is just—uncalled for," she responded crushingly. "One does not say that sort of thing to people who are engaged. I am sorry if you don't understand, but one can't argue questions of taste!"

He had asked for it, and he had got it now, she thought.

But he did not seem as crushed as he ought to have been.

"Quite," he said. "If you had thought there was any harm in it, I should have thought, of course, that you were not as

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much in love with Dawson as you say you are—because if you were you would not mind what anyone said! . . . When are you going to let me meet him, by the way?"

A second time Nancy bit her lip. The plan was failing badly. He had turned the tables on her in the most disconcerting way.

She didn't want him to meet Raymond. He was far too deeply mixed up in her affairs already. But if she would not let him meet Raymond, might he not think . . .?

"Come to dinner the night after you have seen Mrs. Waring," she said desperately. "Then you can tell me about that, and meet Raymond as well!"

And that, she was determined, should be the last occasion when Cyril Foster should think of her as one of his friends! Somehow or other on that night she would find a bone to pick with him and they would quarrel and never make it up again!

Yes, yes—that night should be the end of this business!

CHAPTER 15

A WEEK later, when by special invitation Foster rang the bell of Sylvia's flat, he was thinking far more about the fact that he was going on that evening to dine with Nancy and her people and was to meet his rival face to face at last than the impending interview with Sylvia's mother.

That, to him, was rather a bore that he had somehow got let in for.

Sylvia had recovered from the effects of her accident. There was no scar, and she was herself again—and very anxious to get her mother back to Devon!

"Mrs. Waring?" said Foster to the maid who answered his ring.

"This way, please."

The plump motherly figure rose to greet him . . . shook hands . . . waved him into a chair.

"It's very good of you to come, Mr. Foster." Gently Mrs. Waring rubbed her hands together. "Sylvia is out. I got rid of her so that I could have you to myself," she smiled.

Foster crossed his legs and looked at his shoes.

"Of all the friends of Sylvia's that I have met, you strike me as the most serious and the most sensible, if I may say so," Mrs. Waring observed. "I am sure I can count on you to understand and to help me as far as lies in your power."

Foster looked at her helplessly, with the air of a man who feels the ground being cut from under his feet.

"Really, I don't see what I can do," he exclaimed. "I don't know your daughter very well, or Morton either."

"You are the only person who can help us, Mr. Foster," she answered with a sort of implacable gentleness, "and I am going to tell you something, because I have taken a fancy to you, and because I believe you will change your mind when you know. It is something that I have never told a soul, and I must ask you to give me your word to keep it to yourself."

"Very well," he said reluctantly, as she paused for his promise. He didn't want to know, but, hang it, what could he do?

"Sylvia has always been a great worry and disappointment to us as I told you before," Mrs. Waring began. "But I did not tell you then that she is not really our daughter. She does not know it. She believes that my husband and I are her father and mother. We have brought her up to think so, you understand; but, as a matter of fact, we adopted her when she was a tiny baby."

MRS. WARING paused and sighed, looking at Foster as if she expected him to say something.

"Oh, is that so?" he murmured, still further embarrassed at this revelation of a family secret. "I believe a good deal of that sort of thing goes on, doesn't it? Of course, I had no idea. . . ."

"We were childless and we gave her all our love, Mr. Foster, but—but it hasn't turned out very well," she went on sadly.

"Sylvia has practically left us. When she grew up she found us too dull for her modern ideas, and insisted on living her own life, as she called it. We had to give in, and let her come to London and take a flat of her own. But it was more of a grief to us than she knew. And now this affair . . .

"My husband is very upset about it, Mr. Foster, and so am I.

"What we feel is that the only thing to do is to get her married—and safe. My husband talks about cutting off her allowance and making her come home. . . . It would be a blessing, a downright blessing, if this Mr. Morton turned out to be willing to marry her."

"Mrs. Waring," said Foster gently, "isn't the point, rather, do Sylvia and Morton love each other?"

"Yes, of course that's the point," she cried. "That's why I am so anxious to see him and find out for myself. I shall know—even though these young people disguise their feelings so, nowadays, I shall know!"

"I do not, as I have told you, know Morton's address, but I can, as you say, get it if I try," he said quietly. "I will try, Mrs. Waring, and you shall know the result the first thing to-morrow morning."

Nancy knew it. Morton was one of Nancy's friends, and he was dining with Nancy that evening, to meet the man to whom she was engaged, he thought—knowing nothing of Nancy's plan to quarrel and part with him once and for all!

As he made his way to Streatham it was not of his recent interview with Mrs. Waring that Foster was thinking.

That had receded to the back of his mind, ousted by matters of far greater personal importance.

To-night he was to see Nancy again and make the acquaintance of the man to whom she was engaged—his rival, as he now thought of Raymond.

He wanted to meet him. It was always better to know exactly what one was up against. He wanted to see them together, so that he could judge for himself how much Nancy really cared for the man who had got in ahead of him.

If he could convince himself that they were both really in love with each other, then he would play the game and make not the slightest effort to win Nancy away from him . . . drop out—if he could ever be said to have been in—grin and bear it. . . .

BUT if it struck him, if he honestly believed that Nancy was not—well, really serious, why, then, there was no reason why he should not do what he could for himself.

Dawson would have to put up with it. If he could keep her, well and good. But he would have to fight for her, have to make her really love him. Engagements were not so important as they used to be. Girls fixed things up and backed out of them very lightly nowadays.

Foster frowned as the taxi stopped. It was not exactly a dinner that he was looking forward to, yet it was not without a certain gloomy excitement. Yes, it would be quite a dramatic evening in its way.

The parlormaid opened the door and admitted him into the hall, at the very moment, as it happened, that the master of the house began to descend the stairs from his room.

Foster and Lucas looked at each other. It was the first time they had met, but they guessed each other's identity at once.

"Good evening, Mr. Foster, isn't it?" said Lucas, coming forward to greet his daughter's guest.

His manner was quite cordial. In the end his wife and Sir Harry between them had convinced him that there was nothing in his suspicions, and the fact that Raymond was also dining there that evening was to his mind a further confirmation that all was well so far as this young man was concerned.

"Nancy and Raymond are out in the garden somewhere," he remarked as he helped the guest off with his overcoat. "They'll be in in a minute."

"Thanks. Oh, I say, don't trouble," Foster protested—but Mr. Lucas insisted on hanging up his coat for him.

FOSTER reached forward and fished a white handkerchief, a cigarette-case, and a box of matches out of his overcoat pockets, and placed them temporarily on the hall table before beginning to stow them away in his dinner-jacket.

Lucas stiffened. The polite smile of a host faded from his lips as he watched. His eyes widened and hardened, and his expression grew tense.

"A wonderful spell of fine weather we've had lately," said Foster, feeling that he ought to say something.

The attempt to make conversation elicited no reply. Instead, Lucas pointed to the overcoat he had himself just hung up.

"Put that on again!" he said, sternly.

Foster stared at him amazed. Surely he must have misheard.

"I beg your pardon?" he murmured.

"Take your things and clear out!"

Foster continued to stare. Never had he been so taken aback. His cheeks reddened as it dawned upon him that Lucas meant what he was saying. He was not drunk. Nor was it some silly sort of joke. Nancy's father was dead sober and dead serious. Good Lord!

"You want me to go?" he gasped, trying to pull himself together.

"I do. At once."

Foster squared his shoulders.

"Why? What have I done?"

"I refuse to bandy words with you," was Lucas' answer.

Foster shrugged. The situation was impossible—the man was impossible. Arguing was equally impossible. There was only one thing to be done—to go.

He went, more puzzled and angry than ever he had been in his life.

This was too much. And what did it mean? What bee had Lucas got into his bonnet? What did he imagine that he had against him?

Foster thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, while his eyes challenged all Streatham to reply.

"I'm going to get to the bottom of it," he told himself savagely. Lucas should be made to apologise. Things were not going to be left like this.

Hungry and angry, he strode on at a furious pace, and presently, as the exercise calmed him, an explanation suddenly dawned.

Why, of course! This was Sir Henry Sanston's doing. Sanston had told Lucas who he was! The lawyer had always objected to him associating with Nancy.

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though he had passed his word not to give anything away.

Yes, that was it, Sanston had been talking to Lucas, and Lucas had the wind up!

But what a way to deal with the situation! Suddenly getting frightened, and losing his temper! Why could not Lucas have taken him aside, and had a quiet man-to-man talk about the matter?

"As if I want to upset anyone or betray any secrets!" Foster muttered to himself. What did Mr. Lucas take him for?

Then he found himself growing angry again.

What had happened was going to make things very difficult. Things had been bad enough before, with Nancy engaged to someone else, but now that he was barred from the Acacias and forbidden to see her . . .

"I jolly well am going to see her!" he said to himself. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas could go to blazes.

CHAPTER 16

DAVID LUCAS took a white handkerchief out of the pocket of his dinner-jacket and wiped his forehead, surprised to find it wet with perspiration.

He was shocked—shocked at himself, his daughter, and the cool, insolent young scoundrel he had just turned out of the house; shocked with Nancy for inviting him, with Foster for coming, and with himself for losing his temper.

It was hateful to have treated a guest like that. It upset all his ideas of hospitality. But—but, dash it, what else could he have done? he asked himself.

He shrugged. His wife would have to admit that he had been right, and it would be interesting to hear what Sir Henry had to say about it when he knew. Heavens, how shaky he felt. He must go and get himself a drink.

God only knew what these modern girls were coming to! Nancy, his daughter—who would have believed that a child of his . . . ? It was monstrous . . . depraved, beyond belief.

He hurried into the dining-room and poured himself the drink he so badly needed. His hand shook as he raised the glass to his mouth. His distress was manifest. Grieved and miserable he looked, desperate and angry all at the same time.

If only they could go on keeping this from Raymond, and marry her off quickly, he thought. That was the only thing to be done.

The dining-room door opened, and he saw Nancy and Raymond standing before him.

In a flash he pulled himself together, and his face betrayed nothing of a father's anger and misery as he looked at his daughter and the young man to whom she was to be married.

"Hallo," said Nancy, "what have you done with Mr. Foster? Jessie told me he had arrived, and we expected to find him in here with you, Daddy."

"Help yourself, my boy," said Lucas to Raymond, nodding towards the sideboard.

"Foster's gone," he said quietly to his daughter. "He suddenly remembered a most important engagement while he was taking off his things. Someone coming up from the country whom he had promised to meet at Paddington, and who wouldn't know where to go or what to do if he failed to turn up. He was very upset and asked me to apologise."

The lie was for Raymond's sake, not Nancy's.

"Bit careless of him. What?" commented Raymond from the sideboard.

"Very," said Nancy. She felt rather let down, for had she not made up her mind to quarrel with him to-night and get rid of him once and for all?

Lucas, observing her with his professional "poker-face," noted her disappointment and suffered another pang. How shameless she was, how disgracefully she was treating young Dawson!

"We will join your mother. It is close on dinner-time, and we are in the way here," he said.

They went to the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lucas was told the official version of Foster's arrival and departure.

"It might have been very awkward if it had been a proper dinner party. Upset all the numbers!" she commented.

Presently the gong rang.

Lucas talked little during the meal, nor did he eat as much as usual. He was very attentive, however, to Raymond's needs, so attentive that nobody had the least idea that he was longing to get Raymond out of the house.

It was a quarter to eleven before he succeeded.

"Nancy," said Lucas, who had been holding himself in all the evening, "I have something to say to you."

But it was to his wife that he went on.

"Mother," he cried, "do you remember that story you told me about that fellow Foster and a handkerchief?"

Nancy started, and her eyes fixed themselves on her father's face.

"You were annoyed with me, Mother, for being suspicious, and Sir Henry laughed at me," he continued. "But now you listen to this! To-night, when that man came to the house, he put down a handkerchief in the hall for a moment, and plainly written in marking-ink in one corner, I read my own name—David Lucas."

THE color rose to Nancy's cheeks, and a gasp of dismay burst from her lips. But Mrs. Lucas looked utterly bewildered.

"I—I don't understand," she faltered.

"Yes you do!" her husband answered. "Think! What it means is that Foster is the man Nancy went off with week-ending—the man who gave her that handkerchief you found among her things and which she burnt before our eyes! And when he asked her for it back that day, she gave him one of mine to take you in!"

"Nancy!" wailed Mrs. Lucas, "is this true? Oh, Nancy, you——"

"Of course it's true!" Lucas broke in. "That's the man, and she's still carrying on with him, even though she is engaged to Raymond! Stays at Brighton with him, goes out motoring with him, asks him here to dinner! But he didn't dine here to-night! I kicked him out!"

"Oh dear, I wish you hadn't been so hasty!" Nancy murmured.

"Hasty!" her father echoed. "Good heavens, Nancy, you can't think I would have allowed that man to stay in my house another minute after I had discovered what was going on?"

"Have you no shame? Are you thoroughly infatuated, you wicked girl?" her mother threw in. "Nancy, you are breaking my heart. This is dreadful—dreadful. I should never have believed it of you. What is the world coming to?"

Nancy made a gesture of despair.

"It's no good my staying here," she said. "Good night."

Lucas rose.

Three strides brought him to Nancy's side. Grimly he took her by the shoulders—pulled her away from the door—marched her to a chair, and forced her into it.

"You'll stay there, miss, till I've finished with you," he said.

THERE was a silence—horrified silence. Nancy was no longer a child. She was a modern, independent daughter. For the second time that evening Mr. Lucas felt shocked at himself.

Mrs. Lucas sighed, and wondered what would happen. Torn asunder, she felt, and very near to tears—half-inclined to rebuke her husband for his violence, half-expecting her unruly child to leave the house.

The thought, indeed, did occur to Nancy in the first heat of her indignation. But wiser counsel prevailed. Modern, she was, reckless and high-spirited—but not hard, nor incapable of seeing another's point of view.

It was pity that had involved her in this business, and it was pity that stopped her from too rash a resentment of what she regarded as her father's outrage.

Poor dad, poor mother—naturally they could not help being a little beside themselves. It was maddening the way they could not trust her and believe in her, but must be so old-fashioned about it all.

But they could not help it. One must make allowances for the poor old darlings, and it certainly was very rough on them that she could not explain everything, and put their minds at rest.

Their generation had sex on the brain. Whenever they could not understand what was going on they always thought it was something wrong. . . . She decided to forgive him.

"Being a heavy father doesn't suit you, Dad, or me, either," she said. "Go ahead, though I warn you it is only a waste of time."

Another sigh, a sigh of relief, escaped from Mrs. Lucas. Mr. Lucas cleared his throat and tried to look as if he had not been afraid that he had gone too far.

"I have forbidden that man Foster ever to speak to you again—" he began impressively.

"Well, I hope he will obey you," exclaimed Nancy, completely throwing him out of his stride.

"Eh? What do you mean by that?" he rasped.

"I certainly don't want to see him again. He's a most terrible nuisance to me." Nancy shrugged. "As a matter of fact, I intended to try to get rid of him for myself this very evening."

Her father and mother exchanged a glance. What was one to make of this?

"Nancy, is this true?" Mrs. Lucas asked.

"Should I say so if it weren't?"

Lucas thrust his fists into the pockets of his dinner-jacket, walked across the room twice, and then came and stood by her chair. Frowningly he looked down into Nancy's piquant little face, apparently so sweet and so unspoiled. Her blue eyes met his, and he shuddered inwardly.

"He is pestering you—won't let you alone, because of—because of the past?" he jerked out.

"No, no! I didn't mean that." Nancy looked away. "There isn't any past in that sense. Oh, why, why do you keep making me have to tell you that over and over again?"

It was her mother who answered.

"Because, Nancy," she said sadly and shrewdly, "this is the sort of thing that nobody ever tells the truth about."

"No," Lucas took her up. "You won't give him away, and he won't give you

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away!" His voice hardened. He grew stern again.

"But this is going to be the end of this, Nancy. If you won't be frank, we can't make you, but we can't let this go on any longer. There is only one way to put a stop to it—only one thing to be done. You and Raymond must be married at once."

He took another turn up and down the room.

"I insist on that, and I am sure your mother agrees with me."

"Yes, yes, the sooner the better!" cried Mrs. Lucas, her voice trembling with eagerness. Marry Nancy off at once. That was obviously the solution, the only way to make her forget this wicked philanderer, who clearly had no intention of marrying her himself.

"You care for Raymond, and you are engaged to him. It is time you settled down, and I am sure you and he will be very happy," she added confusedly.

Nancy listened, and thought. How funny they were—and yet at the same time there was a good deal to be said for their idea. That ring on her finger meant that some day she and Raymond would marry. . . She did care for him. . . He had been very nice to her to-night. . .

"All right," she said. "I'll see what can be done. Leave it to me."

CHAPTER 17

THE moment Nancy awoke next morning her thoughts went back to the scene in the drawing-room with her father and mother the night before—a scene which, incidentally, had kept her from going to sleep for quite a considerable time.

She had kept her temper very well, she thought. What could have been more frantically irritating than the way they would not and could not think anything but the worst?

"Oh, well—what does it matter after all?" she thought. "I do mean to marry Raymond, and the sooner the better, for us all—and I did mean to finish with Cyril Foster, so all's for the best of all possible worlds!"

Some three hours later the telephone rang, and she answered it.

"Can I speak to Mr. Lucas?" asked a well-known voice.

"I'm afraid you're too late. He's gone to business," Nancy answered.

"Foster here. That's Miss Lucas, isn't it?"

"Yes. Can I take a message?"

There was a moment's pause.

"No. As I've missed your father I'll see Sir Henry Sanston first." Foster's voice came back to her.

Nancy started.

"What do you want to see Sir Henry about?" she inquired.

"Well, I'm on the warpath." He sounded very strung-up and determined. "Last night, as I suppose you heard, your father threw me out. I don't know what he said to you—and I don't care. But there's going to be a row about it. It's your uncle, Sir Henry, who's at the bottom of it, and I'm jolly well going to see both him and your father, and——"

"No!" said Nancy. A look of fear came into her eyes. She thought quickly. This was dreadful. This was the last thing that must be allowed to happen. Unless something were done, this would ruin everything!

"See me instead!" she said desperately. "I think I can explain." Where—where should she meet him? "Couldn't I lunch with you at the Empire Hotel?" It was there that they had met first.

"Splendid! I'll be there. Thanks very much. Sharp at one."

She rang off. What she was going to say to him she did not know. Somehow or other he must be prevented from worrying either her father or Sir Henry. Something no doubt would come.

But all the morning it would not come. She could think of nothing that would keep him quiet. It was not, indeed, till they were actually sitting in the lounge of the hotel that an inspiration came to her.

Foster had ordered cocktails, and they had the place to themselves. They were sitting side by side on a settee, with a little table in front of them.

"You're not surprised that I'm fed up about this, are you?" he burst out. "If you were in my place you wouldn't take it lying down, and allow anybody to forbid you——"

"No," Nancy interrupted, as suddenly she saw her way. "Quite! But it's all very simple, really. You see, father's rather hasty, and people will talk—and they've been saying things about you and me. That trip to Brighton, you know—and then going down to see Sylvia—we have been rather a lot together.

"And somebody's said something quite untrue and horrible to father. He heard it just before you arrived. And, naturally, as Raymond and I had just decided to get married at once . . . well, Daddy went off the deep end, and that's all there is in it," she finished desperately.

"So there won't be any need for you to see Sir Henry, or father either," she added, as Foster did not speak. "But Raymond and I will be delighted, of course, if you will come and see us when we are married!"

Still Foster did not speak, but sat staring straight in front of him.

She looked at him nervously. Had the explanation succeeded in its purpose? Was it the inspiration it had seemed? Oh how she hated all these lies she had to tell! But it could not be helped—it could not be helped!

Foster turned his head and looked at her—thinking not about her father and his grievance against him, but about something else.

"So you and Raymond have decided to get married at once!" he said.

"Yes."

A swift glance assured Foster that they still had the place to themselves—and the next moment he had kissed Nancy full upon the lips.

"Do you still want to marry Raymond Dawson at once?" he asked, challengingly.

NANCY cast a swift, indignant glance at the man beside her, and then looked away.

Her eyes swept round the hotel lounge in which this amazing, outrageous thing had happened . . . and those groups of empty chairs and blue basket-work tables with glass tops photographed themselves on her memory for ever.

"This, of course, has torn everything," she said sharply.

She rose as if to leave him.

"I did not think you were that sort, but as you are . . ." The cold, startled voice faded away, leaving the rest of the sentence to finish itself.

Foster sprang up. His face was pale.

"I suppose you are quite sure?" he jerked out.

A pair of puzzled, ice-blue eyes asked what he meant.

"That it has torn everything," he explained. "That you really don't ever want to see me again?"

Scorning to answer, regarding this as a further insult, Nancy began to walk deliberately away from him.

He followed.

"Nancy! One moment. You are sure—quite sure?" he cried.

She paused to turn and look at him—to annihilate him, to freeze him with those ice-blue eyes. Really! Was he mad? How dare he . . .!

"What I mean is, you're not just angry and surprised—you really are fed-up with me?" he faltered.

"Absolutely!" was her crushing rejoinder.

How could he ask? How could he expect anything else? Almost she could have thrown something at him—one of those match and ash trays on the glass-topped table by which they were standing.

"Well," said Foster, as she did not speak, "there doesn't seem anything more to say. I—I know where I am now, and can only wish you and Dawson the best of luck. And as for your father and Sir Henry Sanston, it won't be worth while bothering any more about them, since you evidently won't want to see me again. I shall let that slide. Good-bye."

Nancy hesitated.

She had only to say good-bye and the purpose of this meeting would be achieved with a completeness beyond her wildest hopes. Cyril Foster, who had already made such difficulties for her at home, would trouble her no more.

Her father and her uncle would be left alone—there was no point in seeing them if she was never to see him; he would drop right out of her life. Take him at his word, say good-bye, and she would really be rid of him.

Parting with him would mean peace between her and Raymond, peace at the Acacias, and peace for Sir Henry—relief all round. And she had meant to part with him; she had merely been waiting for her chance—the chance which was now here.

She held out her hand. Her lips formed to say the final, parting word.

But they did not utter it.

Two people came hurrying into the lounge.

"Nancy!" exclaimed a voice she knew as well as her own, and she turned to find herself confronting her father and mother!

Her eyes widened with astonishment. It never occurred to her then that it was anything but a dramatic and exceedingly awkward coincidence.

"Dad! Mother! Fancy our all meeting here," she exclaimed with something of defiance in her voice.

Foster, who had stiffened into an attitude of cold hostility at the sight of Mr. Lucas, bowed slightly to Mrs. Lucas without speaking.

Both Nancy's parents ignored him. This was a public room in an hotel. They did not want a scene, and could not trust themselves to speak to him. Mrs. Lucas, in fact, was there to see that her husband did not knock him down.

It would be too awful if as a result of the way this man was pestering their daughter, in spite of having been forbidden to see her again, Nancy's and her father's names should get into the papers.

"WE have come to take you away," she informed Nancy. "There's a taxi waiting outside." She laid a hand on Nancy's arm. "Now don't argue—just come at once. Your father is terribly worked up—something dreadful will happen if you don't do as you are told."

Two indignant red spots flamed suddenly in Nancy's cheeks. For very different reasons the last thing she also wanted was

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a scene between her father and Cyril Foster. Something would almost certainly be said that would have the most direful consequences.

Angry though she was that they should dare in these days to treat her like this, she realised that she would have to go with them.

"Very well," she said coldly.

Then she turned to Foster.

This was too much. Nobody should dictate to her and interfere with her in this high-handed, intolerable way.

"I will write to you, and tell you where and when I can see you again," she said recklessly—just to show them, to let them see that she meant to go her own way, her decision of two minutes ago suddenly cancelled.

Lucas made an angry movement.

"You will do nothing of the sort," he exploded. "And as for you——" he began to Foster, but was allowed to say no more.

"Come along, father," Mrs. Lucas interrupted, determined that there should be no fighting and no reason for calling in the police. "We can talk to her in the taxi!"

She caught her husband by the arm, releasing Nancy for the purpose, and began to lead him away.

Nancy followed, pausing at the door to look back and throw Foster a defiant smile, that was meant to apologise to him for parents and their queer ways, but as a matter of fact left him utterly bewildered.

He would have to wait for that promised letter—and in the meantime, what about some lunch?

The taxi moved off, with Nancy and her mother on the back seat, and Lucas on the front . . . an angry father and mother and an angry daughter, all sitting very upright and silent and waiting for someone else to begin.

It was Nancy who spoke first.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me how you came to know I was at the Empire Hotel," she said, addressing them both.

"That's not the point. That does not matter," her father answered. "What matters is that in spite of what you said to us last night and all we said to you, you dared to meet that man again to-day."

"I want to know!" said Nancy.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lucas, "I heard you phoning!"

"I thought so!" Nancy half-turned in her seat to look at her. "Was it by accident or were you deliberately listening, mother?" she demanded.

"I was deliberately listening, of course! Directly I heard you talking to someone on the phone——"

"You thought you would come and spy on me!" Nancy interrupted.

"Nancy, that's no way to speak to your mother!" exclaimed Lucas. "If we have to spy on you, as you call it, that's your fault—not ours. We can't trust you, and what your mother heard shows how right she was to listen!"

"If only you would realise what a worry you are to us," Mrs. Lucas took up the thread. "Of course I listened—to make sure that you had not been deceiving us last night. And when I heard you asking that man if you could lunch with him at the Empire Hotel, you could have knocked me down with a feather!"

"How did you know it was that man, as you call him?" demanded Nancy scornfully.

"WHAT will become of you?" Mrs. Lucas cried. "You can't go on playing fast and loose with two men like this. It's wicked—it's too disgraceful, and so dreadfully unfair to poor Raymond. I am sure nobody could have been more charitable and broadminded than he has been already! I wonder you aren't ashamed to sit there and look us in the face!"

"Shame! She doesn't know the meaning of the word," Lucas burst out. "I suppose it's too old-fashioned for her. Decency is out of date," he added bitterly. Then he changed his tone. "Come, what is there between you and this fellow?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said Nancy, coloring in spite of herself, as suddenly she remembered that kiss.

"Be frank. We will help you if we can. Has he got some hold over you—letters or something that he is using to blackmail you with?"

"Of course not. Father, don't be so ridiculous."

"Then why don't you give him up?"

Nancy shrugged. She had been going to give him up when they appeared, she thought.

Lucas cleared his throat.

"You had the impudence to tell that man, in front of your mother and me, that you were going to write to him," he said, sternly.

"Yes. And I am."

"You are. But I am going to dictate the letter."

"I don't think so, father!"

They looked at each other.

"I gather this is a threat," said Nancy.

Anxiously Mrs. Lucas clasped her hands together.

"Yes," said Lucas. "Either you will write to this man Foster what I wish you to write, or I shall turn you out of the house, and tell Raymond everything."

His tone was very grim. "Not another word now! I am at the end of my tether. You have till we get home to make up your mind which it is to be!"

CHAPTER 18

A SILENCE followed the delivery of Mr. Lucas' ultimatum. Three people thought their separate thoughts.

He had every right to put his foot down, Lucas considered. The situation demanded it, and he must be master in his own house. There should be no more of this defiance and disobedience. He meant what he said, and he would stick to his word.

"I can't stand this," Nancy was thinking. "I wish I could tell them everything but I can't, and I have a right to live my own life in my own way. If they can't trust me—if they won't stop interfering in my affairs I shall clear out! I shan't want any turning! I'm not going to be threatened and bullied—and as for telling Raymond, father can tell him what he pleases, and if Raymond doesn't like it he can do the other thing! I am not going to be dictated to by father or Raymond or anybody!"

With her face turned rigidly sideways she stared out of the taxi window—ready for the final row that was coming when they all reached home.

Mrs. Lucas sighed gently to herself, torn asunder as a wife and mother, so often is when a husband puts his foot down against an unruly child.

"I am not going to have that!" she thought simply.

But what could be done? The ultimatum had been issued, and Lucas' folded arms and Nancy's half-turned head made it only too clear that they were both ready for the fray.

Once more Mrs. Lucas sighed gently to herself. That battle must not take place.

Her troubled hazel eyes looked from one to the other of her silent companions . . . the two people she cared for most in all the world. How were they to be managed? How was this crisis to be prevented from becoming a disaster?

"I don't know how you feel, father, but I am starving," she exclaimed. "I don't think I can possibly wait till we get home before I have something to eat."

Lucas frowned at her. He had forgotten all about lunch and the idea of lunching with his daughter till they had had this out once and for all was very distasteful to him.

RELUCTANTLY he leant out of the taxi window, and ordered the man to take them to the nearest decent restaurant. What else could he do?

"Better pay the man off. It would be silly to keep him," said Mrs. Lucas when the taxi stopped.

A minute later, seated at a little table with his wife and daughter, and studying the bill of fare, Lucas discovered that he had more appetite than he thought.

"What shall we have?" he asked, almost as if there were nothing wrong, and a fierce battle had not been deferred by this untimely interruption.

Mrs. Lucas took the menu from him.

"Nancy and I will have roast chicken, won't we, Nancy?—and you'd better have the same," she chose for them all. "Cauliflower and saute potatoes—and afterwards gorgonzola cheese for you, father, I suppose? And what about peche Melba for you, Nancy?"

It was Mrs. Lucas' hour. They looked at her in puzzled disapproval. Didn't she understand how serious things were?

"Anything you like, Mother. I'm not really hungry," said Nancy.

"You will be when it comes." Mrs. Lucas gave the order, and passed her husband the wine list.

Lucas frowned as he took it. Hang it all, she was behaving as if this were a real family luncheon party—one of the little treats he often stood her and Nancy.

He ordered a bottle of white wine.

Mechanically, at the end of the meal, Lucas lit a cigar, and finished off the remainder of the wine . . . and mechanically, also, like the well-trained father he was, he offered his daughter a cigarette!

A cigarette before he turned her out of his house. Mrs. Lucas saw, and drew a breath of secret relief.

"I feel much better now," she remarked.

Lucas nodded and smiled at her.

"It was being so upset that must have made you feel faint," he commented, and beckoned to the waiter for his bill.

Mrs. Lucas laid a hand on her husband's arm.

"It was rather a surprise to me when you said you were not going back to the House," she said. "Wouldn't it perhaps be better if you did go back, David?"

She lowered her voice as he made a restive movement. "It would give Nancy a little longer to think it over," she said quickly. "And give you longer, too. We mustn't be hasty. Let me look after her for the afternoon—see what I can do with her—and then, when you come home this evening . . ." She finished the sentence with a significant nod, which seemed to him to mean that on his return she would have Nancy in a more reasonable frame of mind, ready to bow down to a father's authority, if only he would leave the child to her for an hour or two.

"Well . . . perhaps . . . all right," he murmured. His foot was down—it was still down; but he was not naturally of a heetoring disposition, and the chicken and the cheese and the wine had done their work. Why not let her mother have a go at Nancy first? Then things might

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be much more easy and comfortable all round. . .

"Mind you make it quite clear to her——" he began.

"Yes, yes. I quite understand," Mrs. Lucas interrupted, with another nod, a nod that said this time: "Don't let her hear. Don't let her think we are talking about her."

LUCAS looked at his troublesome, difficult daughter.

"I am afraid I shall have to go back to the House after all," he said coldly. "I will deal with you when I come home."

"Remanded!" said Nancy.

Her father glared at her.

"I'll be packed and ready to go," she added naughtily.

"Nancy!" exclaimed her mother.

Lucas hesitated, obviously now inclined to revert to his original plan, take her home, and settle it once and for all.

"Run along, dear," said Mrs. Lucas quickly. "Please let me see what I can do with her."

For a moment longer Lucas hesitated; then he took his hat from the stand close by and departed.

"And what is it, mother, that you propose to do with me?" Nancy asked.

"Well, the first thing I thought of doing with you was buying you a frock," her mother answered, leading the way out of the restaurant.

Nancy followed, hard on her heels, and the commissionaire bowed them into the street.

"What's the idea?" Nancy demanded. She glanced suspiciously at her mother, standing beside her on the pavement. "Why buy me a frock to-day when I am in disgrace, and father has threatened——?"

"Well, we must do something till your father comes home!" Mrs. Lucas interrupted smilingly. "And the other day in South Kensington I saw——"

"Mother, you're up to something!" Nancy broke in. "Am I to be bribed by a frock into——?"

"Darling, here's our bus!" Mrs. Lucas led the way on to it, and Nancy followed her to the top.

And the queerest part of that queer afternoon was that they did enjoy themselves in spite of the shadows hanging over their heads.

They bought two frocks, one for Nancy and one for her mother, each helping the other to choose. Then Mrs. Lucas caught sight of a notice: Have You Tried Our Midget Golf Course?

"I've never played midget golf, nor have you," she exclaimed. "It's too early for tea yet. We'll have a game."

That was great fun. Not golf, but fun. Then they had tea, and during the meal Nancy found herself thinking a thought she had often thought but hardly expected to think to-day: what good fun, what a pal mother was!

"We always have a good time when we go out together," she exclaimed impulsively.

"Yes, don't we?" said Mrs. Lucas, and went on with the cake she was eating.

"We ought to do it oftener," cried Nancy on a wave of affection, and then drew her brows together. After to-night, when she and her father had met . . . Nice though she had been this afternoon, mother was just as bad as father, really. . . . It was mother who had gone to father to fetch her away from Mr. Foster. . . .

Her eyes darkened. Mr. Foster—Cyril Foster—the man who had made all the trouble all along: suddenly she found herself thinking about him and what he had done just before her parents burst upon them.

"Not seeing much of Sylvia lately, are you?" her mother's voice broke in upon her reverie.

"No. I must look her up," Nancy answered absently. Sylvia was having trouble with her people, too, she thought. Oh, dear, parents were a very mixed blessing. If only they would not fuss, if only they would leave one alone, and not get one's back up, and——

Then she became aware that her mother was speaking again, suggested that she should visit Sylvia instead of returning to Streatham.

"Spend the evening with her, if you like, or, anyway, don't come home till just on dinner time," said Mrs. Lucas.

Nancy stared.

"You forget, I have to see father directly he gets back," she said tersely.

"No. I had not forgotten." Mrs. Lucas picked up the tea-menu and toyed with it absently.

"I want to see your father alone, first, Nancy," she said quietly.

Nancy shrugged.

"It won't make any difference," she declared.

"We shall see." Mrs. Lucas put down the menu-card. "You go and see Sylvia, Nancy. Please. If Raymond turns up I'll make him wait for you or ring you up. Don't argue, darling. Just do as mother wants for once."

PARENTS and children—parents and children—on and off David Lucas had been thinking a lot about that subject during the afternoon. His foot was still down. Directly he had hung up his things in the hall of the Acacias he made straight for the drawing-room and Nancy.

Nancy was not there. Only his wife rose to smile at him and kiss him.

"Where's Nancy?" he inquired as soon as the evening kiss was over.

"I sent her to Sylvia's flat to see Sylvia and her mother," Mrs. Lucas informed him.

"You what?" he protested. "Dash it, I left you in charge of her, to see what you could do to bring her to her senses: the last thing I intended was for you to let her out of your sight!"

"Yes, dear. I know. But I wanted to get her out of the way so that I could talk to you." Gently she pushed him into a chair. "About her," she explained.

"She's told you everything—what it all means—and—and—it's all right?" cried Lucas excitedly.

"No, David. Nancy has told me nothing. It's my—my heart that has told me something. I believe we are making a great mistake—and—and I don't believe there is anything wrong with her," she gulped.

He got out of his chair.

"You've trusted her again this afternoon," he went on. "But you don't really think she is with Sylvia, do you? Of course she isn't! She's gone back to that man. I'm as certain of it as that I stand here!"

Mrs. Lucas shook her head.

"No, no, dear, that's unjust and untrue," she said positively.

"Is it? I'll show you—I'll prove it!" he cried.

He marched to the telephone and asked for a number.

"Will you be so kind as to send up to Miss Waring's flat and ask Miss Lucas to come down and speak to her father?" he said into the mouthpiece.

Then he turned to his wife, who was standing behind him.

"Now we shall see who's right and who's wrong," he said grimly.

It was Mrs. Lucas who was right. One phone served all the tenants of the block of flats in which Sylvia resided.

There was a pause that seemed minutes as seconds always do when one is waiting at the phone; then Lucas heard his daughter's voice.

"Is that you, father?"

"It is." He hesitated, to pull himself together, for he had been so sure that Nancy was not there that he did not know what to say.

"You want me to come back at once? Is that why you have rung up?"

Lucas frowned. Cheek, he thought it, for Nancy to take the bull by the horns like that—a challenge to him to be as good as his word, a veiled declaration that she was not afraid of him, and it was not her fault that she was not at home to face him.

"As a matter of fact, the reason I rang up was to make sure that you are where you are supposed to be!" he retorted.

"I see." There was a slight pause. "Well, I am!"

"Quite. For once I have misjudged you," he admitted, coldly—and then Mrs. Lucas interposed.

This was her day. She had moved from the background, where she usually stayed, to the forefront, without anyone, herself included, realising it. She had not said to herself: "Things have come to such a pass that I must assert myself"—she had just asserted herself. Calmly she took the phone from her husband.

"If you can possibly stay on to dinner with Sylvia, please do, Nancy," she begged.

"All right, darling," Nancy replied. "I'll stay out. But unless you can make it clear that in future I must be left alone and trusted—by you both, mother—you as well as father—it won't be any good!"

Another ultimatum—from the other end! Mrs. Lucas was thankful that her husband could not hear.

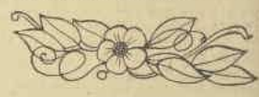
Lucas touched her on the shoulder.

"Just a moment," he said. He had been thinking. Nancy was at Sylvia's flat, and to that extent his wife had scored over him. But Sylvia was Nancy's friend. Sylvia had been mixed up in this business all the time.

If it had not been for a little muddling on Sylvia's part they would never have known anything about it. Supposing Sylvia was still plotting with her, and they were being deceived again—and someone else was there as well?

Firmly he took the telephone from his wife, who yielded it to him very reluctantly.

"Nancy, I want to ask you something," he said into the mouthpiece.



CHAPTER 19

NANCY waited.

"Is that fellow Foster there?" Lucas inquired tersely.

"No. He is not," Nancy answered. "Good-bye."

She rang off . . . replaced the receiver on its hook with a scornful click . . . turned away from the telephone . . . and found herself face to face with Cyril Foster himself!

As surprised to see her as she was to see him, he reddened as he raised his hat.

Nancy reddened, too. What meeting could have been more embarrassing?

"Curse!" she said under her breath.

Foster tried not to think too much about the flush that had come to her cheeks. It might mean anything.

"Mrs. Waring in?" he said hurriedly.

Nancy nodded.

"Good. It's her I've come to see." He forced a laugh. "I promised her I would find out Ted Morton's address for her—she's still desperately keen on seeing him."

Having started to talk he found it eased the situation a bit just to go on talking.

"It's absurd, of course, and no good ever comes of interfering, but there it is! I meant to ask you for his address last night

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but I didn't—er—get the opportunity—and I forgot when I saw you this morning. However, I got it this afternoon, from a man we both know who came in about a new car, and—and that's that."

He paused, like a swimmer thankful to have reached land. Lord, the tricks Fate could play on one!

"Of course, I had no idea that you would be here," he faltered. "Do I go away, or do I carry on?"

"Oh, you may as well see Mrs. Waring now you are here," said Nancy.

They ascended the stairs together.

MEANWHILE, at the Acacias another telephone receiver had been placed on its hook, and a prosperous and respectable stock-jobber and his wife were back in their charming drawing-room—and the deep, difficult waters their only child had plunged them into.

Mrs. Lucas put both hands to her head and patted her hair. Then she leant back in her chair with her fingers intertwined upon her lap.

"David, I am not going to say again all I said just now," she burst out. "Please understand this: I won't have Nancy turned out or driven into walking out. I mean that, David. I won't have it."

Lucas stared. Someone else had put a foot down, someone who had hardly ever done such a thing before.

"Nancy is as much mine as she is yours," her mother went on. "More. I don't say I approve of her. I do not approve of her. But I'm not going to have her bullied. Whatever they have done, children won't stand that nowadays——"

"But good heavens——" began Lucas, and was allowed to say no more.

"You're taking the wrong line with her, David. We must leave her alone. Raymond is the only one we can do anything with. And I am going to talk to Raymond to-night."

His world seemed upside down. His daughter was—eh, what was his daughter? He did know that he had made up his mind to-day to bring her to her senses, and he had believed that her mother was with him in that.

"You mean, I suppose, that you are going to try to talk Raymond into marrying her at once?" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Lucas nodded.

"What are you going to say to him?" Lucas asked, apparently quite unconscious of the completeness of his surrender.

"I don't know, till the time comes. You had better go and change," she answered with a glance at the clock.

Lucas hesitated, tempted to warn her how careful she must be. Young men were just as difficult as young women in these degenerate days. Everything, in fact, was topsy-turvy.

Then another aspect of the matter struck him.

"Not very logical, are you?" he cried. "One minute you tell me that Nancy must not be interfered with and young people must be left to go their own way, and the next——"

Mrs. Lucas did not allow him to finish.

"That's different," she broke in. "You will be late if you don't hurry up."

Lucas departed, hoping with all his heart that she would succeed. If only they could marry Nancy off they could breathe freely again. Heavens, what a trial children were; nothing but expense and worry from start to finish!

If the outcome of the day's happenings was that she and Raymond got married at once, he would be content. Thank Heaven he had not another child to worry about!

The bell rang, and he nodded to himself. Raymond had arrived.

Deliberately he lingered over his toilet, not wishing to appear upon the scene too soon.

The gong sounded as he was parting his hair, and thinking rather sadly that it was getting a little thin in places on top. Well, well. Bound to happen. He brushed it carefully, and then got into his waistcoat and his dinner-jacket.

Had mother had long enough? He would have to go down. Mustn't keep dinner waiting. Everyone ought to be punctual at meals.

Slowly he descended the stairs, opened the drawing-room door, nodded to Raymond, and then looked into his wife's eyes.

They twinkled at him triumphantly.

"Raymond has been talking to me about when he and Nancy are to get married," said Mrs. Lucas demurely. "He wants it to be as soon as possible—at once, the impatient boy. What do you think, father?"

Wonderful woman! How had she managed it? Lucas laid a fatherly hand on Raymond's shoulder.

"It's for them to decide, mother—it's for them to decide," he beamed.

"I'm glad you don't think it's too soon, sir," said Raymond happily.

"Not a bit, not a bit," replied his equally happy prospective father-in-law. "When you and Nancy have definitely settled it, you and I must have a little talk about figures. Naturally I hope to be able to do something for her. But come along. Dinner's waiting."

They went into the dining-room, and as he pulled out a chair for her, Lucas pressed his wife's arm. All was going to be well.

"By the way," he remarked, "I forgot to tell you that I saw in the evening paper that your brother was broadcasting again to-night." Sir Henry, a famous speaker with a golden voice, was often heard on the wireless. Lucas glanced at the dining-room clock. "He's coming on at a quarter to eight, so I am afraid this time we shall miss him."

Mrs. Lucas looked disappointed.

"Why not have the set in here?" suggested Raymond. The Lucas' wireless was a five-valve portable. He looked inquiringly at Lucas, asking permission to fetch it.

Lucas nodded, and Raymond hurried back to the drawing-room for it.

"Bravo, mother, bravo," Lucas seized the opportunity to congratulate his wife.

She smiled at him. "Raymond's going on to Sylvia's flat to see Nancy about it directly after dinner," she said.

A moment later Raymond appeared with the set.

Punctually at a quarter to eight, while they were eating their fish, the golden voice of Sir Henry Sanston boomed through the dining-room. A rapt look came into Mrs. Lucas' eyes as she listened to her distinguished brother.

"Fine, isn't he?" Lucas murmured to their guest, who, truth to tell, was thinking of something else, a blue-eyed something.

"Jolly good," he agreed dutifully.

AND then, suddenly, abruptly, the golden voice uttered a queer, ungolden noise, and stopped.

"What has happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Lucas. "Has the set broken down?"

"Or Daventry?" said Lucas.

Raymond sprang up, to fiddle with the controls. But before he could touch them another voice was heard.

"I am sorry to say that Sir Henry has been taken slightly ill, and as he will be unable to finish his talk I will read it for him."

None of the three people in the Acacias dining-room listened as the announcer went on.

"Poor Harry—I do hope it isn't anything serious," said Mrs. Lucas.

"Slightly ill, was what they said, mother," said Lucas comfortingly. "They would not have gone on if it were serious."

"No. I suppose not," Mrs. Lucas sighed. "It's very worrying, though. I shall go round to see him in the morning," she added.

"It was bound to happen sometime, of course," Raymond remarked. "But I don't believe anyone has ever broken down like that on the wireless before."

They went on talking about the matter, for naturally it was of the greatest interest to them. But nothing more, they felt, could be learned or done at the moment, and ultimately the subject dropped.

After coffee Raymond departed, seen out by Lucas himself.

"Oh, David," exclaimed Mrs. Lucas, when he returned to her. "I believe I said something to Nancy about ringing up if Raymond came in. I think I'll phone her that he is on his way. It would be too bad if he missed her because she had already started."

"I'll do it for you," said Lucas—and was off to the phone before she could stop him.

Three minutes later he came back, white and stern.

"I got Sylvia," he said abruptly. "And she tells me that Nancy has left—gone off somewhere with that fellow Foster!" He paused for a moment. "So I was right, you see, in what I suspected—and she lied to us when she said he was not there!" he snapped.

CHAPTER 20

"NANCY? She has gone—she left a few minutes ago with Mr. Foster."

That had been Sylvia's answer to Mr. Lucas, who had phoned to tell Nancy to wait for Raymond, given for once in all innocence. And then—before she could explain where and why Nancy had hurried away—the receiver had been slammed back at the other end, and she found herself rung off.

For some moments Sylvia stared blankly at the mouthpiece in front of her, with her own receiver still held to her ear waiting to see if Mr. Lucas would come on again. Then, as the silence remained unbroken she went away from the phone with a shrug.

How odd of Mr. Lucas, she thought. Evidently he did not know what had happened, though that was why, when she heard he was on the phone, she at once assumed that he had rung Nancy up.

But had he known he would never have lost his temper like that, and gone off the deep-end directly Cyril Foster was mentioned. No—he did not know—but he did know more about Cyril Foster and Nancy than Sylvia had imagined. Did Raymond also know?

She shook her head. "I'll bet he doesn't," she thought. No. Of course not. The Lucas' had found out, but they were keeping it from Raymond, and hoping it would never be necessary for him to know! As plain as could be, that was, and it explained Mr. Lucas' anger on the phone.

It was on the stairs, on the way back to her flat, that Sylvia was thinking all this, and she halted and leant against the handrail.

Her accident, her difficulties with Mrs. Waring, and the superstitious uneasiness that had followed the crystal-gazing

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stunt had all combined to prevent her from taking any active steps to bring about the separation she still passionately desired.

But now, it seemed to her, the time had come to act. Her intriguer's mind fully appreciated the significance of Mr. Lucas' conduct. He knew about Foster—that was why he was so angry at hearing that Nancy was with him.

Obviously Mr. Lucas' game was to get his daughter married before Raymond found out—and obviously, therefore, Sylvia's game was to see that Raymond learned all that she could tell him at the first opportunity.

Thus she reasoned, standing on the stairs, dark-haired, dark-minded and dark-eyed, with her bright red lips pressed firmly together—jealously shrewd and relentless.

"Yes—the very next time I see Raymond I must tell him everything!" she decided, and, having reached her decision, she let herself in.

Mrs. Waring looked up as she entered. There was a sort of reproachful affection in her gaze.

"I am writing to Mr. Morton, asking him to come to see me," she announced, with her pen suspended above a sheet of Sylvia's notepaper.

Sylvia flopped angrily into a chair. She had refused to give the address herself, but had not been able to prevent Foster from giving it.

Mrs. Waring finished her letter, stamped it, and then rang for the maid to take it to the post.

Sylvia laughed scornfully as the letter was borne away.

"Very anxious to get me married, aren't you?" she commented. "Teddy will be tickled to death when he hears what you want of him. It will be the shock of the poor lad's life. I only hope his sense of humor will be equal to it."

Mrs. Waring folded her hands upon her lap.

"I am not going to argue, and I don't mind you laughing at me," she said imperturbably. "Your father and I are both convinced that marriage is the best thing that can happen to you, and I mean to do all I can to get you settled before I go back."

SYLVIA rolled in her chair with laughter.

"You're too funny for anything," she scoffed. "Would you really marry me off to a man I don't care two hoots for?"

"I have told you before, dear, I don't believe you know your own mind," Mrs. Waring answered. "That's what is the matter with you."

The dark, mocking eyes suddenly became serious.

"Don't know my own mind, eh?" Sylvia's voice was tense. "You're wrong there, Mother. I don't mind telling you that there is one man I do know my own mind about—one man I am out to get by every means in my power!"

She flicked the ash from her cigarette. "But his name is not Morton," she went on. "He's worth fifty of Teddy Morton to me." Then, abruptly, she stopped.

Mrs. Waring looked at her with excited, eager eyes.

"My dear, I am delighted to know that there is someone you really care for. It is the best thing in the world for you. Do tell me all about him, and who he is. Please, Sylvia!"

Again Sylvia shook her head. And then the door opened, and the maid, who had only had to place the letter in the post-box in the hall below, announced a visitor: "Mr. Dawson."

Sylvia squiggled in her chair. She loved a little dramatic thrill like that. How amusing! Mother was demanding his name, and here he was, in person, without mother realising it! And how odd, too, that he should turn up like this on the very evening when she had decided that the time had come to tell him all she knew.

"Hallo, old thing," she welcomed him. "Mother, this is Nancy Lucas' young man, Raymond Dawson."

Raymond shook hands with Mrs. Waring, and after exchanging a few commonplaces with her, turned to Sylvia. He was feeling very disappointed. He had hurried there all on fire to see Nancy after his talk with her people, his mind full of love and an immediate wedding. All the way he had been making plans, dreaming dreams—and it was very flattening to discover that he had missed her.

"Has Nancy been gone long?" he asked.

"Quite a while." Sylvia got out of her chair. "Come into the next room," she said coolly. "I want to talk to you."

Mrs. Waring sighed. She knew she was old-fashioned, but Sylvia's utter lack of what she called "manners" was something she could never get accustomed to.

To Raymond also it seemed that Sylvia was rather tactless and abrupt, but as she had already begun to lead the way there was nothing for him to do but to follow her.

Perching herself on the dining-room table, Sylvia looked at him steadily for a little while without speaking, fully aware that she must handle him very carefully, but calmly confident of her ability to do it.

"If I had a pal—two pals—and you knew that one of them was deceiving the other—doing the dirty on him—what do you consider one ought to do about it?" she asked by way of an opening.

But it was only a rhetorical question. She gave him no time to answer.

"Some people would say mind your own business—it's swinish to tell tales," she went on. "Funks might try to get out of the difficulty by sending an anonymous letter."

She shrugged. "I prefer to be quite open about it. I don't like giving one pal away, and hurting another. But it's jolly well got to be done. You see, I care too much for your happiness and your future to let things slide . . ."

Artistically she bit off the rest of the sentence and plunged.

"The man Nancy went away with for that week-end is Cyril Foster. I didn't know it at the time that he persuaded me to ask her to come to Brighton—but there's no doubt about it. Ask her—ask him—ask her father and mother. They all know it—they're all keeping it from you."

Raymond, pale as a ghost, gritted his teeth together. She saw him sway from side to side, and put a hand on the table on which she was seated to steady himself. He did not speak. He just stared.

"That's what has driven me to speak—the way Nancy is still carrying on with him, and the way her people are trying to trap you into marrying her," she explained fiercely.

"That's what I can't stand—seeing you hoodwinked by the lot of them. 'Anyway,' I said to myself, 'he shall know what is going on!'"

SUDDENLY she jumped off the table.

"Don't speak! Please don't say anything," she cried. "I've done it—said what I felt I must say—tried to be a real pal. Now you go away and think it over. I have done what I could to open your eyes, and the rest is your business, and you must do what you think best about it.

"I don't want to know what you are going to do, and I don't want to hear what you think. I just want you to go away and then come back and tell me what you have done . . . when you've done it. You don't know, you never will know what this has cost me, or how sorry I am for you. I—I can't stand any more."

With that she rushed out of the room and left him. Let him find his way out of the flat and his problem alone. She had done her part, she thought, and done it very well. The rest was a foregone conclusion!

CHAPTER 21

"WELL, good-bye," said Nancy to Foster. "Thanks awfully for all you have done. You've been a brick, a perfect brick."

"Good-bye." He lifted his hat. "I am glad things are no worse," he said. "Honestly, I don't think you need worry."

Then he strode away into the night, and Nancy let herself in with her key.

The drawing-room door opened, and she became aware of her father standing in the doorway, and her mother close behind him.

"Do you know what has happened?" she said breathlessly. "Did you switch on to-night? Uncle Harry was broadcasting and he broke down. I was listening to him at Sylvia's flat, and suddenly he gave a sort of groan, and then—then there was a silence, and after a bit the announcer—"

"We know all about that," her father interrupted. "We are listening, too."

"Mother? You heard—and didn't do anything?" exclaimed Nancy. "You just stayed at home and didn't go to him?"

She began to advance into the drawing-room, and they backed away before her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas looked at each other. What a world, what a world. They simply did not know what to say or to do. Nancy seemed to have turned the table on them—made them feel guilty—made her mother also feel that she ought to have gone to Sir Harry, and made her father feel that he ought to have taken her there!

"Raymond has gone to Sylvia's to fetch you," Lucas faltered—and lit his pipe.

Mrs. Lucas looked at the clock.

"The night's still young—it is only a quarter to ten," she said. "I expect Raymond will come back here when he finds he has missed you, dear. He was in his car, so it won't take him long, and I happen to know that he has something very particular to say to you."

Raymond had something particular to say to her! Nancy looked at her mother, wondering what she meant. Was it about Cyril Foster?

Had her parents in her absence dared to drag Raymond in to force her hand? . . . Then she noticed that Mrs. Lucas was smiling; and mother would not be smiling if it were that, she told herself.

She began to talk to them again about her uncle. With the three of them settled down to wait for the young man Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were so sure would come back to-night, she filled in the time by giving them further details of Sir Henry's attack, and describing what she had seen of the broadcasting station.

"It's a good thing it wasn't a real stroke, but only a slight heart attack," Lucas con-

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mented. "I expect he's been overdoing it. Wants a holiday."

Mrs. Lucas nodded.

"It was sweet of you to go to him tonight, Nancy," she said to her daughter. "I wish I had thought of it. Perhaps I might if I hadn't been thinking so much about other things."

"That means me," thought Nancy with a smile.

The clock struck eleven, and it became clear that Raymond would not be returning that night. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas looked at each other, and Nancy announced that she was going to bed.

"I'm rather surprised he didn't come back, aren't you, mother?" said Lucas when Nancy had departed.

"I can't understand it." Mrs. Lucas smoothed out a rumpled chair-covering. "He seemed so happy and so excited." She emptied an ash-tray into the remains of the fire.

"It wouldn't have taken him long to get here in his car." A glance round assured her that the room would do for the night. "I hope nothing has happened," she murmured anxiously.

Lucas, busy fastening the window catches, laughed a scornful, male laugh.

"How you women's minds run on accidents," he cried over his shoulder. "I'll tell you what, though. He may have had a puncture. Yes—I shouldn't be surprised if that wasn't what made it too late for him to come back."

Neither of them made any reference to the ultimatum—nor to Cyril Foster. After that, they, too, went to bed.

WHEN Nancy entered the breakfast-room in the morning there was a letter beside her plate. She picked it up—recognised Raymond's handwriting—and then put it down again, unopened.

Lucas, already at table, spoke from the interior of his paper.

"Listen, mother!" He read out an account of Sir Henry's breakdown the previous night. Then Sir Henry's name in another place also caught his eye. "Here's some more about him," he cried.

News is news. Sir Henry Sanston was an important, popular figure—a member of Parliament, a famous speaker, and a well-known lawyer. Also, he had created a precedent by being the first broadcaster to be taken ill while talking to millions of listeners on the wireless.

The morning paper contained, therefore, an account of his career, a glowing tribute to his ability, and a sympathetic reference in a short editorial note to what had happened.

"They think a lot of him, don't they?" exclaimed his sister proudly.

Lucas nodded, and Nancy looked down at her plate. She, too, thought a lot of him and loved him very dearly . . . and was very sorry for him. Her eyes clouded. Oh, poor Uncle Harry, poor Uncle Harry, she thought.

"I wonder how he is this morning?" said her mother. "I think I shall come up to town with you, David, and run in and have a look at him."

"I should," Lucas agreed. "And don't stand any nonsense, mother. Never mind how busy he says he is, make him go away and have a good rest. Tell him I said so."

Nancy picked up her letter again, and once more put it down unopened. Presently. Presently. She would read what Raymond had to say after her parents were gone.

"Now then, mother, if you're coming with me you'll have to hurry," said Lucas genially, and the meal ended in a little domestic fussing. Nancy went upstairs for her mother's things, while Mrs. Lucas gave hurried orders for the day to the cook.

Hastily she gave a final dab of powder to her face in front of the mirror on the morning-room mantelpiece. Nancy thrust her bag and her gloves into her hands, and she rushed into the hall where her husband was impatiently waiting for her, and, as she appeared, the bell rang.

Lucas, being within a foot or two of it, opened the door.

"Raymond!" exclaimed Mrs. Lucas, breathless and surprised.

"Is Nancy——?" he began.

"You'll find her inside," Lucas cut him short. "Come along, mother, or we shall miss the train. Sorry we can't stop. Tides and trains wait for no man," he cried jovially to Raymond—and bore his companion out of the house.

"Raymond!" cried Nancy, and stared as he walked into the breakfast-room, where she was packing the things on a tray for Jessie, and recovering from the fuss of getting mother off so early. "What is the matter?" she asked, noticing that he was pale, with dark shadows under his eyes, and seemed terribly worked-up.

"You—you've got my letter?" he jerked out—and then paused as Nancy swiftly picked it up from the table.

"Here it is. I haven't opened it yet," she said, feeling rather guilty.

"Thank God!" Instead of looking hurt he seemed amazingly relieved, and held out his hand for it. "Give it to me. I don't want you to read it," he cried.

Nancy looked from him to the envelope and then back to him again.

"All the same, I think I will!" she said quietly, and began to tear the envelope open.

"Nancy! Please!" He started forward.

With a quick, unexpected snatch he tore the letter from her hand, crumpled it up, and threw it in the fire—dealt with it as once she had dealt with a certain handkerchief.

An angry exclamation burst from Nancy's lips. Her eyes blazed.

"How dare you do that?" she cried. Then: "Very well. Now you will have to tell me what was in it."

"I don't want to tell you, and what does it matter now it is burnt?" he answered tensely.

Nancy jerked back her head. This was intolerable. She must—she would know, she told herself.

"Come on! Out with it! What did you write to me last night that you are so ashamed of this morning?" she dared.

There was a silence, a hostile, obstinate silence. Then Nancy spoke again.

"You wrote giving me up?" she inquired challengingly. "Because you had heard something about me? Is that it?"

Raymond hesitated.

"Yes or no?" Nancy snapped.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly, forced into a corner, and bitterly disappointed that the destruction of the letter had failed in its object.

Nancy shrugged.

"I was mad," he pleaded confusedly. "It all seemed so black—so—so rotten. And your people talking to me about our getting married at once—that was the last straw—that seemed to fit in so damnably, I mean, that it made me see red."

"WAIT a minute," Nancy interposed. "I think I want to get this quite straight. Father and mother talked to you about hurrying on the wedding . . .?"

"It was your mother, not your father."

"Mother, then. And you went to Sylvia's to fetch me and tell to me about it?"

"Yes."

"And there you heard—what—from whom?" The last three words were fairly shot at him.

Raymond looked away. Desperate, he felt, utterly desperate. It was all going as badly for him as ever it could. The belief that had swept over him that his luck was in, when he found she had not read his letter, was wrong. His luck was out—dead out.

"All right. You needn't give her away," Nancy went on. "I know it was Sylvia. I've not been at all sure of her for some time."

SHE paused for a moment to think it out, to check the easy pieces of arithmetic confronting her, the putting of two and two together.

"She told you that I was making a fool of you, and mother and father were making a fool of you, too," she cried. "She made out the very worst about me and—and Mr. Foster . . . and you believed it!"

"Last night I did," Raymond gulped. "When I wrote that letter. But no sooner had I put it in the post than I wanted it back."

"Weathercock!" said Nancy.

He stared at her, and reddened.

"That's not fair," he protested. "I was a fool, and I made a mistake, but I was trapped into it. And I am owning up, and asking you to forgive me! What more can I do?" he demanded.

He put a hand to his forehead and covered his eyes for a moment; and Nancy saw him shiver as he did it.

"Lying awake, I thought things out," he went on. "I understood. 'There's a mystery here,' I said to myself. 'But it's not the sort of mystery it seems. Nancy's not that kind.

"'It's for someone else, for some other reason that she's acting like this and can't tell me or anyone about it. Probably she's shielding someone, or trying to put something right; anyhow, it has been forced upon her in some way.'"

Nancy started.

"It's not too late? I haven't come to understand you too late, have I?" he pleaded. "You're not going to be too hard on me, Nancy? You'll forgive me—take me back—forget about this—give me one more chance?"

Nancy hesitated. Most of her anger had subsided. She felt sorry for him now, and she could see how he had been misled.

"I must forgive him," she thought. "It would be too cruel not to."

"All right, Raymond," she said slowly. "We will forget all about this—wash it right out."

"Nancy!" he gasped, and would have taken her in his arms.

She shook her head.

"Not now," she said. He must give her time before she could let him kiss her again. For the present he must be content with her forgiveness.

Right up to the last moment he had thought her lost to him. But she wasn't—she wasn't. He was forgiven—all was well. . . . And then suddenly something shot into his mind.

"Heavens, that's an idea!" he murmured to himself.

Why should he not quietly, and without saying anything to Nancy, solve this mystery about her himself? He was sure—certain sure now—that it was nothing discreditable to her, and, of course, he would never let it go any further, or even let Nancy know that he knew. It was only for his own relief, only for the sake of his own peace of mind that he wanted to know her secret.

Yes. Why not? Why not?

"I will!" he told himself, and fell at once to considering how and where he was to begin.

Reflection did not cause Raymond to

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change his mind. That secret, that mystery was poisoning his associations with Nancy.

Human nature is queer, illogical stuff. It did not occur to him that he was not trusting her: somehow he persuaded himself that he was, because of his certainty that the secret was not to her discredit.

Nor did it occur to him that he might be making serious difficulties for her. He did realise that Nancy would be very angry with him if she knew of his intention, but brushed that aside. Nancy was not going to know—at any rate till after they were married, when, naturally, he would tell her everything.

CHAPTER 22

MEANWHILE, a somewhat curious conversation was taking place over a belated breakfast table in Sylvia's flat between Mrs. Waring and her adopted daughter.

Both of them were extra cheerful, Sylvia because she was convinced that she had finally settled Nancy's hash last night, and Mrs. Waring because of Sylvia's unexpected confidence that there was someone with whom she was really in love.

"I have been thinking a lot about what you told me last night, dear," said Mrs. Waring.

"Butter, please," said Sylvia.

Mrs. Waring propelled it towards her.

"Can't you tell be some more about him?" she asked pleadingly.

Sylvia, buttering a piece of toast, shook her head.

"I—I hoped that this was going to be the beginning of a real confidence between us, Sylvia." Mrs. Waring murmured reproachfully. "You don't tell me things, you know."

"One doesn't tell parents things nowadays, mother," said Sylvia carelessly. "That's what you and Dad won't understand."

Mrs. Waring drank a little tea.

"Well, tell me this young man's name, and what he looks like, and what he does," she begged. "Surely you must know how interested I am in him?"

"Mother, you're too funny for anything!" Sylvia cried. She was amused. She was in the best of tempers. It was impossible, after last night, that Raymond should have any more to do with Nancy.

This evening he would come to her and tell her that he had broken it off, and after that, well, the rest was up to her, and she felt fully equal to dealing with the situation.

Mrs. Waring sighed.

"Then you won't tell me anything more about him?" she asked, wistfully.

"Not till we come along to ask your and Father's blessing," Sylvia teased. Then, seeing that Mrs. Waring looked really hurt, she relented a little.

"Honestly, there is nothing I can tell you, Mother, nothing you would understand." Her eyes twinkled at the thought of the way Mrs. Waring would receive the story if she told her everything.

"All I can say is that I have every reason for thinking that it is going to be all right."

She drained her cup, and passed it for refilling.

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mrs. Waring gravely. "And I do hope your father and I will like him . . . That's not the reason you won't talk about him, is it, Sylvia—that you are afraid we shan't approve of him—that there's something against him?" she asked nervously.

Sylvia's dark eyes twinkled again. A misleading, double-edged conversation was something she always enjoyed.

"He's most eligible, a thoroughly respectable and steady young man, doing well at his job," she smiled, and then became serious.

"Look here, Mother, you had better go back to Father and leave me alone," she exclaimed, seeing her opportunity to get Mrs. Waring out of the way. "I shall manage him much better if you are not here. Why don't you go back to-day?"

Mrs. Waring frowned at her plate.

She wanted to go back. She had been away too long, and her stay with Sylvia had been anything but an enjoyable one.

Her husband was clamoring for her return . . . But—but . . .

"There's Mr. Morton," she faltered. "I've written to him."

"All right. I'll tell him all about it, and explain that you have changed your mind, finding my affections otherwise engaged—that's the right phrase, isn't it? So you can pop off back to father with an easy conscience—and as soon as anything happens I'll let you know.

"It oughtn't to be very long before I have some news for you. Don't try to make me say any more than that, or I shall be sorry I said anything at all."

She lit a cigarette. What had happened, she wondered? Had Raymond gone straight back to Nancy last night and had it out with her? Or had he written instead? His manner when she parted from him had left her in no doubt that he meant to do something at once.

Mrs. Waring looked up at her in an agony of indecision.

"What I cannot understand is why you did not tell me about this before," she murmured bewilderedly, trying to make up her mind whether to go or to stay.

SYLVIA shrugged her shoulders and blew a cloud of smoke. "Don't want any help with your packing, do you?" she asked pointedly. "No? Very well, then, while you are doing it, I'll just phone to someone."

Something had undoubtedly happened. It was unthinkable that anyone so worked up as Raymond should have failed to take some step last night.

He would, of course, come in and tell her all about it that evening, but in the meantime it would be rather fun to hear what Nancy had to say—Nancy, who had either been cast off by word of mouth before she went to bed, or received a letter by that morning's post!

With the cigarette dangling between her bright red lips Sylvia went down to the phone.

"That's you, Nancy, isn't it?" she said when she got through.

"Yes. Sylvia, isn't it?" Nancy did not sound very enthusiastic.

"Me it is, Beautifullest. I say, any news of your poor old uncle?" One must feel one's way—lead up to things gradually.

"Mother has gone to town with father to see him."

Sylvia's eyes began to dance with unholy joy. Unquestionably Nancy's voice was cold and different—snubby and unfriendly. "Something has happened," she told herself excitedly.

"I'm just pushing mother off back home," she went on. "She has given up any idea of trying to force Teddy to make a respectable woman of me at last. Isn't she a scream? Couldn't we meet and have tea somewhere when I have seen her off?"

What fun that would be! What a point it would add to the meeting with Raymond that would come afterwards! "Oh, do, Beautifullest," she begged.

"I am afraid I can't." The refusal was as cold as it was firm.

Sylvia made a face at the mouthpiece.

"You sound a bit mouldy, darling," she purred. "What's the matter? Got a headache, or have you and Raymond had a row?"

In Lucas' study at the Acacias, a pair of blue eyes hardened and a resolute look came over Nancy's piquant little face. She could strike when a blow was necessary, and surely it was necessary now?

This friend who had rung her up was a false friend. She had no use for the treacherous sort of person she now knew Sylvia to be—and she was not going on pretending to be friends when she was not!

"Listen, Sylvia," she said sternly. "I don't want to have any more to do with you—and you need not ask me why, because you must know for yourself. Good-bye. I'm ringing off."

Two telephones clicked as two receivers went back into their places, and two girls turned away from their respective instruments—Nancy with the air of one who had been compelled to do something very unpleasant, but to whom no other course was open—and Sylvia with a spiteful, triumphant smile.

She was not crushed. She was delighted.

"Raymond has chucked her, and she's as sick as mutton about it," she thought. "Evidently she forced him into giving me away—but who cares, so long as it is all off between them!"

Then she returned to her mother, and found that Mrs. Waring had definitely made up her mind to go—which, as that was also Sylvia's mind, was something else that was all to the good.

"My luck's in," she told herself. When Raymond came to the flat to-night to tell her what he had done and to be comforted, well, nothing would surprise her. Anything might happen!

SYLVIA looked at the clock.

Nine-thirty!

Raymond was late. She had expected him long before this.

Everything was ready. Her mother had been seen into a train, and her father wired to. She had had a sparkling and amusing interview with Teddy Morton, and then dined quietly at home by herself—in case Raymond came early.

She was wearing one of her smartest frocks, her white shoulders had been carefully powdered, and her lips were redder than usual. Cigarettes were at hand, and cocktails were waiting in the shaker. The stage, in short, was set.

Impatiently she tapped on the floor with her foot.

Presently the clock struck ten.

Was Raymond not coming? Was he too upset?

She rose, unable to bear the suspense any longer—went to the telephone, gave his number, and waited.

"I'm sorry, but there's no reply," the operator reported with rolling r's.

He was out . . . on his way to her, thought Sylvia—returned to her room and fidgeted restlessly through another hour.

Then she tried again, but got the same result—no reply.

Sullenly she drank a cocktail and furiously she smoked a cigarette.

What did it mean? Where was he? Surely to goodness, after what had happened, she had every right to expect him to-night? . . . Could he have gone out to a theatre or something to forget his misery?

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That made her frown, and pour herself another cocktail.

"I'll just try once more," she told herself. Waiting was always the one thing she could not endure. She had set her heart on seeing Raymond to-night, and see him she must!

Never mind how late it was, never mind anything—she wanted to hear from his lips that he was finished with Nancy Lucas and the course was clear!

Ah! He was in. She had caught him at last. Her excitement rose again as she heard his voice.

"I have been trying to get you all the evening," she said hurriedly. "I made sure you would come round, Raymond. I want to know what has happened."

There was a pause. Then:

"Nothing has happened," came to her over the wire.

She started.

"What do you mean—nothing has happened?" she cried. "I know you have parted from Nancy—she as good as told me so herself!"

"I am afraid you must have misunderstood her. As a matter of fact, I have been with Nancy all the evening," was his chill response.

Sylvia gasped with astonishment. Her eyes flamed at the wall in front of her.

"Raymond!" she burst out. "You don't mean to say that you have been such a fool as to let her get round you?"

"I can't talk about it, especially on the phone," he cut in coldly. "The fact of the matter is that you misjudged her, and made me misjudge her."

"Nonsense! Nothing could possibly be plainer," she began in her overwhelming disappointment, but was allowed to say no more.

"I am sorry, Sylvia, but I can't listen to you—and I ought not to have listened to you last night. I don't know what Nancy's secret is, but I am certain it is not what you think, and made me think. We had better say good night."

"Raymond—wait a moment," she cried. "Come round and see me——"

But he was gone.

She slammed the receiver back.

Her face was livid. What was she to do now, she asked herself?

The engagement was still on! Nancy had told her bluntly that she would have no more to do with her—and that was also the meaning of what Raymond had just said to her.

Must she accept defeat, admit that she had utterly failed, leave them to triumph over her and get married?

No. No.

But what could she do—what more could she do?

TIGHT - LIPPED and pale, Sylvia roamed about her sitting-room. To go to bed was out of the question. How could she sleep with such a fury raging within her?

Restlessly she fiddled with the ornaments, aimlessly taking them up and setting them down, quite unconscious of what she was doing.

Heavens, what a fool she had made of herself, thinking her luck was in, and Raymond was practically won! The humiliation of it, flattering herself that she had been so clever, when all the time it was Nancy who had been clever, not she!

Nancy should not have him! But how was it to be done? How was he to be got away from her now that things had gone so utterly wrong?

But born intriguer though she was, the plan she was seeking would not come to her, and despairingly she subsided into a chair.

It was no good. She could see no way out. Raymond and Nancy were no longer her friends and it was that that made the position so desperate. Raymond had cast her off. No other interpretation could be put upon the way he had talked to her on the phone.

A thought came to her that made the dark eyes, that had gone so dull with despair, light up again. It was not the idea she wanted—the plan that was to take Raymond from Nancy and give him to her. It was merely a way to force him to make friends with her again.

But that would be something. A step in the right direction—at any rate it would enable her to keep in touch with him. . . and annoy Nancy!

He would be sure to tell Nancy about it, and perhaps try to get Nancy to make it up with her as well.

How amusing!

But Nancy wouldn't, of course. Nancy was not a man.

Impulsively she went to her bureau and wrote a brief, characteristic note.

"That ought to do the trick," she thought as she read it over.

Then she hurried down to the post-box with it, and was just in time for the midnight collection.

SYLVIA was not the only one of the little group with whom this narrative is concerned who went late to bed that night. Earlier in the day Lucas had sent home a message that he would be dining out.

It was well after twelve when he returned to the Acacias.

The house was very silent. Nancy and her mother and the servants were all in bed. He put out the hall light by means of the two-way switch on the landing, entered his and Mrs. Lucas' room, and tried to undress without disturbing his wife, asleep in one of the twin beds.

The considerate intention failed. Had they been going to bed at the same time, he would hardly have made a sound, but because he was trying to be quiet and quick, what must he do but drop one of his boots?

Mrs. Lucas woke. She looked rather sweet and many years younger in the net she wore to keep her hair in order.

"Is that you, David?" she murmured sleepily, and sat up in bed in mauve-striped pyjamas.

"Sorry," Lucas apologised. "I meant not to wake you."

"Had a good evening, dear?"

"Very." Since she was awake, he began to tell her about it . . . what they had had to eat, and how enjoyable it had been, meanwhile completing his preparations for bed with swift and almost noiseless efficiency as there was no longer any necessity for him to try to be quiet.

Then: "By the way, how did you find your brother?" he asked, recollecting that she had gone to town with him that morning to see Sir Henry after his breakdown on the wireless the night before.

"Harry's better—much better," Mrs. Lucas informed him. "He was in bed—the doctor had made him promise not to get up till he came, and he was rather peevish about it. Wanted to be off to the office."

Lucas let his hand fall on to the bed clothes.

"David—something happened while I was there," exclaimed Mrs. Lucas. "Don't put out the light for a minute. I want to tell you about it.

"The doctor came while I was in Harry's room," Mrs. Lucas went on. "So I went downstairs to wait till he had gone and ran straight into Mr. Foster!"

"Foster!" rasped Lucas. "What the dickens was he doing there?"

"He was waiting to see Harry. He had called to find out how he was. Don't you remember Nancy told us he had helped her to take Harry home after his breakdown?"

Lucas did remember. He looked as if he had suddenly remembered a great deal.

"It was rather a shock to walk into the drawing-room and find him," Mrs. Lucas went on. "I very nearly walked straight out again."

Mrs. Lucas hesitated.

"David, I think we have misjudged him," she faltered. "That's why I want to talk to you about him. I—I believe he is rather nice, really."

Lucas stared at her.

"I was frightfully upset and angry. I tried to ignore him—but he began to talk and I had to listen, because, because it was about Nancy that he was speaking, David.

"He—he sort of attacked me about her. Said he was glad to have an opportunity to—to talk to me. 'I understand that people have been saying things about your daughter and me, and that is why you and your husband had seized the chance to forbid me the house,' he said. And—and I thought that such a strange way to put it, that I couldn't help listening.

"And then he said: 'I want to say two things to you, Mrs. Lucas, if you will let me. One of them ought not to be necessary, but in case it is, I give you my solemn word of honor that there is absolutely no cause for you to believe any gossip about your daughter and me. I can't have you thinking that, if you do think it, for a moment. It's monstrous and quite untrue.' David, those were his very words—and if you had heard him I am sure you would have felt, as I did——"

"Fiddlesticks!" Lucas interrupted. "Of course, he said that! Isn't it any man's duty to lie for a woman when they have been found out? Why, even a swine like that couldn't do anything else."

"David, do you want to believe the worst about your daughter?" Nancy's mother asked.

He started. He stared at her again.

"No. Of course not. What do you mean? You've no right to say that," he answered all in a breath. Then he shied away from the subject. "What else did the fellow say?" he inquired.

"He said the other thing he wanted to say to me was that you and I could depend on him never to say anything to Nancy that we did not want him to say, and that we could trust him absolutely about that.

"I didn't know what he meant. I could not make head or tail of it, and I was just going to ask him to be more explicit, when the doctor came in to talk to me, and Mr. Foster went up to see Harry."

CHAPTER 23

ONCE more the stage was set in Sylvia's flat, and this time she was not disappointed.

"Mr. Dawson," announced the maid, and Sylvia sprang up to welcome him.

Raymond looked at her with thoughtful eyes. Yesterday he had told himself that he was done with her for good and would never willingly see her again. But this morning he had had a note from her:

"Dear Raymond.—Please blow in to-morrow evening for a few minutes. I

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simply must have a little pow-pow with you. I have been thinking things over and see now that I was hopeless!" wrong about Nancy—right off the map. I can't tell you how frightfully glad I am that your engagement has not ben broken off. I could never have forgiven myself if it had been. Do come. I must see you.—Sylvia."

It was impossible to ignore such a request. If words meant anything that note meant that Sylvia was not the mischief-maker that he thought, but someone who had made a mistake and was anxious to put it right.

And that, of course, was the line that Sylvia had determined to take.

"Nice of you to come," she said, catching both his hands in hers and looking him squarely in the eye "I want you to forgive me, and be pals again. Don't speak. Let me eat dirt first. You're right in what you said on the phone.

"I misjudged Nancy, and nearly made you misjudge her. Rotten of me, but I meant well. It was you and your happiness I was thinking of—you must believe that. . . . No, don't speak. I haven't finished.

"I thought you were being trapped, and it was up to a friend to do something. I could kick myself now. I must have been mad. Of course, Nancy isn't doing anything wrong—whatever her secret is, it's not that sort of secret.

"I was a nasty, suspicious, evil-minded cat! . . . But I'm owning up about it, and asking forgiveness—and it did look rather black, didn't it? That's the only excuse I have to offer. And so—and so—well, what about it?"

The dark eyes looked up into his as the deep, appealing voice ended its carefully-thought-out speech—and the hands that were holding his tightened their grasp a little.

Raymond smiled.

"Forget it. I was just as bad," he said. "We put two and two together and made five of it. . . . I'm glad you see we did the sum wrong, Sylvia, and I must say you have been a little sport about owning it."

She released his hands.

"That's that, then. We're pals again," she said. "You can tell Nancy, if you like. She's parted brass rags with me about it—"

"Oh, I'll soon put that right," Raymond broke in. "When Nancy hears about this—you know what Nancy is—she'll forgive you as she has forgiven me."

Sylvia looked away. So that was the line Nancy had taken with him! Nancy would!

She gave him a cigarette and a cocktail, and presently when the strain had eased itself and a further mention of Nancy provided her with an opportunity, she asked him a question.

"And you haven't any idea what the secret really is—what it all means?" She smiled. "I can't help feeling curious about it, you know. Don't you?"

Raymond smiled back at her, this good sport, this forgiven friend, who, after all, had meant nothing but well to him.

"No. I don't know that secret, but I've a good mind to tell you something else," he cried. "Hang it, I will. I know I can trust you, and that you will understand. You may even be able to help."

AND out it came, the story of how he meant to discover Nancy's secret on the quiet, to put his mind at rest.

Sylvia listened with eager ears and excited eyes.

At once she saw what this meant to her. Here was what she wanted, what she had been seeking in vain.

Concealing her excitement, Sylvia allowed Raymond to go on talking while she listened to him with half her mind.

"Let Nancy find out what he is up to and that really will be the last straw," the other half was thinking. And that was where Sylvia came in. She had only to make it her business to see that Nancy found out, and Nancy would do the rest!

IT would have to be done very carefully, of course, and Sylvia herself must not appear in the matter, or even Raymond would not be persuaded to forgive her after what had already happened.

But that would be easy enough to arrange when the time came. Oh, good, good! She had her plan now. How foolish men were—how little they understood women!

Poor blundering Raymond! But never mind, when it was all over he would have her to comfort him; she would soon make him happy again.

"I am glad you agree with me that it's only natural for me to feel I must know, and that finding out privately is a good idea," he was saying, rather uneasily and laboriously. "But the difficulty is that it is very hard to know how to begin.

"I've been thinking about that all day, and I don't believe I can do it myself, there's so little to go upon, you see. I don't quite like the idea, but it looks to me as if I shall have to employ a private inquiry agent."

"Why not?" said Sylvia, for the deeper Raymond put his foot in it, the better from her point of view. A detective! Splendid!

Raymond frowned.

"It's a mystery that only Nancy or Foster can explain," he murmured. "I can't go to Foster, can I? He wouldn't give anything away. And I mustn't tackle Nancy again—so—so I believe it will have to be a detective!"

"Of course, it will," said Sylvia ."I know what's in your mind. You don't like the thought of having Nancy spied upon. But you needn't. Work it the other way. Put him on to Foster."

Raymond nodded.

"Oh, I always meant that—I never thought of putting him on to Nancy for a minute," he cried . . . and Sylvia smiled quietly to herself.

"Nobody could possibly blame you for taking matters into your own hands—and, anyway, Nancy will never know! How happy you and she will be when you will be able to feel that there is no longer this cloud between you!"

He drew a deep breath.

"I am quite, quite sure that it won't turn out to be anything for Nancy to be ashamed of," she went on. "If I thought that I should try to stop you, but as it is, I've no hesitation in saying go ahead, old thing, and good luck!"

"I say," exclaimed Raymond. "I'm jolly glad I told you about this, Sylvia. You really are a good pal. I shall take your advice. Thanks most awfully."

Completely satisfied, and sure that she had the game in her own hands again, she sent him on to Streatham.

CHAPTER 24

DIFFICULT days, these, for Cyril Foster, tortured by a hopeless love for a girl who was soon to marry another man.

It was no good. He could not forget her; the gold in her hair, the blue of her eyes; her smile, the note of her voice, the slim graceful figure and the white, tapering fingers—lovely and unforgettable in every detail she was. Nancy—Nancy Lucas—soon to be Nancy Dawson!

It was in the hope of seeing her again that he had called next morning at Sir Henry Sanston's house—and seen her mother instead. And that, too, had led nowhere, come to nothing.

Those foolish Lucas' and their absurd hatred and fear of him! He had tried to do the decent thing, to play the game.

But it had done no good. Nothing had or could do any good, while that engagement still went on! . . . .

It was while he was out for an evening stroll, seeking by exercise to take the edge off his misery, that Cyril Foster was thinking these thoughts; and he stopped to light his pipe, which had gone out and which he was holding so tightly between his teeth that they had marked the mouthpiece.

Over his shoulder he caught sight of a man leaning against a lamp-post some thirty yards or so behind him—and his thoughts broke off. He was glad to break them off. He had thought them so often and like everything else connected with his love for Nancy, they led nowhere.

Foster frowned as it dawned upon him that once before that evening, when he had happened to look back, he had caught a glimpse of that same face, and been bothered because there had been something vaguely familiar about it which he could not place.

HAVING got his pipe going, he walked on again, and after a while glanced back once more. Good Lord, the fellow was still there! He must be following him!

What was his game? Robbery at half past nine in the evening in the Cromwell Road seemed out of the question, and the thought of murder was absurd.

Why should anyone want to murder him? . . . If he had committed any crime he was not aware of it.

"I am going to find out what he is after!" Foster told himself grimly, walked on again as if he had not noticed anything and took the first turning to the right. But he paused immediately he had turned the corner, and drew back against the railings.

In a second or two the shadow appeared. He took the corner cautiously and close—so close that he all but ran into the waiting Foster before he became aware of him.

"Good evening," said Foster sharply. "Who are you, and why are you following me?"

For a second or so the man looked startled, but pulled himself together almost at once.

"I'm not following you," he declared. "You've made a mistake."

"I don't think so." Foster gave his reasons. "Come on. Out with it. What's the game?"

They looked at each other, both angry and determined.

"I've seen you before!" Foster exclaimed.

"Yes," said the man, as a flash of recognition suddenly enlightened him. "You have!" His tone became decidedly offensive. "You knocked me down in the mud, and if you hadn't got away in that taxi just in time I would have had you locked up for it!" he burst out.

"Oh, that's who you are, is it?" cried Foster. But, of course, he thought.

This was the brute who had tried to steal the taxi he had got for Nancy that night when he had taken her to the theatre and it had come on to rain. No wonder his face and figure seemed familiar.

"I can't say I am pleased to meet you

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again," he added. "Nor do you seem as ashamed of yourself as you ought to be!"

"Ashamed of myself!" the man took him up sullenly. "I like that! On a job, I was, a society job, and wearing my evening dress. I'd just seen the party I was watching drive off with a lady, and there wasn't another taxi to be had——"

"I see." Foster cut the explanation short. "It was a rotten thing to do, but if you did it for business rather than for pleasure I suppose there was some excuse for you. So you're a private detective?"

"Who says so?" the man growled.

"You have given it away in your surprise at recognising me. By the way, what made you recognise me just now and not when you took this job on?"

"I'd forgotten your face. I don't think I ever saw it very clearly," the man said sullenly. "It was your nasty voice and the way you grabbed hold of me that brought it back."

"Good," said Foster. "I was pretty rough with you that night, because you had made me very angry. And I shall be rougher still with you now if you don't tell me what I want to know. And that is—why are you shadowing me, and who is employing you to do it?"

"That's my business," said the detective.

"And mine," retorted Foster. "I object to being followed in this mysterious way, and I am going to know the meaning of it! Got that? It's up to you whether you tell me here and now or at the police court to-morrow morning."

FOSTER resumed his seat.

Dawson! Good Heavens! Dawson, the man to whom Nancy was engaged, was employing a private inquiry agent to find out what there was between them.

Not another thought did he give to the man from whom he had wrested the information. His mind was entirely occupied with Raymond and Nancy.

This was serious, and most damnably unpleasant. It had been bad enough when the Lucas' started believing, or pretending to believe, there was some scandal between him and their daughter. But for the man who was going to marry her to believe it, and set a detective to work—well, that was the limit.

What was he to do? He had tried to settle the matter with Mrs. Lucas—and it looked as if he would have to do the same with this chap Dawson.

Yes, hang it, for the sake of Nancy's reputation, this must be promptly dealt with. Dawson was a rotter, of course, and he could not love her very much, or he would never . . . Heavens . . .

No. Steady. That was not the point. Nancy was the point, and it was up to anyone who cared for her to put a thing like this straight without any delay.

Harder than ever Foster's teeth were gripping the stem of his pipe. "I'll go and see him at once," he resolved. If Raymond was not in, if he was out with Nancy, he would wait for him.

Raymond was not in, and his landlady was not at all sure when he would be back. He might be late, she said.

"Never mind," said Foster. "I'll wait in his room. I must see him to-night. It's most urgent and important." And he said it in a way there was no gainsaying.

The first thing that caught his eye in Raymond's sitting-room was Nancy's photograph. He picked it up and stared at it intently for some moments—seemed about to lift it to his lips—became suddenly shy and self-conscious, and hurriedly replaced it on the mantelpiece.

Nearly three-quarters of an hour he had to wait, and he spent it mainly in thinking about Nancy and what he was to say to her fiance when Raymond appeared.

The door opened and Foster rose. The two young men looked at each other. Much though they had heard about each other, this was the first time they had met.

"You know who I am?" said Foster.

"Yes," said Raymond. "My landlady told me a Mr. Foster was waiting for me."

"I got your address from the detective you are employing," said Foster coldly. "I bowled him out and made him give it me."

Raymond started—stiffened—stared, and frowned in rapid succession.

"Well?" he said defiantly.

"I understand that you are paying him to find out what he can about some talk about Nancy and me."

The scorn in Foster's tone was stinging. "Well, as it is only to her—to Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and Nancy that my lips are sealed, I have decided to tell you everything on condition that you give me your word that it shall go no farther.

"I don't want to, but I feel that for Nancy's sake the only thing to do is to let you into the secret!"

"Sit down, won't you——" said Raymond, excited and embarrassed. The situation had taken him completely by surprise.

Confound that clumsy detective for allowing himself to be caught, and then giving him away! He could feel that Foster despised him, and that made him angry.

But, at the same time, he dared not show it, because, if he did, Foster would not tell him what he so much wanted to know.

"I'll stand, thanks."

"Just as you like." Raymond shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette, without offering one to his visitor, knowing it would be refused.

Coldly Foster regarded him. So this was the man whom Nancy loved—the man who had got in ahead of him, and whom she was going to marry!

The atmosphere was tense. Their instinctive mutual hostility was sticking out like the quills of a hedgehog.

"Is it my word you are waiting for?" inquired Raymond defiantly as Foster did not speak.

"It is."

"Very well. You have it. Whatever you tell me shall not be mentioned to a soul. Is that good enough?"

"I hope so."

RAYMOND glared at him. What did he mean by that? Then he frowned and let it pass, as an alarming thought occurred to him.

"Are you—are you going to tell Nancy that you've told me?" he faltered.

"Certainly not."

Raymond looked at the end of his cigarette.

"Perhaps I ought to explain that it is only for the sake of my own peace of mind that I want to know what all this mystery means," he murmured. "Naturally, I should not like Nancy to know that I——"

"Quite," Foster cut in, and Raymond flushed.

"Well, get on with it," he said curtly.

Foster's eyes hardened.

"By barging into a private family affair in this rotten way you have put me into a very difficult position," he began. "Still, I can't have Nancy talked about and suspected and private detectives blundering around. Sooner than that, you must be let into the secret.

"And this is all it is: Many years ago my uncle's wife died in childbirth, and my uncle, who was very fond of her, was most frightfully cut-up about it.

"He found himself quite unable to bear the sight of the child whom he could only think of as having killed her mother. Turned right against her—didn't want to have anything to do with her—wouldn't hand her over to relations because he wanted to get completely rid of her. The wound was too deep. He was a queer, passionate chap, my uncle . . ."

FOSTER cleared his throat.

"Well," he went on, "he passed this girl-baby over to a lawyer with a sum of five thousand pounds, and he told him that he never wanted to see or hear of her again. She was to disappear from his life, and be brought up in some decent family in ignorance of the fact that he was her father.

"The money was to be used to maintain her, and any balance was to be her dowry when the day came for her to get married. He didn't want to be hard on the child, you see, but at the same time he hated her . . . poor devil."

Foster paused, as Raymond cast away the end of his cigarette, and seemed about to say something. But Raymond changed his mind and did not speak.

"To cut a long story short, when my uncle died, leaving me what he had to leave, which was not a great deal, I discovered all about this from his papers. It was the first I had heard of it.

"Lots of others in the family knew, but they hadn't happened to mention it to me. It was all settled so many years ago, you see. My uncle died in India, where I had a job at the time, and when I came home on leave it struck me that I should like to know what had become of this girl. I was interested—rather touched by the story. She was my cousin. And I was sorry for her, and for my uncle, too. And I couldn't help wondering what she had grown up like."

"Nancy!" exclaimed Raymond, but Foster took no notice. Now that he was launched on his narrative he seemed almost to have forgotten Raymond and why he was telling it.

"So I went to the lawyer, Sir Henry Sanston, as he is now, though he hadn't a handle to his name when my uncle put that baby into his charge. I told him I should like to see her, just for curiosity, and he made no end of a fuss."

Foster seemed engrossed in the telling of his story.

"He had passed her on to a relative of his own, his married sister, who, having no children, had adopted her—and she had been brought up to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were her father and mother. Sanston put me off—messed me about—and fairly got my back up.

"It was quite a long time before I could get even that much out of him, and by then I was determined to see her. We argued the point. He said I should wreck her home, upset her peace of mind and her affection for the people she believed to be her father and mother—break their hearts—all sorts of rot he talked.

"And, of course, I told him that I didn't want to do anything of the sort, and he could have my solemn oath that I wouldn't let on to her that I was a relation, or do or say anything to betray the secret in any way. A lot of fuss about nothing, I thought it, and said so.

"And the long and short of it was that, seeing I was determined, he gave in, and agreed to let us meet. He wouldn't let me go to her—we all three spent a week-end together at an hotel . . ."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Raymond. "So that's the explanation of that week-end!"

Foster did not heed him.

"Sir Henry arranged it like that so that

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the matter should be kept secret from the Lucas', who apparently would have had a fit if they had known that Nancy was talking to an unknown relation," he went on.

"What he said to Nancy herself to explain me I don't know, because that subject was barred between us by my promise. But she came, and I saw her, and liked her very much——"

His eyes looked straight at Raymond.

"So much that I made up my mind to see her again if I could find an excuse. Well, I found the excuse—it doesn't matter what it was now—and once more I had a go at Sir Henry . . . told him what rot it all was, repeated my promise, and once more got my own way.

"What made him give in was the fact that he thought I was going back to India almost at once, and should not trouble him any more. But I didn't go back—I had to stay at home—and I have continued to be as friendly with Nancy as she would permit, without, of course, ever hinting to her that we are anything but strangers.

"I THINK, however, Sanston must have said something to the Lucas' about me, or else my name, Foster, and the fact that I come from India must have made them suspect for themselves, because Lucas has been just about as objectionable to me as a man could be. But it's no use going into that."

He paused, and his mood changed. Telling the story of how he had come to make Nancy's acquaintance had made him think mainly of Nancy, whom he loved.

But having told it, he began to think about Raymond again, whom Nancy loved. The vision of Nancy, shy and lovely as he had seen her at their first meeting, his unknown, blue-eyed cousin whose sad history had touched his heart, fled from the background of his mind.

Grimly he concentrated on Raymond Dawson, her fiance, who had dared to doubt her, and even stooped to employ a detective to put his mind at rest.

"There's no need to tell you any more." All the hostility had come back into Foster's voice. "You must understand the whole thing now."

Raymond nodded. The amount of daylight that had been let into his mind while Foster was speaking was positively dazzling.

"I hope you are satisfied," Foster's cold, unfriendly voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"Perfectly." Raymond looked at him with a half-guilty air. "I am glad I started those inquiries, since it has resulted in clearing the matter up," he remarked, knowing perfectly well what Foster was thinking.

Foster took out his case and lit one of his own cigarettes, and there was an air about his action and his silence that made Raymond redden.

"You talked about me barging in just now," he exclaimed challengingly. "But if you hadn't come barging in there would never have been any bother at all."

"No," said Foster quietly. "That's true—and if it makes you think any better of yourself, you are welcome to the consolation."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean!"

Foster blew a mouthful of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Well, I've cleared her character for you," he remarked.

There was a silence, a very tense silence, which showed how thoroughly the shaft had gone home. Raymond went white, then red, and then white again. It was Foster who spoke first.

"I am sorry I said that." His tone was crisp. "That was a sneer, and even though you deserved it, it would have been better unsaid. I'm not your keeper."

And then something seemed to snap inside him. "I'm your rival!" he cried. "And you had better know it. I suppose you think that you love Nancy, even when you can act like this to her; well, I love her, too. Every hair of her head. That's why I could not be content to see her once and go away again. I fell in love with her—and ever since I have been cursing the fact that she loves you!

"That's why I can't take her away from you—because she cares for you, because she's engaged to you! If I thought she didn't care—but she must, or she wouldn't be wearing your ring!"

Raymond folded his arms. Even more daylight had been let in. Even more clearly did he understand the situation now, he thought.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am giving notice next week for our banns to be called the following Sunday," he remarked.

Foster looked at him steadily for a moment and then turned on his heel, snatched up his hat, and walked hurriedly out of the room, as if he felt he could not trust himself to remain in it another second.

Raymond smiled as he heard the front door slam.

"He can't do anything," he thought. "He dare not give me away to Nancy, because that would mean betraying the secret to her and breaking his word."

He lit another cigarette.

The news that Foster was a rival after all was not exactly a surprise. Nor did it frighten him. There was no need to take it seriously. It flattered rather than alarmed.

Heaps of men must be in love with Nancy; things had gone too far for him to be perturbed by the fact that Foster had come out into the open.

Then something else struck him. Nancy must know—and be concealing her knowledge so as not to hurt her people's feelings! Why, of course, of course. Foster hadn't thought of that. But it was as clear as day.

"I understand everything now," he thought—and went to bed.

Naturally enough his mind went back to the story directly he woke in the morning, and having slept on it, it did not seem quite so simple and convincing in the clear light of day as it had appeared last night. Nancy, really Nancy Foster and not Nancy Lucas? Mr. and Mrs. Lucas only her adopted parents? Why, why you could see both her father and mother in her—many a time he had noticed likenesses in all sorts of ways and mannerisms!

"Perhaps she had got like them as she grew up," he told himself as he shaved.

And then a thought came to him. Why not prove it, why not settle the matter once and for all? There was no harm in being sure, and it was quite easy. Get her birth certificate!

IF Nancy was really Nancy Foster, she would be registered under that name. Must be. No question of that.

He nodded to himself as a sign that he had made up his mind, and instead of going to the office direct, he called at Somerset House on the way.

Twenty minutes after entering the somewhat dingy portals of the General Register Office, he found himself staring at a long, thin document, printed in red and filled in with typewriting—Nancy's birth certificate.

Her father's name was given as David Lucas, stock-jobber, and the place of birth was the Acacias, in the parish of Streatham!

Raymond folded it up and put it in his pocket.

The story was not true. Foster was wrong—or Foster had lied? Which?

UTTERLY bewildered, Raymond marched into the Strand. His suspicions were correct.

The matter was not so simple as it had seemed. The mystery was not yet solved. Nancy had been born at the Acacias, and her father's name was given as David Lucas: therefore the story Foster had told in such detail could not be true. There was no getting away from that.

He jumped on to a bus.

What on earth was one to make of it? More puzzled than ever, he felt—utterly at sea. If only he could consult someone—Sylvia, for instance—but he couldn't. Foster had tied his hand, forced him to pledge his solemn word not to mention the matter to a soul. . . . Was that Foster's cunning?

Finding he had reached his destination, Raymond scrambled off the bus, half an hour late.

There was only one thing to be done, he decided as he entered the office. He must see Foster again. Have this out with him. Show him the birth certificate and challenge him to reconcile it with the story he had told.

He was going right through with this business now, and if it meant a row or a fight—who cared? Hang Foster! There was one thing that Raymond could tell him. When he and Nancy were married Cyril Foster's name would not be on their wedding list!

CHAPTER 25

HOW were things going, Sylvia wondered. She was getting a little impatient. Raymond had not been near her, nor, in spite of his declaration that he was going to put things right between them, had Nancy made any movement towards reconciliation.

Not that she wanted to be reconciled with Nancy; all she really desired was to know what was happening.

She shifted her long cigarette-holder to the other side of her mouth.

"I know what I shall do," she thought. "I'll look in at that new place in Oxford street, have tea there, and then meet Raymond by accident as he leaves his office."

Sylvia was a great bargain-hunter, and believed that you could very often get things for a song when these places first open. That was one of their ways of advertising themselves.

Thousands of other women were thinking the same thing . . . and that was how it came about that Sylvia, wedged in a crowd of powdered, pushing, perspiring females, unexpectedly, but quite naturally, found herself propelled into Nancy Lucas.

Nancy looked rather embarrassed. But Sylvia smiled as if it were the most pleasant of meetings.

"Hallo, Beautifullest," she exclaimed, and took hold of Nancy's arm to prevent her from getting separated.

"Hallo," said Nancy.

"Do let's get out of this and go somewhere where we can talk." Sylvia suggested. "Let's have tea."

"It's too early for tea——" Nancy began.

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and then found herself carried with Sylvia in a resistless surge into the lift.

"Makes you realise how true it is that there are too many women in the world, doesn't it?" Sylvia laughed. This was what she called "fun"—carrying Nancy off against her will. She meant thoroughly to enjoy herself.

"Very well," Nancy thought, with a faint shrug. "I'll have tea with her, since I must. But it will be the last time."

They sat down at a little table.

"My show," said Sylvia, and gave the order. Then she looked at Nancy with her most innocent, appealing expression.

"Not still angry with me, are you?" she inquired. "Surely Raymond told you how I ate dirt to him? He promised me he would, said he would make you understand how I had taken it all back and realised what an idiot I had made of myself."

"Yes, Raymond did say something about it." Nancy's tone was very cold.

"You mean you didn't believe it?" Sylvia challenged.

"I mean it made no difference," Nancy answered.

Sylvia's eyes flashed.

"Sorry," Nancy went on. "You made me have tea with you. I didn't want to. I don't feel that we are friends any more—and there it is. That's all there is to be said. I'm not going into it—let's talk about something else."

Sylvia flushed. Nothing stings like a guilty conscience, and the quiet contempt of one who had found another out; nothing makes one so angry as the knowledge that one is entirely in the wrong; and when there is a man in the case and a plot to get him away all mixed up in it—was it to be wondered at that, born intriguer though she was, Sylvia sudden! lost her temper?

"THAT'S all there is to be said, is it?" she cried. "I like that! Holy, Holy, Holy—that's what you are, aren't you? Going away with a man for week-ends and trying to kid Raymond and everybody that there is nothing in it!"

"Sylvia!"

"Oh I know I pretended to Raymond to believe in you," the low, fierce voice went recklessly on. "But I don't. Of course not, I wasn't born yesterday. I've seen your sort before——"

"Sylvia!"

"And Raymond won't believe in you much longer!" Control was gone. She hardly knew what she was saying. That cold, pretty face in front of her—those contemptuous, scornful eyes made her see red.

She wanted to hurt—so blindly she struck out.

"He's on your track. He'll soon know all about you and your precious Mr. Foster—and when the detective he has engaged to find it all out makes his report you won't be able to talk Raymond round again. That makes you wince, doesn't it?" she jeered, and she saw Nancy start.

Nancy looked down at the table cloth.

"Sylvia, is this true?" she asked in a queer, muffled voice.

"True? Of course, it's true——"

"Raymond has engaged a detective—a detective . . .?"

"Yes—a detective!" Sylvia mocked her. "And serve you right! I'm glad to see you look frightened half-out of your senses——"

Nancy rose.

"No, Sylvia, not frightened," she said. Very deliberately she took her handbag and her umbrella from the chair on which she had placed them, and then walked away without another word.

Sylvia shrugged, and buried her nose in her tea cup.

"Oh, well, the fat's in the fire now all right," she thought. "I shan't go to see Raymond after all. Better not. Better leave him alone till Nancy has seen him first."

She took another bite—as if it were Nancy she was biting. And, of course, she blamed Nancy for having made her lose her temper and blurt everything out. Then once more she shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter? What did it matter?

"The next time I see Raymond he will be free," she thought—and tried to persuade herself that she was pleased rather than uneasy at what she had done. But the dark eyes, as the anger faded from them, looked rather troubled.

Nancy found herself in the street at last—felt the air on her forehead, and drew it in in great mouthfuls.

"Taxi, Miss?" a driver called to her.

She nodded, and got in. Suddenly she had made up her mind, realised what she must do. Go to Raymond there and then, and ask him about it. She could not wait till to-night. She must know now—at the earliest possible moment—from him—whether this was true or not.

She gave the taxi-driver Raymond's office address. She had never visited him at his office, but she was going to visit him there to-day! And if this thing were true, if he admitted it . . .?

"It isn't true. I can't believe it—I won't believe it till he tells me it is true himself," she thought.

It looked black and it seemed incredible that Sylvia could have made it up, but she was not going to condemn him till she was sure.

Deliberately with a tremendous effort, she made her mind a blank, forced herself into a state of suspense, almost suspended animation.

PRESENTLY the taxi stopped, and she got out, paid the driver, entered the office, and asked for Mr. Dawson.

They gave her a form to fill up. The form asked her name and address and the nature of her business. Against that she wrote, "Private." Then she was put in a little waiting-room and told that Mr. Dawson would be with her in a moment.

"Nancy!" Raymond came bursting in. "What is it, darling? Everything all right?"

It was such a surprise that she should come to the office that he was afraid something must have happened to her uncle or her father and mother . . . It couldn't be anything about Foster.

But it was.

"Raymond," said Nancy, holding him off with both palms upraised, as he closed the door and showed signs of being about to take her in his arms, "I want to ask you a question. Is it true that you have engaged a detective to watch me and Mr. Foster?" Raymond's jaw dropped. He stared at her dismayed, swaying slightly on his feet. Good Heavens!

"Who—who told you that?" he gasped, with Nancy's eyes looking steadily into his.

Nancy did not speak.

He reddened.

"I'll break his blighted neck!" he burst out. "The swine! Nancy, can't you see why Foster has given me away like this? To—to make trouble for me with you! By Heaven, I'll——"

"No," said Nancy slowly. "It was not Mr. Fotser, Raymond. It was your confidant, Sylvia. She did not bind me to secrecy, so there is no reason why I should not tell you. . . So it is true?" she broke off.

He nodded, swallowing heavily.

"In a way, yes," he faltered. "But—but it's not so bad as it looks. . ."

"Raymond, nothing could be worse than this—to me," Nancy broke in. "I hoped and hoped it wasn't true. But it is, Raymond; how could you, how could you do such a caddish thing?"

She took off her engagement ring, and held it out to him.

Raymond gritted his teeth. His mind was in a whirl. Wait till he and Sylvia met! He'd have something to say to her for giving him away like that! . . .

But in the meantime, what was he to say to justify himself to Nancy, and make her forgive him? Good Heavens, he was not going to let her give him up. He must get round her—he must get round her—somehow!. . .

"Raymond, please take back your ring," was her only remark when his excited, pleading voice ceased at last.

It was a queer situation, set in a strange place for such a scene; a dingy office waiting-room, through whose glass-panelled door they could see the blurred shapes of people passing up and down the passage on ordinary business affairs.

Very sorry for him, as well as angry with him, Nancy felt—and then a considerable amount of irritation began also to creep in.

It was absurd that he would not understand that she meant it, and this time nothing he could say would make her change her mind; and it was ridiculous for him to keep her standing there, holding out the ring he refused to take back.

She placed in on the little table between them.

"I shall put the usual notice in the papers—send it off to-night," she said. "Good-bye."

Raymond, who had been very white, went very red. His muddled mind, whirling with thoughts of Foster, Sylvia, Nancy, mystery, and the way he had been found out, suddenly turned spiteful.

"You seem to be in a great hurry to make it public!" he sneered.

Nancy looked at him coldly.

"Want your friend Foster to see the news at the earliest possible moment, I suppose!"

Nancy's eyelids flickered. That was unpardonable, and a further proof, if proof were needed, that what she was doing was the only right and possible thing.

"Good-bye," she said, and opened the door.

For a moment Raymond looked as if he were going to seize her and drag her back—then she was out in the passage, the public passage—and a second later she was out of the building.

EXCEPT at boom times they do not work very late on the Stock Exchange. Her father was already at home when she arrived at the Acacias. Nancy could hear him talking to her mother in the drawing-room.

She went straight in. The sooner they knew what had happened the better. There would be a row, of course; one might as well get it over.

"Raymond and I have parted brass rags—for good," she said quietly, with her back to the door she had just closed.

"Eh, what's that, what's that?" Lucas stared at her as if he believed he could not have heard her aright.

"Do you mean that you and Raymond have quarrelled, Nancy?" her mother inquired.

"Yes."

"And he has given you up—he is not going to marry you after all?" Lucas demanded.

"I have given him up. I am not going to marry him, father."

"Why not?"

Nancy hesitated. Then:

"Oh, I don't mind telling you," she said

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as the silence made it plain that they were waiting for her to speak.

She told them how she had run into Sylvia at the new store. How she had hurted everything out.

"So I called on Raymond at his office and asked him if it was true," Nancy went on. "And when he admitted it, I gave him back his ring. What else could I do?"

"Nonsense," said Lucas. "I don't see that. "You were too hasty, Nancy, as you so often are. You must make it up with him."

"No. Never. I can't marry a man who could do a thing like that."

"Rubbish." The judge was very sure of himself. "Raymond was quite right. It was a very natural thing for him to do."

"But father," said Mrs. Lucas slowly, "If Raymond . ." She started again. "What I mean is, pretending to Nancy that he was satisfied and then, behind her back, employing a man to spy on her and Mr. Foster, and—and talking it over with Sylvia—oh, of course, she can't love him after that! No woman could."

Lucas' jaw dropped and his eyebrows went up as he looked at her. Oh, these women! Talk about stabbing a man in the back! His own wife, Nancy's mother, was on Nancy's side, working against him, cutting the ground from under his feet.

"Storm in a teacup—lot of fuss about nothing," grunted Nancy's father. "High-falutin' nonsense. Raymond only wanted to know. You can't break off an engagement for a little thing like that. Besides it's too late. The wedding——"

"Nancy, dear," Mrs. Lucas broke in. "Hadn't you better go up and change? You'll be late for dinner if you don't hurry up."

CHAPTER 26

RAYMOND left the office with a feeling that he must do something—simply must. In his waistcoat pocket was the ring which he had picked up when Nancy left him.

He didn't want to, but he could not leave it in the office waiting-room. How he had got through the rest of his work he did not know, but he did know that now he was on the warpath, and as some relief to his feelings he meant to see Sylvia and have it out with her! . . .

It wasn't any use going to Foster now and having a row with him. Whether Foster had been lying or not did not matter; the mystery no longer concerned Raymond. Nancy had chucked him—definitely and hopelessly chucked him.

YES, Miss Waring was in, the maid informed him—and Sylvia herself appeared at the door of her sitting-room, with her long cigarette-holder in one hand, and the other stretched out to welcome him.

"I thought I heard your voice," she said. "Come along in."

Raymond ignored her hand and followed her. He closed the door.

"Sylvia, what the dickens did you mean by giving me away to Nancy?" he burst out.

"Ah, she told you?" Sylvia was not unprepared for the question. "Sit down. I was awfully sorry, old thing, but I really could not help it."

Then something struck her. "What happened? Have you seen Nancy already? Did she come to the office?"

"Yes, she did—and she has turned me down, for good, all through you!" cried Raymond.

"She has? Well, I always knew you were too good for her." The dark eyes looked bewitchingly into his.

"If it is my fault, I am not sorry—I am glad," she declared defiantly. "And even though you feel a bit sore about it to-night some day you will thank me for it." That was the line she had determined to take.

"Your happiness, your real happiness, means a great deal to me, Raymond!" she added softly.

But it missed fire.

"You confounded little mischief-maker, I believe you did it on purpose!" Raymond stormed. "I believe you have been fooling me all the time. I was beginning to suspect it, and now I am sure.

"And this spitting out to Nancy to-day about the detective you encouraged me to put on the job . . ."

Incoherent with rage, he found himself quite unable to finish the sentence.

Nervously Sylvia regarded him, her dark eyes dull with fear, and her pallor more marked than ever.

"Raymond," she gasped. "Steady . . . I know you are upset, but—but that's no excuse for turning on me like this . . . I'm your friend—very fond of you—with—with your best interests at heart," she gulped.

"Liar! You're a jealous little cat who made up your mind to part me and Nancy," he stormed.

"And what did you think to gain by it? Me? Did you—do you imagine that after you have intrigued against me like this and broken my heart I could ever have anything to do with you?

"If you were the last woman left in the world I would run till I dropped to get away from you. . . I—I came here to tell you what I think of you—and now you know!"

The long cigarette-holder, which she was nervously clutching in both hands, snapped in two. . .

CHANGING for dinner, Nancy told herself that she was glad this had happened. It was a relief, something she realised now that had been coming on for a long time. Inevitable. Bound to happen sooner or later ever since—ever since that . . . kiss.

She frowned at herself in the glass. Queer she should think of that kiss now when she thought she had forgotten it. It dawned upon her that she never had forgotten it.

From the things that Raymond had said—the unpardonable things—it was clear that Raymond had been to Mr. Foster. Not till now had she realised it—and what it might mean.

How much had Raymond and his spy found out? What had Raymond said to Mr. Foster?

She did not know . . . She must see Uncle Henry at once—to-night. Oh, she must, she must. To-morrow might be too late . . .

In a panic she completed the rest of her toilet and hurried downstairs. She poked her head into the drawing-room where her father and mother were still talking.

"I shan't be in to dinner after all," she cried. "I am going to Uncle Henry's. Something important that I must see him about at once."

"Nancy—what . . .?" began Lucas, but the door had already closed behind her. He rose and followed her into the hall—too late. The outer door had already banged.

There was a taxi at the end of the street, waiting on the rank. Impetuously Nancy engaged it to drive her all the way.

Half an hour later it stopped in front of Sir Henry Sanston's house in Eaton Square.

Nancy rang the bell.

There was no answer.

She rang again.

Still nobody came.

There were lights inside in several rooms. Wondering if the bell could be out of order, she lifted the knocker and gave a loud, imperative rat-tat-tat.

At last the door was opened, and at the sight of the butler's face Nancy's heart sank.

"Is—is anything wrong?" she faltered.

Gravely the butler shook his head from side to side.

"Sir Henry . . . another seizure," he murmured, and stood back for Nancy to enter the house.

"Is it—is it serious?" Nancy faltered.

The butler closed the door.

"He's gone, Miss Nancy—he's gone," he said.

Then she pulled herself together.

"Tell me what happened," she said.

"The master had just finished dressing for dinner," he said. "I was just waiting for him to come down, and then I heard a fall and a funny sort of cry that made my blood run cold.

"I ran up to him, Miss Nancy, and there he was, on the floor, half on the landing, half in his dressing-room. He didn't speak—he never made another sound. We put him on his bed and we rang for the doctor.

"But he was gone, Miss. It's my belief he was gone before I got to him."

Nancy choked back a sob.

"Here's the doctor, Miss," said the butler, hearing a footstep behind him.

The doctor took Nancy's hand, and led her into the drawing-room.

"Very sad, very sad," he said, comforting, "but a swift, painless end. Snuffed out like a candle—a good life ended the ideal way!"

He patted her shoulder.

"Nothing more for me to do. I've sent for a nurse. I shouldn't go up, if I were you. And I have rung up your mother. She's on her way round. Good-bye, my dear."

The doctor departed.

Nancy went and stood by the fire. She was still feeling very cold, and she stretched out her hands to the warmth, and stared with dry eyes into the flames.

Dead, Uncle Henry was dead, and all his world would grieve for him as she was grieving. The newspapers would sing his praises again.

He would be buried in glory and tears. And the secret should be buried with him. He was a good man—he had lived a fine life—and his end should not be tarnished by the story of his one slip—if she could help it. A hundred times over he had atoned for it.

A tear trickled slowly down each cheek . .

CHAPTER 27

"DISGRACEFUL," said the magistrate. "To see a girl of your age and position in the dock is a great shock to me. What the world is coming to I shudder to think.

"I can only hope this will be a serious lesson to you. You will be fined ten pounds

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on the charge of driving to the public danger, and another ten pounds and costs for being drunk and incapable while in charge of a motor car. And your license will be suspended for three years. Costs to the police."

The stern voice died away, and from the well of the court there came the sound of a woman's sob. A man seated beside her touched her arm, and they rose at the same moment that Sylvia Waring turned and left the dock.

The dark eyes blazed scorn at the indignant magistrate, and the dark, closely-hatted little head carried itself with a defiant tilt. Who cared? Who cared?

Everything had gone wrong with her . . . and it was all Raymond's fault . . . and Nancy's.

Raymond had turned against her. He had come to her and told her off as she had never been told off before. Quite, quite clear he had made it, that he was as finished with her as Nancy was with him.

Stung and humiliated, scorned for the first time in her life, she had characteristically sought to forget her fury and her misery in a "binge." Hurriedly she had phoned round to a few kindred spirits, fixed up a party, driven herself to a dance club—and driven into a street refuge on her way back to her flat at three in the morning . . .

THEY had tried to stop her driving—told her she was "all in" and in fit, but with a laugh she had got away alone, reckless and stupid and obstinate—and the next thing she knew was that she had crashed into something and a policeman was insulting her by accusing her of being drunk!

A sordid, hateful business . . . Heavens, what a fool those cocktails had made her make of herself!

And now the fat was properly in the fire.

Still trying to look as if she did not care, she went into the corridor where Mr. and Mrs. Waring were waiting for her.

They had come up at once, and engaged a lawyer to defend her. Mr. Waring had said very little, and Mrs. Waring had went a great deal. Sylvia had tried to make light of it.

Neither of them spoke, and she looked at the two older people rather nervously. What was going to happen now? She thought she knew. She was afraid that they were going to insist on her returning with them.

That was to be her punishment—to be made to give up her flat in London and go home and bury herself in the red earth of dull, dead Devon.

And, since they controlled the purse strings and this bit of bad luck had put her at their mercy, if they insisted, how could she refuse?

Mr. Waring signed to a taxi, and ushered his wife and adopted daughter in. It was Sylvia who did most of the talking as they drove to the hotel at which the Warings were staying. Nobody, she assured them, would think anything of this business.

Mrs. Waring's share of the conversation was mainly a series of: "Oh, Sylvia!" and "The disgrace! It will be in all the papers!" Mr. Waring's was a glum silence.

It was not till they had reached the hotel that he spoke.

"Now, Sylvia," he said sternly. "This is the end. We have given you every chance, and now we're finished with you. You are not our real daughter—we only adopted you——"

Sylvia started.

"Yes, it's true," he went on grimly. "You have been brought up to think that you are our child, but you are not. We adopted you as a baby, and when you grew up and insisted on living your own life, as you called it, it was a great disappointment to us.

"Well, you have lived your own life—and I don't like it. And I don't propose to pay for it any more! You have broken my wife's heart and hardened mine. It is quite clear that you have no real affection for us.

"You have brought us nothing but worry and disgrace, used us simply as paymasters to provide you with the means of having what you call a good time. And this affair is the last straw.

"You say it is nothing, and you make jokes about it. We say it is a scandal and a disgrace and we feel that we shall never be able to hold our heads quite so high again now you have dragged our name in the mud.

"That's very old fashioned of us, isn't it? But that's how we both feel—and the long and the short of it is that we mean to have no more to do with you.

"We've seen you through this very unpleasant affair, and now you must fend for yourself. One more quarter's allowance is all you will get, and after that you must earn your own living and we never want to see or hear from you again."

SYLVIA frowned.

"Whose child am I, then?" she asked through bright red lips that had suddenly gone dry and parched.

"I don't know," said Mr. Waring. "When we adopted you, we asked as few questions as we could. The less we knew the better. We wanted to make you entirely ours, and never be troubled by anyone with any claims upon you."

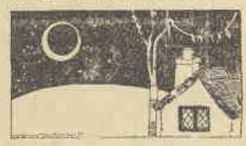
"Oh, Sylvia, you were such a sweet little baby!" exclaimed Mrs Waring with a sob.

"We paid the woman who brought you to us a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds—and she left you with us for that, assuring us that you had been born in wedlock and your mother was dead, and your father wanted to get rid of you. And that is all we know about you."

"Not even my real name?" asked Sylvia.

"Not even your real name. We did not want to know."

"But this woman who sold me to you—you know her name?" said Sylvia, trying to take it all in, trying to realise that she was not and never had been Sylvia Waring, that her butterfly existence was ended, that she would no longer have an income, but would have to work—and that she was, in short, a nobody with nothing.



CHAPTER 26

THE time had come, Foster felt, to do something.

In the papers he had read the customary announcement that the marriage arranged between Miss Nancy Lucas and Mr. Raymond Dawson would not take place.

And in the papers, also, he had read of Sir Henry Sanston's death from heart failure, the news being accompanied by a long eulogy of the deceased.

Foster had sent a wreath to the house, and written a letter of sympathy to Nancy. A brief, formal note had come to thank him in reply, and after that . . . nothing . . . silence.

But there was no reason, now that Dawson was out of the way, why he should not try to win her, or at least be friends with her—except Lucas!

NANCY'S father was a most difficult and inconvenient reason! Had he not flatly forbidden Foster the house and ordered him to have no more to do with his daughter?

That was the point about which Foster felt that something must be done. It had not mattered much while Nancy was engaged, but now it would make things too awkward unless he could get that ban removed.

Why not? Why ever not? Have it out with him. Be quite frank and straight about it! Make Lucas understand that the secret was safe, quite safe with him, and therefore there could be no reasonable objection to him associating with his daughter.

Sir Henry's death had freed him of his promise that far, at any rate!

"Well?" said Lucas when they met. "What do you want?" On hearing Foster was there he had been very much inclined to refuse to see him, but had decided to make short work of the visitor, on whose part it was confounded cheek to come at all.

"Mr. Lucas," said Foster, "I'll come straight to the point. I want to be allowed to count myself as one of Nancy's friends—to take her out and come here for her—all that sort of thing, now her engagement has been broken off——"

Lucas controlled himself with difficulty.

"The only possible objection you can have to my meeting your daughter is because you know who I am," Foster went on.

"I suppose Sir Henry told you. Well, Mr. Lucas, let me assure you, let me give you my solemn word that that need make no difference. I swear that nothing I say or do shall ever reveal to Nancy that I am her cousin and that she is not your real daughter at all. . . ."

"Good Heavens!" Lucas exploded. "Are you mad or drunk or what? You—Nancy's cousin—Nancy not my real daughter—I never heard such nonsense in my life!"

FOSTER smiled. He could not help it. Really Lucas was too childish about the lengths to which he was prepared to go to preserve this secret.

"Sir Henry Sanston himself informed me that you were the person to whom he had handed my uncle's baby daughter," Foster cut in.

"He explained to me how anxious you were that Nancy should never learn that you and your wife were not her real parents, and what I want you to understand is that I am quite prepared to respect your wishes.

"I said as much to Mrs. Lucas when I met her at Sir Henry's house after his breakdown, and now I want to say it to you as plainly as I can!"

He paused, but Lucas did not speak.

"Naturally, when I learned the story, I felt that I should like to see my cousin," Foster went on. "That was why Sir Henry brought her to my hotel for a week-end——."

Lucas started.

"Twice," Foster said. "Because I liked her so much I insisted on seeing her again before I sailed for India, which I expected to do, then. I did not betray the secret on either of those occasions, nor have I on the other times your daughter and I have met.

"So, you see, you really can trust me,

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I assure you I have not the slightest desire to make trouble or upset anybody——."

He stopped, for Lucas was no longer listening. Utterly bewildered, he had flung open the study door.

"Mother—Nancy!" Foster heard him call—and it was Foster's turn to know bewilderment.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Get to the bottom of this," said Lucas shortly.

"But—but Nancy will know, and I thought you—" began Foster in amazement, and said no more, for Nancy and Mrs. Lucas had already arrived from the drawing-room.

"Mother," said Lucas, "do you remember once telling me of something Mr. Foster said to you in your brother's drawing-room and asking me what he could have meant?"

Mrs. Lucas nodded.

"What he meant was that Nancy is not our child, and he would be good enough to keep the secret. He says Sir Henry told him so."

"David!" gasped Mrs. Lucas.

"Quite." He turned to Nancy. "He also says that Sir Henry took you to see him at an hotel. . . ."

But the speech was never finished, for Nancy interposed.

"Wait a minute, father," she said. "Please don't anyone say anything. I want to think."

All three of them stared at her . . . and she closed her eyes. Her face had gone pale. Her forehead was wrinkled as if she were in pain.

Then abruptly she plunged into her story.

"When Uncle Henry was a poor, struggling solicitor, a client of his named Foster asked him to arrange for the bringing-up of a baby girl. The mother had died, and the father looked on the child as having killed her—could not bear the sight of her—never wanted to see or hear of her again."

FOSTER sat stiffly up in his chair.

"The child was handed over to Uncle Henry with five thousand pounds, and he was told to have her brought up properly but kept in ignorance of her father's identity."

Nancy paused for a moment, but nobody spoke.

"Uncle Henry put her in charge of some respectable people—for—for the time. And he paid them so much a week for her—and—and used the money, intending to repay it later.

"When the time came for him to go to see these people—I don't know their names—he never told me," Nancy resumed.

"But he meant to pay them once a quarter and visit them to see that everything was all right—when he went to them at the end of the first quarter, they had disappeared. Gone right away.

"And then, twenty years later, when he was rich and famous, a Member of Parliament, looked up to by everybody, he was horrified to hear that the father was dead, and his nephew and heir"—she did not look at Foster—"had discovered all about the matter from his uncle's papers, and wanted to know what had become of his cousin and what she had grown up like.

"Poor Uncle Henry, what could he do? He could not say the child was dead because he could not produce a death certificate.

"To tell the truth would mean ruin and disgrace. It was the only thing he had ever done wrong. He tried to choke the—the nephew off—oh, he was distracted!

"He—he appealed to me to save him," she went on. "Asked me to meet the nephew with him and pretend to be the missing girl. There would be no difficulties, he said, no question of a likeness and no danger.

"THE girl was supposed to know nothing of her parentage. I had only to meet him to make Uncle Henry safe.

"He—he would tell him that he had given the child to his own sister to adopt, and make him promise to say nothing to reveal to her that she was not their child—tell him it would break her adopted parents' hearts if she ever found out. . . .

"I didn't like doing it—I hated it. But I thought of what it would mean to him if I refused—and—and what it would mean to mother and all of us—the pain and the shame. I just had to help him.

"I couldn't see him broken and disgraced, just for one slip that was really only half a slip, when I could save him! Say I was wrong if you like—I don't care. I would do the same again!"

She looked at her father and mother.

"And, of course, you were the last people who must ever know anything about what I was doing. I tried to hide it from you, but Sylvia—oh, you know all about that," she broke off.

Her eyes sought Foster's.

"Surely you all understand everything now?" she asked shakily. "He's dead, and I have had to give him away." She sighed. "I swore I never would. But I have had to."

There was a silence, which nobody seemed to want to break, after Nancy had ceased.

CHAPTER 29

"I WONDER what really has become of that missing cousin of yours and whether you will ever meet her?" said Nancy a week later, when Foster was dining at the Acacias.

"Oh, I think I know who she is, and I have met her several times," he answered.

Nancy stared.

"I don't like her much—nor do you," he smiled, enjoying her mystification.

"Cyril! Who is she?"

"It's Sylvia—or at least I have every reason for thinking so."

"Sylvia?" Nancy raised her eyebrows.

"Yes." He told her the story that Mrs. Waring had once told him. "It struck me at the time that that sort of thing must be commoner than I thought," he said. "But now, of course, the way I look at it is that it would be too remarkable a coincidence if Sylvia was not—"

"She is—she is!" Nancy broke in excitedly. "I have never thought of it before, but there's a sort of faint family likeness between you. I can see it quite clearly now—"

"I don't know that I take this as a compliment, Nancy."

"I'm serious, Cyril. I don't mean that you're like her inside, but outside, well, you are both dark in the same way, and there's something about her eyes and yours—she has lovely eyes, Cyril—oh, I am sure you are right."

"Well, I am glad I have lovely eyes, but all the same I don't propose to claim her as a relative," he answered frivolously.

Nancy changed the subject—but that did not mean it had passed from her mind. Sir Henry Sanston had left her everything in his will, and for a day or two she considered the matter.

THEN she acted—as a girl like Nancy would act, and as she believed her uncle would have wished her to act.

To Sylvia, disowned by the Warings, publicly disgraced, and wondering how she was to earn her living when her present small stock of money was exhausted, there came in a typed envelope a mysterious banknote for five thousand pounds.

Her dark eyes sparkled as she stared at it. She was quite convinced that Mrs. Waring, with or without Mr. Waring's knowledge, had sent it, and it seemed to her only right and proper that it should be so.

"Corn in Egypt!" she said to herself. "I shall start a really smart, slap-up dress-making and millinery business with it. Cheers! Things are not going to be as foul as I thought they were!"

But there was joy and peace at the Acacias. And the chief subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Lucas was once more their daughter's marriage. But this time Cyril Foster was the prospective bridegroom.

"Honestly, father, don't you like him much better than Raymond?" Mrs. Lucas inquired.

"Well, yes, perhaps I do," admitted the man who had once forbidden him the house and found the utmost difficulty in keeping his hands off him.

"More in him. You can feel that, whatever happened, he would never let you down." He thrust his hands into his pockets and jingled his money and his keys.

And out in the garden Nancy was looking into Cyril's dark, steady eyes, and Foster was looking into her blue ones—each of them reading there in rapt silence the bright promise of their dreams.

PRESENTLY Nancy asked a question, that question that loving women always will ask, and keep on asking.

"Yes," said Foster. "I do love you, so much that it is quite impossible to say how much. . . . Lord, I shall be glad when all the fuss is over and I can have you all to myself."

"Well, you will, on the day after tomorrow," said Nancy, and snuggled into his arms with a happy little cooing noise that was to him the most delightful sound that he had ever heard.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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